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will be on sale August 12th.

# THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

AUGUST  
1924



Photograph by Garong, N. Y.

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### “Destiny”

is its title; its theme and characters are remarkable for daring and originality, and it is written with the power so typical of Mr. Hughes. It will begin in the next issue, with superb illustrations by

Arthur I. Keller

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Edna Crompton

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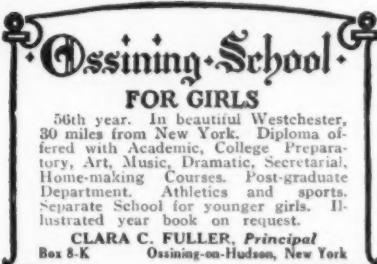


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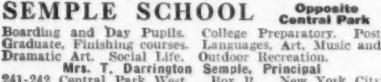
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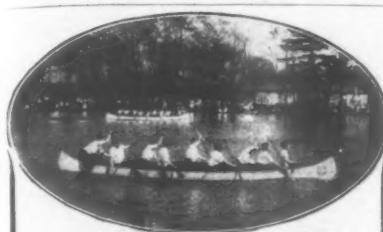
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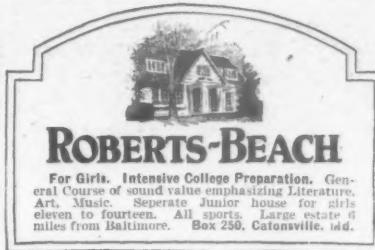
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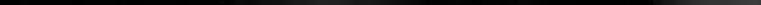
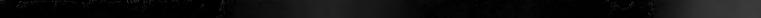
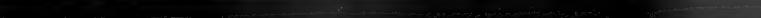
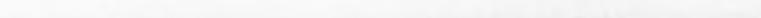
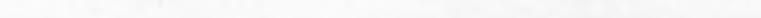
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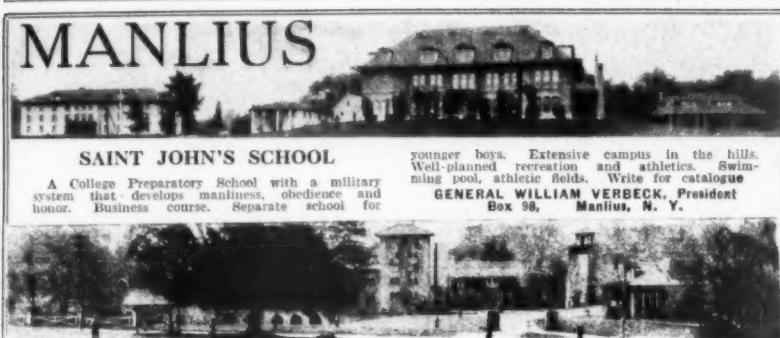
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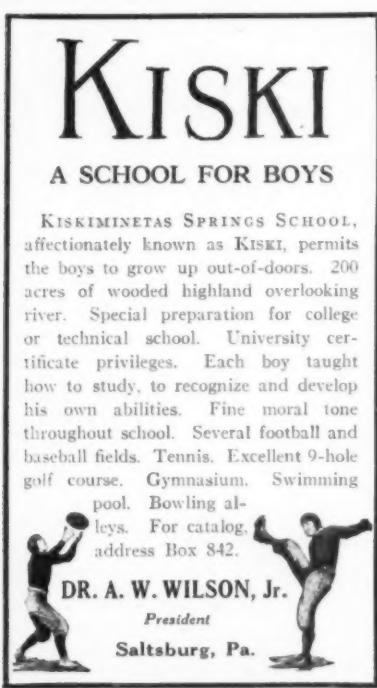
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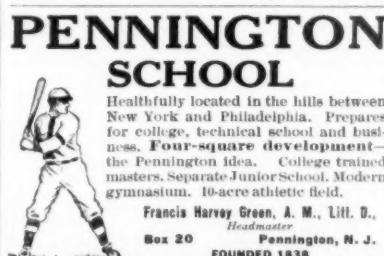
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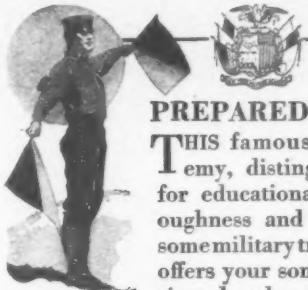
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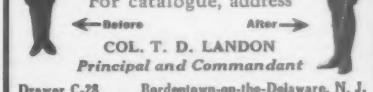
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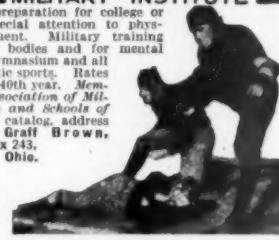
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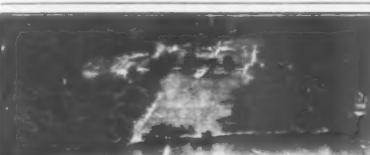
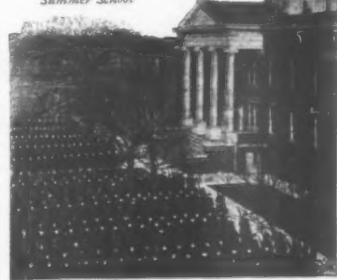
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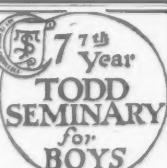
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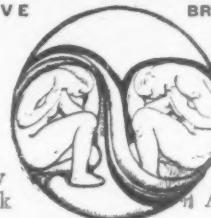
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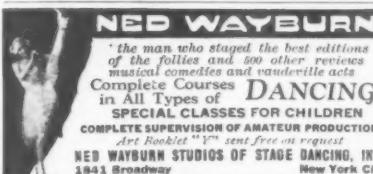
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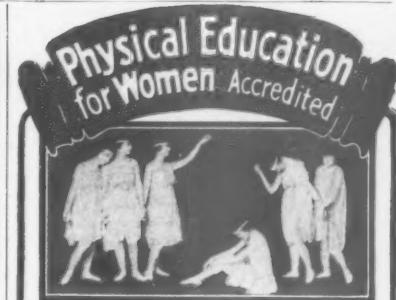
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OLIVE LINDFIELD  
in "Andre Charlot's Revue"  
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*Beautiful Women*



PEGGY SHANNON

"in Ziegfeld Follies"

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston, New York



# Witch-Hazel

By ANGELO PATRI • Decoration by Franklin Booth

THE witch-hazel bush grows by the edge of the wood. Growing is scarcely the word to use for the witch-hazel bush. Rather she poises on the brim of the dim wood, ready to dance off, calling to you over her shoulder, only to discover herself, quivering with laughter, on the very spot where first you glimpsed her.

Long ago I learned to love the cool healing of the spirit of witch-hazel, because when I hurt myself, Father, instead of pitying me, lovingly splashed me with its soothing waters. "Well, well! Didn't you know that posts do not take off their hats to boys? They stand still and let lads look out for themselves.

"No, no. You stay here with me for a little while. You wouldn't let the other boys see that bump on your head and tears on your face. It would never do to have them feeling sorry for you." Then he would tell me a gay little story, and by and by I would wake up, my head still on his shoulder, and the bump quite well.

There was no pity for me, just love and a splash of witch-hazel, which is quite a different thing, when you come to think about it. Pity stoops to the prostrate, and there is that in her too gentle touch and tone that makes men squirm. Pity calls out all the weakness in us, and bids us remember that we are frail creatures who must soon return to the dust of our beginnings; but love calls out our full power and inspires us to stand up and give account of ourselves and remember that men can act like gods if they will.

So many are ready to pity us, so few to love us! It is easy to say, "I'm mighty sorry for this, old man. Do call me up if there is anything I can do." Every tone, every syllable, announces: "Of course, there is nothing to be done. You bumped yourself, and you are crying, and it is too bad." And as the door closes softly against the too light tread of the pitying friend, grim memory searches in her pocket and presents you with a bit of time-worn truth, "Pity killeth envy," and bitterness enters your soul.

I have a friend who actually loves me, and when I raise a bump on my spirit, he hastens in, drenched with fresh air and grinning cheerfully. "Shame, I call it. Downright shame. To you, too, the best man they have in the country." Then he laughs heartily and says: "You're looking fine. That-a-boy! Say, the links are great. How about a game? Come on, and I'll lick the spots off you."

Now, I know well that I am not the best man in the country or even on the block, but the splash of witch-hazel is soothing to my bruised spirit, and I smile and reach for my sticks.

Friendly love never lets you feel that she is sorry for you, never makes a burden of her service. She gives you a hand over the rough place, and then goes dancing merrily down the road, the jaunty flowers in her hair trailing a clean and sharp perfume behind her. She takes but a few steps along the way with you, for she would not make her presence obvious. She balances a light foot on the brim of the dim wood, ever ready, ever waiting by the witch-hazel bush.

Who would be pitied, when he might, so witchingly, be loved?



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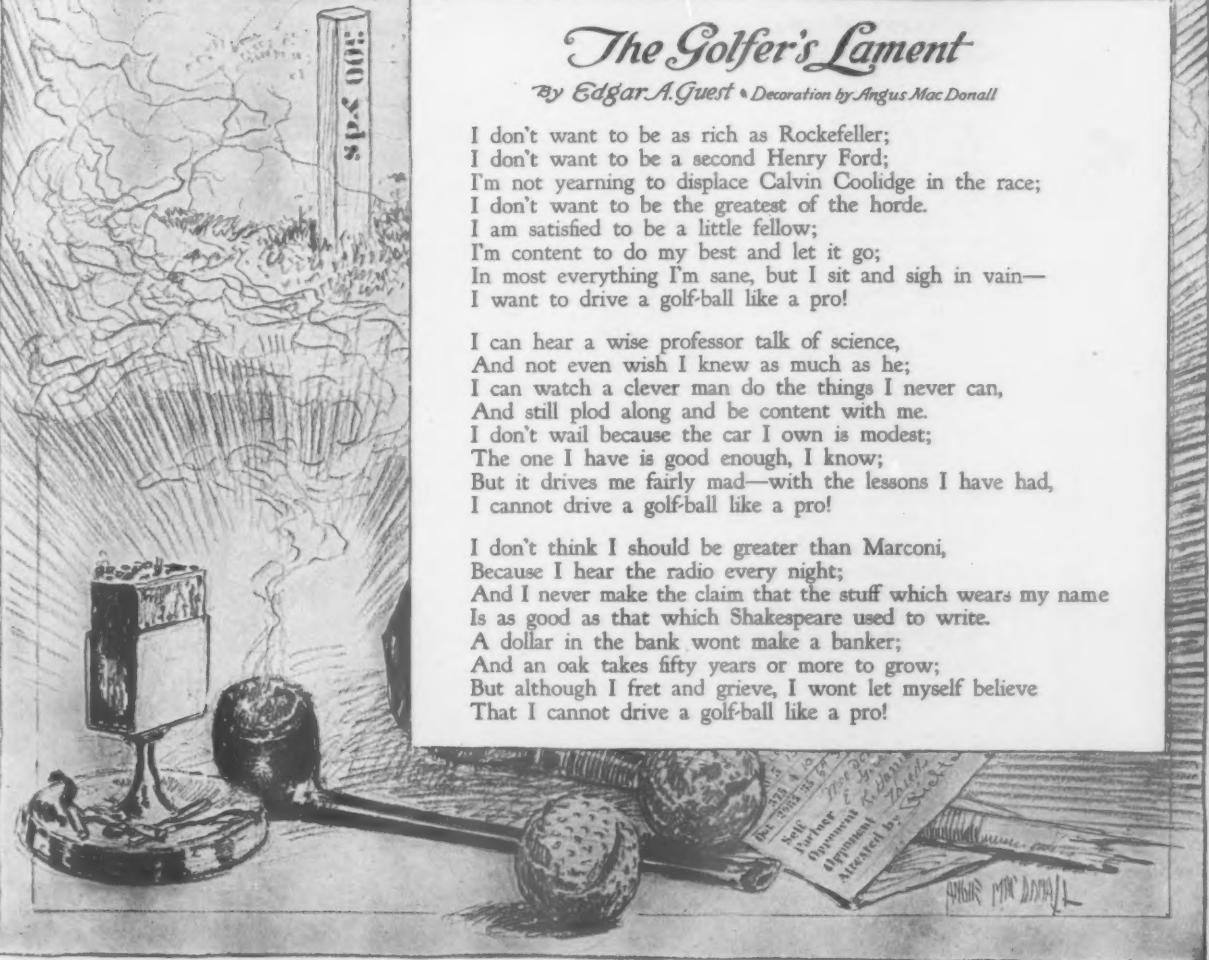
## *The Golfer's Lament*

By Edgar A. Guest • Decoration by Angus Mac Donall

I don't want to be as rich as Rockefeller;  
I don't want to be a second Henry Ford;  
I'm not yearning to displace Calvin Coolidge in the race;  
I don't want to be the greatest of the horde.  
I am satisfied to be a little fellow;  
I'm content to do my best and let it go;  
In most everything I'm sane, but I sit and sigh in vain—  
I want to drive a golf-ball like a pro!

I can hear a wise professor talk of science,  
And not even wish I knew as much as he;  
I can watch a clever man do the things I never can,  
And still plod along and be content with me.  
I don't wail because the car I own is modest;  
The one I have is good enough, I know;  
But it drives me fairly mad—with the lessons I have had,  
I cannot drive a golf-ball like a pro!

I don't think I should be greater than Marconi,  
Because I hear the radio every night;  
And I never make the claim that the stuff which wears my name  
Is as good as that which Shakespeare used to write.  
A dollar in the bank wont make a banker;  
And an oak takes fifty years or more to grow;  
But although I fret and grieve, I wont let myself believe  
That I cannot drive a golf-ball like a pro!



# "Who is she?" asks the stag line



Learn now the simple secret of her charm;  
THEN—attain it in this way

We study her, this girl who seems to make wallflowers of us all.  
Is she clever? Is she brilliant? We feign indifference to hide  
the envy we feel. Yet—to be in her place if only for an hour!

**W**HEREVER we go, there is always such a girl. She is no prettier, no wittier than hundreds of others that we've known. But hers the simple wisdom of attaining, then keeping that schoolgirl complexion—the charm that never fails.

The means are simple, as millions will tell you, just soap and water; the balmy lather of palm and olive oils as scientifically saponified in Palmolive.

**Do this just to see what a single week will do**

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. If you do, they clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both the washing and rinsing. If your skin is inclined to dryness, apply just a touch of good cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly before retiring. Watch the results.

#### **The world's most simple beauty treatment**

Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty and charm.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt, oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and Nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be the problem as the years advance.

#### **Avoid this mistake**

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. The Palmolive habit will keep that schoolgirl complexion.

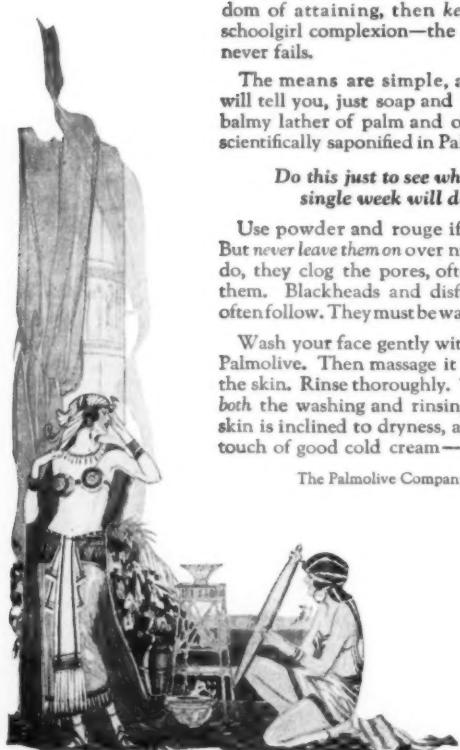
And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Note the difference just one week makes.

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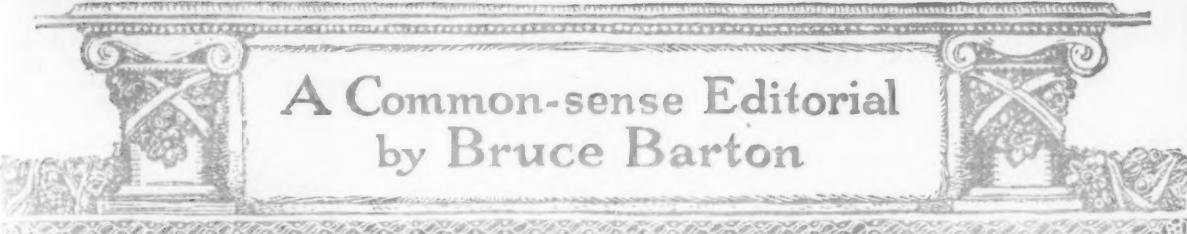
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*Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.*





## A Common-sense Editorial by Bruce Barton

# *The Ideal Place to Work*

MY first regular job was in a construction camp in Montana. It was a hard life; the only soft thing about it was the pine lumber from which the bunks were built.

I thought my troubles were over when I was offered a magazine job in Chicago. I said: "Surely this is the ideal place to work."

But the magazine was poor; it did not have enough subscribers or advertisers. Sometimes our salaries were not paid.

So I looked enviously toward the big, powerful publishing houses of New York—so firmly established and free from cares. And presently I found myself on the pay-roll of one of them.

The very first week brought a rude surprise. I discovered that this great concern had all the worries of the little one in Chicago, only on a bigger scale. It was far from an ideal place to work.

In fact, I was beginning to doubt whether I should ever find the ideal place, when the war came along; when it was over, my job was gone and I had to set up a business of my own.

Men of experience had told me that only when you are in business for yourself are you ideally situated. But I have not found Myself a very indulgent employer. He works me hard and makes me lose sleep, which is something no other employer ever did.

Sometimes I think that men who

write for a living have the really ideal life. But I recall a conversation with a famous novelist. Said he: "You have no idea how many days I lock myself in my study all alone, and sit and sit and try to write, and never produce a single line."

And he added: "You fellows in business don't know what an ideal life you have."

He reminded me of Stevenson's remark that any place is good enough to spend a lifetime in, but no place is good enough to spend two or three days in.

There is a good deal of sense in that. Go into any new town, and you feel lonesome, homesick and strange. Stay there long enough, and you become a boastful native son, telling the world that your town has wonderful schools, and the most up-to-date fire department, and the tallest policeman, and the best possible neighbors.

I am beginning to suspect that the same thing holds true of a place to work—that what we are makes it what it is.

Some folks never find this out. They go straight through life imagining that if they could only get somewhere else, the conditions would be much more ideal. The Devil is a classic example. According to tradition, he was once general manager of Heaven.

He made one move too many, and landed where he is.



## Clothes hampers are prison cells!

Don't suffocate your delicate garments.

For delicate silk and woolen garments, the family clothes hamper is truly a prison cell—damp, dark and airless.

The silk blouses and undergarments, the sheer stockings with which fashion has replaced the cotton and lisle of a few years ago, should never be thrown into a hamper or bag, even though they may not show soil. After being worn, they contain impurities which, if allowed to remain, soon injure the fabric and fade the colors.

Here is an easy way to avoid such catastrophes:

Save a few minutes each day for the quick, gentle

washing of such garments in mild, cleansing Ivory suds. If you have no immediate time for ironing, dry the articles, and lay them away clean until ironing time comes.

Your filmy silks and fluffy woolens will reward such care with longer life and fresher appearance.

To wash with Ivory suds is so very simple—a quick whipping of the soapy water to a froth, then a few moments of squeezing the suds through the fabric—that is all. And you are sure of absolute safety, because Ivory suds is as harmless as pure water—indeed, millions of women use Ivory every day to protect lovely complexions.

Wouldn't you like to have all your washing done with Ivory suds? Try it, and see how sweet and clean your clothes are. The extra cost is negligible.

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Simply ask yourself this question:

"Would I use this soap on my face?"

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### Points to remember in handling fine fabrics

White silks are yellowed easily by hot water, sunlight, or hot irons, and should be washed in Ivory suds barely warm. Use a little bluing to obtain a clear tint.

When washing sheer white cotton or linen fabrics, put material through one boiling rinse and one of very cold water containing bluing and stiffening. Hang in sun until partially dry, then iron without sprinkling.

Dry colored garments inside out in shade.

Permanent finish organdie should be rolled in a towel, without stiffening or drying, and ironed while very wet.

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I V O R Y      P U R E      I T      F L O A T S

# THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1924. Vol. XLIII, NUMBER 4

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN, *Editor*

By Peter Clark Macfarlane

Illustrated  
by  
Lester Ralph

While with the Chautauqua in the Southwest, Peter Macfarlane once motored over the Mexican border at night. With him was a string quartet and a trained seal. At the line the motor was halted by a guard. The author gave his name. "Peter Clark Macfarlane of The Red Book?" asked the guard. "The same," was the response. "Pass, Pete," returned the guard.

She sat motionless. Presently she said in a colorless voice: "Of course, that was rather—rather understood."

## The Big Moment

"YOU sweet little devil!" Freddy Belding exulted, when for the first time Jeannette Dilmot cuddled confidingly in his arms. "Just my wonderful luck, what!"

"I'll say you are lucky!" she told him pertly, and pecked him tenderly on the lips, while Freddy, awed by all this wonderful softness that was in his arms, experienced suddenly another kind of awe. That was when he realized that to nurture this expensive, luxury-labeled creature as she had been nurtured, he would need to have much more than sixty thousand dollars. For Aunt Marlow had been so generous with his dear orphaned self while she lived, that at her death only sixty thousand remained.

But again his luck held. Or was it because he was brightly optimistic and pleasantly enterprising? All three, Freddy figured.



Anyway, he found two shrewd partners who would help him multiply his money. One of them had patented the most wonderful substitute for rubber—real, serviceable, *Ersatz* rubber, for tires, for raincoats, for hot-water bottles, for anything rubber was used for; and the other was skilled in the ways of high finance—very skilled, Freddy realized with a glow of self-gratulation, as

he organized the Western Rubberoid Manufacturing Company. The two partners were modest men—they gave Freddy the president's title; and Freddy was a generous one—he gave them the key to the safe.

Blithely the young president established himself high in a corner room looking two ways into the financial district; but he should have been looking four ways into the activities of those two precious associates of his. They were rotters both; and came a day when his blitheness had departed. It had been oozing out for weeks, but this last was the crucial, climactic day, full of hectic bickerings and the stormy crash of final disillusionment, its drama fizzling out late in the afternoon to a moment when Freddy Belding was sitting and sighing and scratching his name wearily upon a piece of paper with perforated edges. His athletic figure drooped; his habitual smile was gone; his bright blue eyes were sombered.

"Your check, Miss Stevens," he announced to the retiring secretary of the retiring president of Western Rubberoid, and indicated distastefully the last document of the kind that would issue from his hand in some time, he suspected. It was merely an extra month's salary.

Freddy sat a moment chewing at his lip and the tiny toothbrush mustache thereupon. The worst of it was that he had now to go and break it to Jeannette, break it to her that he was broke. Moodily he rose and hitched on his overcoat, for it is always sharp in the late afternoon air of San Francisco.

"You can give the keys to the janitor, Miss Stevens, if you will. Good-by and good luck!" There was no particular sympathy in his tone. She? She could go out and get another job. But he? Where was he going to go out and get another sixty thousand dollars? Freddy was still glooming over this as he went down in the elevator, but his face brightened at the sight of his elaborate roadster waiting at the curb, one of Aunt Marlow's presents; eight thousand, odd, it had stood her.

"Last trip in the old Gray Ghost, though," he recalled with a stab of pain. Tomorrow the creditors would claim it. But she had sixty an hour in her for him today all right, once he could hit the open highway, for he was heading for Mazuma Beach—for Mazuma Beach and Jeannette, one hundred and forty miles away.

How blue he felt—really! It wasn't the mere loss of all his money—he hoped he was a better sport than that; and Jeannette was a good sport, too. It was realizing that now he would have

to put off still longer telling that human cactus and hard-boiled old business buccaneer, Captain James Harrison Dilmot, how things stood between him and his motherless, wonderful daughter. The pang of this postponement was sharp in Freddy's heart as the Gray Ghost nosed her way through the traffic in Market Street and crept out of the city by the Mission Road, then eagerly south through Burlingame and San Mateo, south through Redwood City and Palo Alto and that succeeding continuous performance of town and hamlet which stretches between the blue flank of the bay and the rounded breasts of the foothills.

What was going to make it harder to tell the girl, Freddy realized as he drove, was that up to now he had hinted nothing whatever of business difficulties, merely explaining in that light-



"Well, how much do you want, you young bandit?" came whanging over the waves. "We've got to work too fast to reason with fools."

day, he—he might hear about Western Rubberoid! And if he did, he might tell Jeannette! Might? Nay, he most certainly would tell Jeannette, and take a mean pleasure in it. Why, you could set out a game of mah jongg on his coat-tails while he was rushing to tell Jeannette! He suspected something between them, anyway. He would taunt her, browbeat her, make her cry; he would certainly—

Freddy left his dinner half eaten. Haste, more haste, even than before! And ninety miles to go. Lights shot by, lights of oncoming cars, lights of packing houses and canneries in the midst of orchards, lights of condensed-milk factories. Yes, the Gray Ghost was eating up the black ribbon, but the closer Freddy got to Jeannette, the faster he wanted to go. He must tell her first—first; for that old man of hers was so disgustingly astute, so offensively successful in business himself, so arrogant in his purse-pride. Huh! And just because he had sailed out of a port in Maine before the mast and been captain of a windjammer at Freddy's age, and now had whole fleets of masts! Captain Dilmot, eh? James Harrison Dilmot, they had it in the social register. Huh! Old Jim Dilmot, a lot of people called him. A lot of things Freddy called him tonight. He never had taken to Freddy, anyway.

The Gray Ghost muttered and rumbled at being throttled down to go through Salinas; but the traffic cops were hawk-eyed there, and notorious, Freddy knew too well. Anyway, but twenty-five miles to go now, yet just when he was in the biggest hurry, slow ones; for the ribbon of asphalt became snaky and sinuous as it wound through tortuous cañons to the ocean. But how Freddy flew around those curves!

Taste of the fog now, smell of salt air, smell of peanut oil from the sardine canneries of Monterey, smell of the pines as the Gray Ghost climbed the long slope of Carmel Hill with a snort of contempt for the grade, pungent, delightful smells of resinous wood burning in stoves and fireplaces. Homes of the ultra-well-to-do now, lights gleaming out only at generous intervals on these forest-clad heights; Mark Daniels' there at the turn, Martha Newcome's on her gorgeous Sunset Hill, and there Bob Ritchie's new one. And here, glory of the night, glory of the hill-crest view, the wide gleam of phosphorescence on moon-kindled Mazuma Bay; and yonder—Freddy's heart beating fast, Gray Ghost coughing covertly—yonder, Penobscot Villa, the Dilmot cottage!

Cottage? It was a Moorish palace, with golden globes of incandescence marking out the terraces and porticoes, and lights gleaming out from its wide plate-glass windows—lights from the garage which, when all the cars were in, Freddy had seen looking like an automobile show; lights gleaming from the stables, in which were stalls enough to house the field of an English Derby; lights at the pier down there, where moored the Dilmot yacht and homed the Captain's speed-marvel, his pleasure launch *Lucia*. Yes, lights there, lights here, lights everywhere except in Freddy Belding's heart, which grew darker and gloomier as he circled and parked beneath the monkey tree.

But he bucked up and did the steps in bounds. Jeannette! Ah! She was coming toward him in the hall, wearing for him a smile of radiance and

joy. Had she heard of Rubberoid? No, thank heaven, he dis-

covered with a gulp of pure joy.

"Why, Freddy! You're late!" she accused, but still advancing happily; and he gave himself the luxury of standing stock still, spirits rising, soaring, while she came to him. What a picture! That beautiful bob which was so becoming to her, red-brown curls in circular waves crowning and framing a face at once sensitive and keen, with amber eyes that glowed like coals of fire in the intensity of her devouring gaze.

But all at once he saw her expression change to quick alarm.

"Why—why, something's the matter?" she divined.

Freddy, who had opened his arms to her, felt himself flushing to the roots of his thick light hair; he had somehow betrayed



some way of his that Western Rubberoid was engrossing him a little more than usual just now. Still, Jeannette was such a gallant and generous-hearted pal! Oh, she would understand quickly, he tried to comfort himself, as he pulled up under venerable palms in the spacious grounds of the Hotel Vendome in San José, where he had decided to break the trip by dining, just because, healthy young animal, he had to dine somewhere; for not even the loss of his sixty thousand could take Freddy Belding's appetite away.

But in the midst of the Vendome's table d'hôte, a horrible possibility stabbed him. Her father? That snoopy-nosed old dad of hers who, even while golfing or fishing or riding at Mazuma Beach, kept one ear glued to the telephone a good part of the

himself—when he had meant to break it to her so, oh, so tactfully.

"What is it?" the girl demanded in an excited whisper. "Tell Mother—quick!"

It would be no use trying to equivocate now. Those keen eyes would sift him like flour.

"Freddy!"

Her lips were hot with anxiety as frankly they pressed his; her hands were tense upon his shoulders. She forced him down into a huge overstuffed chair and draped herself affectionately upon the arm of it so that he needs must look up to her and assume a confessional attitude. But had ever a penitent before such a rapt, wistful, sympathetic confessor? He was sure not.

**H**E took heart of that and—began to tell her, yet tried to make of it a lighthearted tale of youthful misadventure. He saw that he was failing, and this puzzled him. The dismal, underlying fact was painful to him, of course; but why to her, who would inherit three or four millions one day? How could she regard the loss of his three score thousand so tragically? How could she?

With her taking it that way, Freddy faltered and stepped on his own tongue a good deal toward the last, and when at length the sorry tale was told, there was not even a question from her bloodless lips—not one. Her eyes looked quite through him, as if satisfied they looked into an empty shell. For one moment she was motionless, still as marble, and her cheeks as white. Then she shuddered: "How could you?"

That was all, but the tone of it struck into Freddy like a knife. And the way she got up from the chair, swinging her arm clear over his head, as if careful not to touch him! This was worse than losing six hundred thousand, he was sure.

The girl moved away over to the window-seat, and there, not giving him a glance, sat with eyes far off, bosom heaving, otherwise motionless as marble again. Presently he saw the white lips tighten, beautiful lips that he loved, and one of her toes began tapping thoughtfully—thoughtfully.

Eons long, that ticking, tapping silence lasted. Heavens! Was it as bad as that, Freddy wondered, staring wretchedly. Why, how could it be? How could anything be? He was hurt; away down in the soul of him, he was hurt. Out of this hurt, though with a little husk in his voice, he risked proudly: "Of course, Jeannette, I release you from your engagement."

The girl's lips framed themselves as for a gasp of pain; but for a moment no sound issued. What she said presently in a colorless voice was: "Of course, that was rather—rather understood."

"Wuh—was it?" Freddy betrayed himself into asking; and then his eyes grew wide as saucers as he saw the girl's cheek flush with what looked as much like shame as anger.

"Was it?" she scorned indignantly. "Of course it was. Just as it's understood that any man who lets himself get tricked out of his money as easy as that would let himself get tricked out of anything—even the woman he loves!"

"Jeannette!" Freddy groaned, utterly shocked. "You don't—you can't mean that just because my money's gone—"

"No, no!" protested the girl, freshly bitter at the possibility of being so misunderstood. "The trouble is, it never was *your* money, simply because it didn't cost *you* anything."

**F**REDDY stood staring, hands in coat pockets, utterly perplexed. What could the girl be driving at? "That's true, Jeannette," he admitted soberly, endeavoring to conciliate. "It was just my good luck that Aunt Mar—"

"*Luck!* Your favorite word!" interrupted Jeannette with infinite sarcasm; then all at once her tones were melting, half-despairing, as she remonstrated: "Oh, Freddy! Can't you understand that things can't always go by *luck*? That this is an—it sounds highbrow, but—an economic world, if you know what I mean. That you have to give value for value in it? That if you don't *pay*, you don't really *get*?"

The tone, the reproach in those beautiful eyes, indicted Freddy more effectively than the words. He muffed their meaning completely. "Is it my fault that Aunt Marlow—" he started to defend, with an injured air, when Jeannette lost temper again and with pitying scorn smote him:

"No! It is your weakness! Your Aunt Marlow *bought* that money with years of scrimping and saving. She squeezed it out of her own flesh; and you've no more appreciated its value than to let it be wheeled out of you by a pair of smooth schemers who didn't treat you half as badly as you've treated the generous faith of that good old woman."

"Whew, Jeannette, that was a hot one!" gasped Freddy, and stood, hair almost on end, as if a brick had just whizzed by him.

"Oh, make light of it," she railed at him, temper getting teary, "make light of losing your money, make light of losing me. That's been the trouble with you always: you make light of everything. Life has always come too easy to you, Freddy Belding." And as she pronounced his name, her voice began to break, her lips to quiver. "I—I came too easy. But that—that's over now!"

With the bursting sob of a heart too full, Jeannette Dilmot was down among the cushions on the window-seat, the heaving shoulders, the abandoned toss of her head, so pitiful now in its grief, testifying that hers was a woe so great that no one in this wide world was competent to comfort it.

Freddy did not feel competent to comfort it; that was a cinch. Never in his whole life had he felt so harassingly incompetent in so many ways. "Gosh, Jeannette! I—I—didn't mean to make you cry," he blundered; but after a moment, as he gazed upon those dear heaving shoulders, a most astounding light began to break. He perceived all at once that Jeannette was not crying over herself because his money was gone, but over him because her faith in him was gone—not because of something that he hadn't, but because of something that he wasn't. This was a very humbling perception. Yes—she had a right to break the engagement—their engagement.

He wanted to lay a hand upon that dear head, but felt unworthy, totally unworthy. Instead he turned away and sat on the arm of the overstuffed chair, just where she had sat, his shoulders sagging his body into an unbeautiful hunch.

Her meaning in the main began to grow clear: Things had come pretty easy for him; that was a fact; and ease softens all muscles, even the muscles of the will. She had accused him of lacking something. Well—yes, he did lack something, a sort of power to hold things. Grasp, you might say—grip. Upon money? Yes, but mostly grasp upon himself. Money, he saw, was merely illustrative. That was her point; the man who could lose money so easily, so lightly, could lose other things—faith, virtue, character, *love*.

He lighted a cigarette and began to smoke thoughtfully. Yes, her meaning was coming clear to him, washed into his very soul by the memory of those tears, echoed into his heart by the last half-stifled sob that had come across the room to him.

"I—I begin to get your drift, Jeannette," he announced humbly, but without turning his head. He saw himself clearly for the first time, not as an enterprising young business man whose confidence had been basely betrayed, but as a mere light-headed, loose-handed jester in the marts of trade. In other words, a joke! No, worse than that—a rotter, a real rotter; for Jeannette was right: his partners had merely betrayed him; but he had betrayed Aunt Marlow, had betrayed—and this thought brought him to his feet with a start—he had betrayed Jeannette! The darling! He had shattered her beautiful faith in him. That was pitiful. That was ghastly. He crumpled the cigarette into an ash-tray.

But when he shot his first thoroughly comprehending glance across at the girl, she was sitting up, dry-eyed now, and thoughtful, looking out of the window. That pose made him further thoughtful also, looking out of a window, as it were, at himself passing by—seeing himself quite objectively. Yes—yes, he was pretty worthless. But not entirely hopeless! He couldn't concede that; for there was the instant rebound of youth in Freddy. Having discovered himself to be mere human trash, he didn't propose to remain trash. The question was, what to do about it? And he debated this question for some time. When next he threw a glance at Jeannette, she was busy with mirror and powder-puff, repairing the ravages of tears.

"You're right, Jeannette," he said, announcing his decision concrately but with emphasis.

Jeannette did not speak to him, did not look at him or move, except as she was busy with the powder; yet her expression was that of one who has taken note. Some seconds passed.

"You're right, Jeannette," he announced again, and turned toward her with a gesture of conceding everything—everything at issue between them. Then he stammered on, humbly enough but with genuine conviction: "It is an economic world, of course—value for value—that sort of stuff—a fair exchange for everything. Couldn't be any sort of a decent livable world at all, otherwise. But Jeannette, I honestly doubt if I know the first rule of that game. I've got to learn it. I've got to learn 'em all. And so help me, Andrew Jackson, I will!"

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"Young man, you won't make much headway working with your hands. It's not your hands—it's your brains you need to exercise."



The big voice of Freddy had boomed out solidly at the last, and he stood poised with flexed arms and clenching fists as if into every tissue and fiber of his five feet and ten inches there oozed the vital fluids of a new and powerful purpose. His face was earnest, his blue eyes appealing, modestly asking to be believed in.

Jeannette favored him with a single inquiring, estimating glance, then turned her face away quickly.

"The first thing—I'm going to work!" declared Freddy with such sudden, arresting emphasis, that Jeannette closed her vanity case with a snap.

"Work?" The girl arose and moved toward him curiously, then halted and lifted a hand as he threatened to advance, as if she would keep him at a probationary distance. "Work?" she inquired once more, as if she felt doubtful that she had heard aright.

"Yes," Freddy affirmed patiently. "I'm going to work. I'm going to work to learn the value of money—first by learning how it is made out of labor, and second by learning how it is saved by economy, frugality, cheap living—until I know the true value of

a dollar. That way I'll be learning some other values too. Oh, I make you all right, Jeannette. I've been a dabbler and a loafer; but no more of it for me now. I'll be the man you thought I was. I'll make money, Jeannette, and I'll save it; and I'll bring it to you to prove that I've got it. Oh, Horatio Alger stuff, I know; but it's real stuff too. And I want you to say you'll wait for me, Jeannette—wait for me to prove—"

Did the girl turn her back upon him to laugh, Freddy wondered, reddening, or was it really to address once more the tiny mirror with her eyes, and her face with the powder-puff? Well, anyway, he was too much in earnest to be checked even by laughter—hers of all people's. "And at first I don't want easy work, either," he proclaimed. "I want to punish myself for being a sort of fathead. I wonder if I could get work on one of your father's ships. By George, I—"

Freddy never completed that bold asseveration, whatever it was going to be, for—

"Work? What kind of work?" demanded a harsh, grating voice; and here came Captain Dilmot himself striding aggressively in from the hall, as if he'd heard conversation in his living-room

that piqued his curiosity. Tall, wiry, hatchet-faced, with a bulging forehead and recessed yellow eyes that glared, with hairy brows that crawled like caterpillars, with a grim mouth and a determined chin—wearing a Tuxedo, a smoldering pipe in his hand, the master of Penobscot Villa seemed to have chosen to look as offensive as he could; and in Freddy's experience that was rather offensive. One moment only the features softened into an expression that was almost refined and patrician, and that was when his eyes rested fondly on the figure of his daughter; then they shifted to Freddy again, and glared a demand for answer to his question.

Freddy, in the full tide of that fine new set of emotions that had begun to possess him, was taken more than usually aback. It struck him that Captain Dilmot must have just heard about Rubberoid over the phone and had come forthwith to find and cast him out, as an always doubtful asset now certain to become a liability; he rallied desperately, saying:

"Work with my hands, Captain Dilmot!" And then, as if beating him to any denunciation that might be upon his own lips, he elaborated earnestly: "It's the only thing I'm fit for. I'm an ass. Events of the last few days have piled up the proof. An ass is a beast of burden. I ask that kind of a job. I've never had a chance, really. I know that now. No fellow has had, who was born to the kind of luck I've had up to now."

Captain Dilmot's fierceness abated to a puzzled expression, succeeded by one of astonished toleration; and thereby Freddy, his soul bathed in that fine new ardor of his, was deceived into speculating expansively: "Why, why, it might be that the first real luck I've had, was when those two fellows gypped me out of my money."

But instantly he saw that he had boned it. The Captain was fierce again. "Young fellow," he snapped, "I've just heard about that financial fiasco of yours; and I want to tell you that for any man to see anything lucky in the loss of sixty thousand dollars, especially his last sixty thousand, argues a fundamental idiocy. As for working with your hands—"

"But—but that's the way you began, wasn't it, Captain Dilmot?" Freddy floundered perspiringly, determined to placate this old pirate if he could.

"Yes; it's the way I began," rasped the Captain, with a throat-clearing snarl, as of one who had no more patience with flounders than with idiots. "But, young man, *you* won't make much headway, working with your hands. Nobody does, for that matter. I didn't continue long working with mine. A chance came to use my headpiece and—I used it. It's not your hands—it's your brains that *you* need to exercise."

Freddy had to blink hard, but he could forgive this. He did need to exercise his brain, of course; and Captain Dilmot couldn't be expected to understand how resolutely he had determined to use it from this on.

"There are a lot of things more valuable than hands," lambasted the Captain. "Brains are—every time. Why, even chance, or accident, may have values that a man can cash in on. So has courage!"

Something in Freddy began to boil. Was this pompous old crab meaning to call him a coward? Well, he would just show him on that. But the Captain was cranking himself up with another of those throat-clearing snarls, and ranting on:

"Why, a man with both brains *and* courage may in one or two bold moments render service worth many thousands of dollars."

"How he hates himself!" thought Freddy.

"A man doesn't win success today by hard work, nor by slow accumulations of one dollar upon another. No," elaborated the lecturer of the evening, "he wins it by taking advantage of his opportunities, young man, his opportunities. The successful men are the ones who recognized their big moments when they came."

Freddy could actually smile approval at this; for he had recognized his "big moment" awhile ago, and this was why this unctuous glow was in his heart, refusing to be chilled, and why he ventured now to glance confidently at Jeannette.

"You are quite right, Captain Dilmot, of course," he agreed diplomatically. "Only—only, you see I'm rather knocked to pieces now, and what I want to do is to get away off to sea and think things out, so I can reorganize my point of view and—"



He went down—he couldn't make it, after all. But there was still one arm about his neck—he was pretty sure of that.

"But you don't have to go to sea to reorganize your point of view," interrupted the Captain impatiently; "and you don't have to go to sea for opportunity. In fact, you are a fool to go to sea!"

Freddy whitened under that one, and judged the moment had arrived for a young man of any spirit to be firm. Moreover, he thought he glimpsed sympathy, hope, faith, in the fair strained features behind the Captain's shoulder—encouragement, at any rate, counsel to fortitude.

"Maybe I am a fool, sir," he conceded modestly, "but a trip to sea is what I've decided on as my first medicine, and one of Professor James' rules for building character, as I remember, was: 'When you've decided about a thing, act upon your decision as quickly as possible.' Captain Dilmot, when does your next ship sail from San Francisco?"

"There won't be another for a week—after the *Delia Ann* sails at eight o'clock tomorrow morning for Mazatlan," snapped the Captain, as if he exulted that even his steamship-schedules frowned upon such callow obstinacy. Then his tone grew satirical:



"You might swim out to her. She'll be off Point Moro here by this time tomorrow night."

"Off Point Moro?" Freddy shuddered mentally, then inwardly laughed at himself. That was good—for him to shudder at the mention of Point Moro. That was not at all because it was the high and exposed site of the thirteenth hole in the Mazuma Beach golf-course where times enough he had come to disaster, but because it was a graveyard of ships. It ended in shoals of outlying rocks, half submerged and often fogbound, and every few years these claimed a victim, gaunt fragments of which, visible at low tide, had often challenged Freddy's sympathetic imagination. So intently was he conceiving of himself now as a sailor that the mention of Moro gave him this slight mental qualm, whereat he indulged himself in that mental smile.

"Yes," asserted Captain Dilmot, "it would be only a three- or four-mile swim—nothing at all to an athlete like you."

But Freddy's answer to the sneer was an entirely outward and visible smile this time, the pleased, persistent smile of one who will not be evaded. "But you forget that I have a bus out here,

Captain Dilmot, that can lay me alongside the *Delia Ann* in three hours at this time of night," he reminded, still respectful. "Of course, she'd have a full crew aboard, but you could arrange to transfer somebody, and I'd make it all right with them, sir, for their temporary lay-off."

Freddy's expression continued indefatigably hopeful, but the yellow eyes glared resentment even of hopefulness and spoke also the enraged perception that both time and wisdom had been wasted on a numskull.

"Young man, you are a bit beside yourself tonight, I suspect," Captain Dilmot answered with crushing sarcasm. "Frankly, I don't think you've got the nerve to carry out your proposal. You haven't the faintest notion what that kind of work is. I don't think it does your intelligence credit to talk about it. I'm sure it doesn't do mine credit to listen to it. Good—night!"

"Why—why, Father!" gasped Jeannette reproachfully, and gazed after her angrily departing sire with amazement.

Freddy stared vengeancefully at that stubborn, haughty back till it was out of sight, both his fists clenching (Continued on page 141)

By

# Rupert Hughes The Girls'



Her father commanded: "Go to your room and stay there till I call you." She marched away, her very shoulder blades impudent.

**S**URLY with sleep, and strangely pretty in her frown, she was, even when she snapped at her sainted mother:

"I won't get up! What's there to get up for? Get out!"

Her sainted mother slumped sadly downstairs to her sainted father, and moaned:

"I declare, I can't do a thing with that girl! If it hadn't 'a' been the Sabbath, I'd 'a' smacked her, so I would!"

The sainted father groaned:

"A good spanking's what she needs! There comes a time when nothin' else does any good."

Trouble gets up early. Here it was the first thing on the morning of the first day of the first week of the new month. The unfortunate father, who had been cursed with a froward child, went creaking up the creaking stairs and smote the door with his knuckles.

"Get up!" he called through.

His daughter Tacey—the name had probably been Eustacia once—was desperate enough to howl back:

"But I don't want to get up!"

"What's your wantin' got to do with it?" he gasped. It was disarmingly funny that anybody should be fool enough to make an excuse like that.

It never occurred to him that in a free country a person's wanting or not wanting to do something has everything to do with it. That was where Isaac Moffatt and his daughter Tacey were faced in opposite directions. He was whipped out, and therefore a whipper-upper. She was at that era in a soul-life where whims and longings, impulses and aversions, are the holy flame within.

But she had never put this in words to him—or even to herself. She usually resisted awhile to show her contempt, and then, to be let alone, obeyed. So when her father growled again, "Are you get' nup, or aren't you?" Tacey's voice came back through the door, "Oh, aw-ull ri-ight! I'm gettin' up!"

Her father lingered long enough to hear the sound of her warm feet as they struck the cold floor, and her wails of anguish as she flung herself from the Eden of nothing-to-do into the purgatory of don't-do-that!

She was not lazy. She was aching with eagerness for life. But everything she wanted to do was wrong. At least, she was told so incessantly, though of course she did not believe what her elders told her. Her youthful intuition kept whispering that her elders were failures who tried to hide their stupidity and

# Rebellion

Illustrated  
by  
H. Weston Taylor

timidity under a mask of tyranny and a code of laws that guaranteed unhappiness and unimportance. But she supposed that she had to obey them or starve and go naked. There's no policeman's club like old Three-meals-a-day.

Older people were afraid of life, and she was not. They kept warning her against things they said they had never done. Then how did they know they were dangerous?

One thing was sure: for all their bossy ways, they had nothing to boast of in their own achievements. They only bossed her because they were bossed by other people, and because she was a girl, and there was an old idea that girls should never do anything, never be anything except nice little ciphers.

She washed and dressed and flounced down the stairs into the dining-room with an ungrace that was an insolence itself, and so taken.

"You're not goin' to wear earrings to church, I hope." This from Mother.

To keep herself from screaming at the hateful tyrants and the ancient inevitable oatmeal, she began to whistle through her teeth.

"Stop whistlin', will you? You drive me crazy." This from Father.

"And if you got to whistle, it's just twice as unladylike to whistle through your teeth." This from her brother. "Besides, no nice girl would whistle that tune. She wouldn't even know it."

"Not to speak of whistlin' at tall on the Sabbath." This again from Mother.

"And don't tap with your fingers!" This from Father.

So she sang under her breath what she had been whistling: "'Aggravatin' Papa, don't you try to two-time me!'"

Her mother lifted her head: "That's a nice name to call your father—'aggravatin' Papa!'"

She laughed aloud at this, but her brother said: "It aint that kind of a papa, Ma!"

Her mother looked stupidly puzzled, and Tacey shifted to: "'You got to see your mamma every night—or you can't see mamma at ta-all.'"

Something in the tone of this instructed even those ignorant parents, and they stared in horror at the terrible changeling who

Rupert Hughes has returned to his adopted Hollywood after a two-months "vacation" in New York, during which he idled away the time by doing about three times as much work as most other writers would do in a busy period. At the present moment he is engaged in recasting in "continuity form," the remarkable story which follows, preparatory to its "shooting" for the films, whereon it will be revealed to the millions at some later date.



"Mamma, I warn you!  
If you dare to do this  
to me, I'll hate you.  
I'll hate you forever!"

had usurped the body and soul of their sainted daughter. The father roared;

"Don't make another sound! Do you hear?"

She quenched the lyric but began to roll her eyes and to cock her head in a jazzy rhythm that all but drove her rulers to a frenzy.

"Don't! Don't do that, Tacey!" her father growled at her ominously.

She stopped whistling and tapping and singing and rolling her eyes; but her ripe red lips were taut and wan as she compressed them to announce:

"Some day somebody's goin' to say just one too many 'don'ts' to a certain person. Then crack goes the old camel's back, and little old me is off for Hellangone!"

"Such language—from a girl, of all things!"

"A girl of all things! Yes! And what kind of a thing do you all think a girl is, anyway?"

To avoid committing himself on this riddle, her father commanded:

"Go to your room and stay there till I call you."

She marched away, and her very shoulder-blades were impudent.

When Tacey's father called her downstairs again, it was to go to Sunday-school. Her mother checked her at the foot of the stairs to yank the earrings from the pink lobes where they dangled irritably.

She made no protest, but she turned a streaky pale, and there was a momentary look in her eyes that made her mother a little afraid of her.

As her mother mumbled to her father on the way to church:

"She looked like she was goin' to hit me!"

At the Sunday-school she was told about the ten Thou-shalt-not's, but she felt no temptation to break any of them. She had no other gods, had no ambition to make graven images, steal, bear false witness, covet anybody's husband,

ox, ass or servant. As for honoring her father and her mother, that seemed to her a matter which was up to them rather than to her.

On that morning the Rev. Dr. Purdy chose to deliver his opinions of the modern girl. Tacey gleaned from his description of her that the devil of nowadays was not a serpent tempting an innocent Eve, but a slyly Eve tempting the devil to the latest styles in wickedness.

It was evident to Tacey that the Rev. Dr. Purdy did not know much about the girl of today. He apparently had no suspicion of her troubled and goaded bewilderments, her honest skepticisms, her resentment of authority that had no justification except tradition, her proud desire to cease to be a burden on anybody but herself, her superb unwillingness to wear the old-fashioned yokes that her brothers and fathers had thrown off, not only because they were heavy and constraining, but because they were yokes. The magnificent energy of the young female of the twentieth century seeking an outlet or an occupation struck him as only an indecency. He saw an army mustering and thought to check it by crying: "Disperse, ye rebels!" A revolution was afoot, and the town-crier ordered it to go back to bed.

The Rev. Dr. Purdy made the ancient mistake of harsh criticism in place of sympathetic diagnosis. He relied on those hoary medicines that have never cured a case: to Denounce and to Forbid.

The whole world seemed to Tacey to be a conspiracy of "Don't's" and "Stop's." She did not know who was to blame or what ought to be done, but she was in a fever of resentment against everything and everybody.

The Goddess of Liberty and Miss Columbia once looked just as silly and as wicked to the papa and mamma country, and were scolded in the same tones.

This girl made no open revolt. She had as yet no weapons forged except a squirming contempt and flippancy. It pleased her mood to prove her indifference by winking at another girl who was her chum, and at a boy, Abel Totten, who was willing to be. He made certain signs in deaf-and-dumb language which she answered in code. They had just arranged a meeting after church that night, when her mother caught her and smacked her hands down. This in the presence of the suitor in the other pew was a humiliation hard to bear.

Right there in the sanctified edifice Tacey's heart brimmed with the most diabolical resolutions to show certain people certain things. There are reasons to doubt the perfect benefit of that sermon to that girl. When the service was over, the family strolled home to a midday banquet that offended the parental digestive systems, which refused to work on the Sabbath. So Mamma sat groaning in the whining rocker and Papa fell into a lethargic sleep in his armchair.

They would not let Tacey go out for a walk, and they were too torpid to show any further interest in her existence than to start up when she rattled the Sunday paper and to demand, "Silence in heaven's name!"

The supplement contained among other hot meats a peppery article melodramatizing the life of a small-town girl who ran away to the great city and went so wrong that she was now the wife of an English duke and was worth a million pounds—however much that might be.



The brakeman relaxed his hold. Tacey broke away. He dropped Kinky and ducked after her.



As she shrank from the first, Tacey backed into the arms of another hobo.

Tacey pondered over the contrast with her best friend among the boys. If he behaved himself he could hold his job in his father's harness-store at sixty dollars a month. If she behaved, she could marry him.

Supper was a matter of cold meat, feeble tea and apple sauce. For dessert there were, as always, canned peaches that looked like split baseballs and tasted like what they looked like.

Then the bells called forlornly to the evening service. This suited Tacey's humor better, for there was a soothing poetry in the twilight that caressed her champing spirit, and she felt that she would walk home with her young man—a poor thing, but the best in town.

Love was the only bit and bridle she would accept, and she was eager for the feel of it on her neck. But she responded only to the snaffle. The least tug on the curb, and she went up in the air.

The evening service was mercifully brief, with several good hymns based on tunes that had been born wrong but had been redeemed without quite losing all their original urge. When the benediction dismissed the congregation into the full glory of a sky snowy with stars, Tacey dropped away from her parents to the waiting youth in the shadow. This had been a custom until it had become respectable.

She took Abel Totten's arm and escaped with him into a gloom so velvety that it turned the whole village into an arbor of romance.

Where the trees were oldest and densest, even Abel managed to be loverly timid and pleading, and to give her the joy of denial. Now even she could indulge in the pleasure of Don't and Stop, and No!

But when they came forth into the shadowless flare of the street-lamps, Abel got down to hard-pan again, and began to dictate.

"You gotta quit goin' with Dan Swords. And for heaven's sake quit doin' your hair that way. You look—fast!"

She was so jaded with resistance that she smiled and cooed: "Yes, dear-ree! Anything you say, darr-ling!"

If Abel had had half an eye for the truth, he would have seen that her smile was only a sardonic grimace, and that her mock submissiveness was the cunning of an animal that plots escape.

When she entered the house, she would not linger on the porch with him or sag the hammock into a rounded V. She found the three tyrants, father and mother and brother, impa-

tiently waiting for their prey with a new list of Do-this and Quit-that, and Why-did-you's and Why-didn't-you's.

She yawned in their faces and begged to be excused, as she was very sleepy. They genuinely hated to have her go, and swallowed their own sermons.

"Don't forget you got to get up early tommor," said Papa, "for school."

"Yes, Papa; no, Papa, I won't."

"Don't fail to mend that blouse you tore in your basketball foolishness!"

"No, Mamma; yes, Mamma, I will." Even their good-nights were Don't's.

She was so bitter against the universe that she laughed herself to sleep—only to wake to the realization of the horrible, inevitable weekly fact that it was Monday.

She left the house with the subdued cheer-of-a-convict turned out of a cozy cell of oblivion to the treadmill of another day on the Wheel That Goes Nowhere but Round and Round. The street-car she clambered on greeted her with a Don't.

"Don't leave the car before it stops."

At school she tried to be polite to the teacher and made the extravagantly unimportant observation:

"It don't look as much like it was goin' to rain as it did, does it?"

The teacher answered with a sugar-and-vinegar smile:

"Perhaps not, my dear; but don't say 'like' when you mean 'as if it were'; and don't say 'don't' when you mean 'doesn't'."

This humbled her exceedingly, and she retorted:

"Well, as for that, if other folks will agree, I'm willing to throw the darned old word *don't* out of the dictionary altogether."

The teacher smiled loathsome and persisted:

"Do you think *darn* is quite nice, my dear?"

"Not quite. *Damn* is much nicer, and—"

"Tacey Moffatt! Go to your seat!"

"Yessum!"

She went, but she swung her hips with defiant bravado.

A skillful physician might have seen that defiance as only the torment of a soul fretted by bandages that chafed and irked. Such skillful physicians, however, are rare, and are themselves suspected of anarchy.

Only one thing kept Tacey from murder, suicide, mutiny, flight or openly talking back to her teachers, her parents and her other

"Bully for you! That old stuff is the bunk. Why should a man control your destiny because he happens to be your father?"



custodians. She was afraid that something or somebody might prevent her appearance in the basketball game on Thursday afternoon, between her team and the team of the high school on the other side of town.

She was the captain of her gang, and in her little world so famous a warrior that unbeknownst to her a photograph of her had been sent to the Sunday supplement of the newspaper in the nearest metropolis. That picture revealed her in a boyish costume of gymnasium blouse and bloomers, with her knees bare and her entire figure manifest in all its shapeliness.

Her athletic triumphs and the tiny renown they brought her made it all the harder to be treated at home as a nuisance. The child heart hungers for greater praise at home than it receives abroad, but Tacey's parents believed that a compliment would simply ruin her. They were more anxious to destroy her pride than to build it.

In the gymnasium she was used to being cheered loudly and called upon as a sure hope in moments of danger. At home she was always rebuked and called upon only for the most stupid drudgeries. What reason had she for loving her home or the belittlers and deriders who lay in ambush for her there?

The basketball game was a Waterloo, a Gettysburg in school history. The gymnasium fairly ached with the importance of the victory. Tacey's team was outmatched and outplayed by the rival crew, and the proud name of the First Ward High School would have been dragged in the dust if it had not been for Tacey. She was everywhere, bounding in all directions at once, rushing forward like the wind, stopping short, plunging to this side or that, ducking and scooping, flinging herself in air to pluck the ball from the basket's very edge.

She was a wild young animal and a valiant general, beautiful to behold, lithe, tireless and desperately loyal to her team.

Cheers followed her, and her name was shrieked by panic-stricken partisans. When she broke the long-tied score and won the game for her school by a magnificent run and the caging of a field goal, she was hailed as the savior of a great cause. She was set high on the shoulders of her admirers and carried about the gymnasium, a queen enthroned in the hearts of her humble subjects.

Then she went home. She was bursting with greatness and with the prestige her achievements would shed on the lowly name of Moffatt. Before she could even mention her triumphs, she was confronted by her wrathful father, who held before her a copy of the newspaper with her picture in it. Instead of congratulating her on her fame and himself on her beauty and her prowess, he was offended, wrathfully insulted by it.

"To think that a daughter of mine should have her picture published in a city paper in a costume like that! For all the world to see! I could nearly die of shame. It's positively indecent!"

"What's the matter of it? Lemme see!" Tacey pleaded, tinging with pride. But he snatched the paper away, slapped it with the back of his hand, crumpled it, threw it on the floor and crunched it under his heel. He might as well have trampled on her heart. And he said, to finish his work:

"You've played your last game of basketball, miss!"

Her buoyant heart collapsed. She saw how impossible it was to please him or to succeed in such a home. She sank into her chair at the supper-table, unable to eat, for all her ravenous appetite.

She was silent till the raisin pie was shoved at her; then she said:

"The basketball team is giving a dance in the gym on Friday

## By Rupert Hughes

night to—in my honor. Abel Totten wants to take me to it. Can he?"

Isaac Moffatt was one of those parents who never find it hard to say no. He said it now with the greatest ease: "No!"

"But, Papa, please—"

"Haven't you disgraced us enough with your picture in the paper? Besides, dancing is against the rules of the church."

"Everything is against the rules of the church—even swearing—damn it!"

"Tacey!" cried Father.

"Tacey Moffatt!" cried Mother. "Don't let me ever hear you use such a word again."

"I'll use it all I want to, and worse. Gosh-dang it!"

"This has gone far enough," said Father with calm grandeur. "Get me a cake of soap, Mother."

Mother waddled to the kitchen and brought in a bar of yellow nausea. While Father made a lather with his napkin and a glass of water, Tacey watched in grim disgust. She made no effort to escape, she who had foiled the pursuit of a pack of young she-wolves all afternoon.

She made no struggle against her father as he held her head and scrubbed her lips with the odious suds. She wanted to bite the hand that forced her jaws wide and swabbed her sinful tongue, but she refrained from violence.

Then, just to prove how unconquerable her soul was, and how futile all devices were for breaking her spirit, she muttered:

"I just want to tell you two old fools that you are a pair of — — —"

They nearly fainted. Her insubordination was ignored in the amazement at her vocabulary.

"Where on earth could she have even heard such words?" her mother demanded, forgetting that anybody who goes along the streets must necessarily hear almost everything that is to be said, and that even a girl must be deaf or stupid not to learn at an early age about all that there is to learn that is improper and impolite.

Tacey's father hung his head and blushed, and could only motion Tacey to her room upstairs. Tacey rose, kicked her chair back, scuffed up the steps noisily, banged her door shut, and made herself audible even to the neighbors as she set to knocking chairs over, kicking them along the carpet, tearing curtains down, hurling pillows through the windows and screaming in mad hysterics all the while.

For a final contribution to her great need for noise, she chucked the water-pitcher at the slop-jar and caged a field goat with a great clatter of shattered crockery.

Her father and mother listened in awe for a moment, and then Isaac Moffatt summoned all the iron resolution that had made him the town's second-best grocer, and said:

"The time has come!"

He nodded his wife to follow, and they went up the steps together. Tacey was laughing insanely as they entered the room and found her jumping up and down on her bed. She had just managed to accomplish her purpose of breaking the slats with a splintering crash when the door opened. She was calm now, and she regarded her work with pardonable pride, saying:

"Well! Now I feel better!"

Her father answered icily: "You'll feel better yet when you get the spankin' you're achin' for."

"You're not goin' to spank me!" she cried. "I'm seventeen years old!"

"Your actions don't show it, but your mother is goin' to give you something to make you grow up."

She stared aghast. She could not believe such degradation possible. But the faces of her parents were horribly set. She tried to escape, to save them as well as herself from such profanation.

She made a flying leap from the toppled bed, but her father caught her, held her with unsuspected strength and slowly bent her head forward and averted his gaze while her mother clutched at her.

She implored mercy, promised everything, wept, shrieked, kicked, squirmed. Finding herself helpless, she made one last despairing appeal:

"Mamma, I warn you! If you dare to do this to me, I'll hate you! I'll hate you forever! I'll hate you in your grave!"

"Humph!" sniffed her mother, and proceeded with her task.

When the hateful rites were over, she must be made to apologize. She apologized. And to promise. She promised. And to say she loved her parents. She even said that.

Her mother, in an aftermath of remorse perhaps, was in need of reassurance:

"And you're not going to hate me, as you threatened?"

"No, Mamma."

"It hurt me much worse than you, my child."

"I know it, Mamma."

"I meant it only for your good, you know."

"Yes, Mamma."

"Good night!"

"Good night, Mamma. Good night, Papa!"

Papa did not say good night. He was afraid to speak, afraid and unable to think.



"What you women got to talk about that takes so long?" "Come on downstairs," Mrs. Moffatt answered icily. "I got something to say that won't take long."

When the door closed, Tacey stood stock still for a long while, then sank exhausted in a chair. She got up at once with a little yowl. She stood still a long while, but her eyes darted and darkled. They were like a black leopard's eyes when it prowls about its cage.

**T**HREE were two tramps lying in the otherwise empty box-car in the almost deserted freight-yards. A switch-engine was making up the train, and it kept jerking the car forward and bunting it backward with great hammer-blows that made it difficult for the tramps to sleep.

The side door kept sliding open and shut with loud reports, and gusts of chill air made the rags of the hoboes flutter. One of them was no longer young; one of them was hardly yet a man. One of them was a brute who knew everything hideous and dared do all that ill becomes a man. He was so big that they called him "Big." The boy knew far too much and was submissive, furtive, foxlike, but not altogether rotted. His curly hair had won him the name of "Kinky."

The hoots of the engine told them that the train was about ready to pull out, and Big had just ordered his young valet to get up and shut the door so's it would stay shut, when the dim rectangle of the open space was broken by a shadow.

Some one was climbing in. Was it a brakeman? Was he going to be honest enough to kick them off into space, or would he be willing to be bribed with what coins they could dig up?

No, it was no brakeman, no policeman. It was a girl! A young girl!

Her figure was blotted in the black shadow as her hands drew the door shut.

Then the train started with a vast racket of coupling-pins and flat wheels and rusty rails.

Tacey had no inkling that she was not alone, until she heard a faint scuffling sound. Something touched her. It felt like a hand, and she wriggled away with a shriek of fear.

The rancid odor of a vagabond sickened her. Big gave off the cucumber smell of a copperhead snake and had the same sweetness of disposition.

The husky voice shook her with final horror:

"Come 'ere to me, missy. Where are you at, honey? You're as welcome to our little side-door Pullman as the flowers in May."

One of his groping paws found her, seized her, dragged her to him. She broke free with such violence that she went spinning this way and that as the train swirled round a curve and the door rolled back to full width. Her impetus caught her and hurried her straight for the outer moonlight and death. But Fate was playful; the far-off engineer opened the throttle; the engine jerked the car. The door shot shut again like a bolt.

It saved her life for the moment, but caught her skirt and held her so fast that she could not move, though her eyes could now discern a darker bulk of dark that moved toward her, chuckling.

The shadow enveloped and smothered her, and seemed to have as many arms as a devil-fish. She screamed again and babbled prayers of such pitiful appeal that it woke the thwarted manhood of Kinky, and he came forward pleading:

"Aw, leave her alone, Big. You got no right to scare the poor kid to death. Leave her be, can'tcha?"

Evidently Big couldn't, for he struck out toward the voice, and Kinky doubled up with a thump. But the sound of another voice, the presence of even so poor a friend, heartened Tacey a little. She became a very wildcat, her nails turning to claws that slashed and ripped.

Again the door opened a little, just enough to release her skirt, and her feet for kicking the shins of the vague monster.

She had whipped her slim body round in his embrace when the door began to slip stealthily ajar again as the train struck a down grade.

Tacey was so desperate that she flung all her weight against the beast. Her impact, coinciding with an abrupt swerve of the train, sent him out of the door. He saved himself by gripping the side of the car with one hand and Tacey's collar with the other.

She braced herself with all her might, but her strength could not last long under such strain. Every time Big sought to swing himself back into the car, the train would swirl him away again. There seemed to be a teasing intention somewhere, the playful malice of a child torturing a dog.

Tacey was sobbing with fear of death on the rocks that rushed by beneath her eyes, like the teeth of a buzzsaw, when the hands

of Kinky touched her. He caught her about the waist and dragged her backward; but the clutch of Big's hand on Tacey's collar bound all their destinies in one, until, with a whimpering snarl of hate, Kinky bent his head and set his teeth in Big's knuckles, gnawing and biting and wrenching until Big's hand let go and fluttered in the air a moment before it followed his body out on a wide swing.

Now Big had only the one handhold and the support of his feet gripping vainly at the sill. The course of the train seemed to aid him, and he was slowly floating back into the car when the door came to again with the slash of a guillotine, knocking his feet away and smashing his forearm loose. Through the last narrow slit of light, Tacey saw a hand drop. She heard a howl of death, and then the door gently thudded shut again.

She had never learned how to faint, but she slipped to the floor in a heap and wished herself at home. The next thing she saw was a lighted match held up to her by Kinky, whose face was also disclosed. There was a weak and kindly gleam in his eyes that reassured her a little. She said:

"Much obliged for saving my life."

"That's nothin' to what you done in gettin' rid of Big for me. But what's bitin' me is how'n hell did you ever get in here? Where you bound for an' why? Is it a get-away from some-where for something?"

"Oh, I just couldn't stand it at home, and I just thought I'd run away. There wasn't a train till tomorrow morning, and they'd have caught me if I waited, and I happened to see this freight-car open, and never dreamed it was occupied."

"So you run away from home! Well, so'd I. Shake!"

His hand was not so rough as she would have expected. His line was pretending to be a gifted dancer, or a lost son trying to find his lost mother.

"I'm sorry I hurt your—your friend."

"I'm much obliged if you killed him. Killin' is too good for him and hell aint half hot enough. Let's you and me pal up together and see the world."

He groped for her hand and clung to it, and she felt hardly justified in tearing loose. But he was not quite her ideal companion. The Sir Galahad of her dreams was not at all like this poor boy.

She felt sorry for him and grateful to him, but she could have been both much more if he had only been a little cleaner.

Even in the dark she could not imagine him to her will, and his stories of the life he had led and was willing to go on living did not recommend it as a career. She had always thought of gypsies as picturesque and romantic. The few gypsies she had seen had been sorry specimens of what rain and cold and too close nestling in the bosom of nature could make of shiftless people of no ambition. But she had assumed that the gypsies of poetry were better.

And now a great skepticism chilled her.

She had thought any place on earth more comfortable than the jailed disgrace of her bedroom, but it had its charms, seen from here. It was a nook of every luxury after an hour or two of sitting on the filthy floor of a box-car with its un-cushioned walls for support and a queer twist-wit for her sole companion.

Fatigue and the drain of terror, however, kept beating down her head and drawing the blinds of her eyelids. And at last she slept.

**L**ONG sunbeams of dawn knifing the crevices of the dusty car woke her to the bleak prose of the wanderer's overadvertised freedom. The train had stopped. Kinky was asleep like a log. He was not so pretty, with his mouth open. The dark was kinder to him than the daylight.

Her every muscle ached; every bone was a sore tooth. The only warmth she had was the furious ague of her shivering flesh. She had every discomfort and dismay that she could desire. As she stared stupidly at the world and her future, the car door was rolled back, a big hand entered and a face already angry in advance peered in.

Tacey expected another tramp, but this was authority. It beat on the floor of the car with its club and roared:

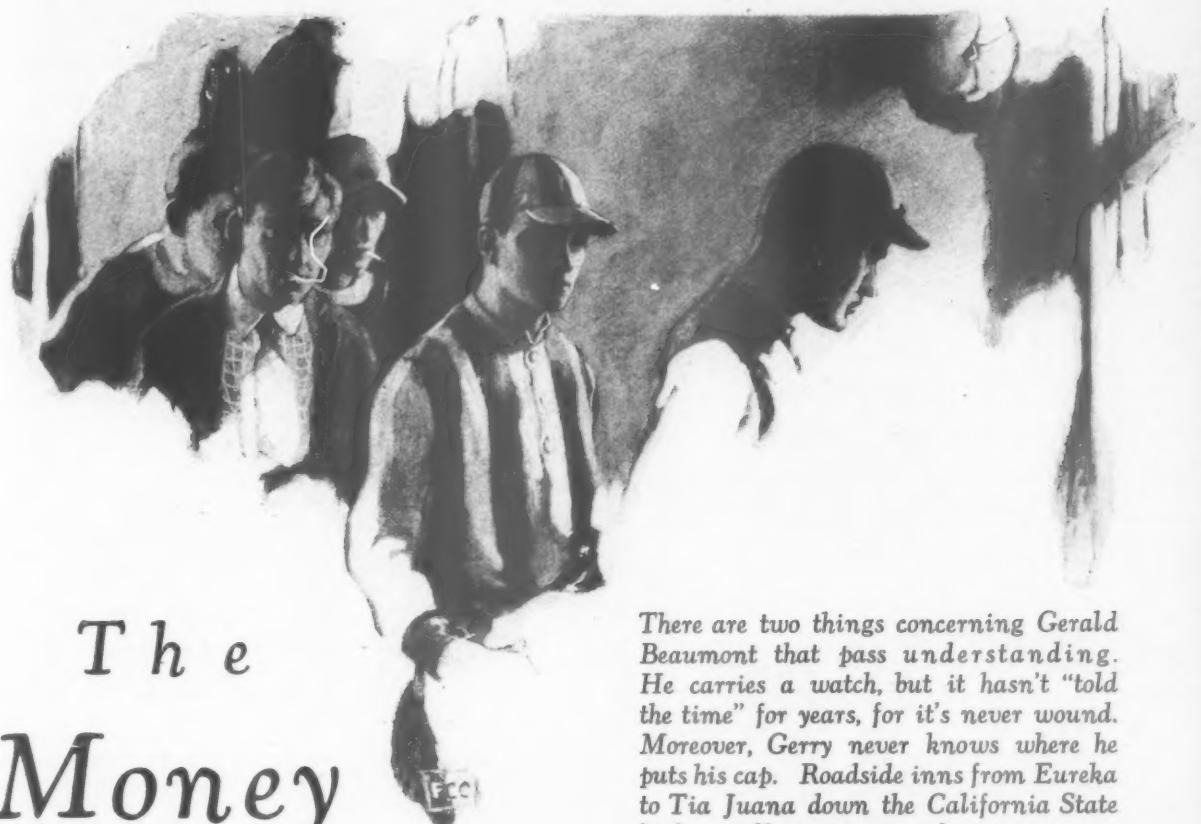
"Hey, you 'boes. Pile out o' that! And pile out quick!"

"Aw, say, boss, have a heart! We're only a couple kids that's lost our folks," Kinky pleaded, waking instantly as an animal. "Me and me sister aint doin' nobody no harm, nor costin' the railroad nothin'. Have a heart, can'tcha?"

"Come over into the light, and I'll see can I."

The two vagabonds went sheepishly (*Continued on page 156*)

Illustrated by Forrest C. Crooks



# The Money R i d e r

By Gerald Beaumont

Marty's down to a shadow, doing a hundred an' five—  
Riding low for the stable dough, an' lucky to be alive!  
Owner's planning a killing; money's planted in Rome.  
Marty's the money rider, booting the beetles home!  
Love and a shot of Java, all that he's got within—  
Boosted up, and weak as a pup, an' sent to the post to *win!*  
*"Rhymes of a Railbird."*

**M**Y boss is always trying, and so am I." How many times, in later years, did little Marty Kreuger, best of the money riders, recall that boast uttered in the privacy of the jockey-room just before he rode his first winner. He was then only an apprentice boy, no bigger than a minute, and ignorant of all that lay ahead. Game as a pebble, he was defending the man who owned him.

"My boss is always trying, and so am I!"

No wonder the more experienced jockeys laughed! The idea of anyone talking that way about Jake Devlin, who for obvious reasons was called "Hippo." He weighed three hundred pounds,

There are two things concerning Gerald Beaumont that pass understanding. He carries a watch, but it hasn't "told the time" for years, for it's never wound. Moreover, Gerry never knows where he puts his cap. Roadside inns from Eureka to Tia Juana down the California State highway all possess caps whose owners are unknown. This is to inform them that Gerald Beaumont was once their owner.

a race-track *Falstaff* who never owned a boy or a horse that had not, sooner or later, tried to kill him.

Jake called himself a "father of jockeys," but he was more nearly a slave-dealer. So far as Devlin was concerned, the Civil War had never been fought and Lincoln had died in vain. Jake's business was to buy up youngsters for little or nothing, develop them into race riders, and then sell their contracts at a handsome profit. Many a star of the whip and spurs had begun his career under Jake Devlin's direction, but none of them boasted about it. They were only too anxious to forget the relationship.

But to little Marty Kreuger, his boss was a great man. Jake had paid a widowed mother three hundred dollars, taken out guardianship papers, and thus secured a riding contract that, under racing rules, established him as the owner of his legal ward. Marty's services as a jockey belonged to Jake Devlin until the latter was willing to dispose of them.

The boy was young enough to feel flattered by this arrangement. It gave him a sense of tremendous importance. Money—

the law—contracts—ownership! His imagination was captivated by the colorful drama of the race-track; and when Devlin came along, the boy responded in the same spirit that prompts a youngster to run off to sea, or to enlist as a drummer-boy for adventure under the flag.

Now he was three thousand miles from home, and wild with delight, because Devlin had at last given him a chance to ride a legitimate contender. Apprentice boys must learn their lessons on broken-down selling platters or green horses that know as little as their riders. Marty had been taking the dust of the leaders for three months. He had yet to experience the greatest moment in a jockey's life—when he stands in the winner's circle for the first time, holding up his whip to the smiling judges!

And now he was booked to ride Lady Caroline in the third race, and the mare figured to have the speed of the field. If only he could make good for his owner! If only he could prove himself worthy of more winning mounts! The other jockeys were laughing at his excitement, kidding him over his big chance.

"Boss going to let you win today? How about it, kid? What did Jake tell you? Are you going to push her or pull her? What's your orders, Jock?"

It was then he repeated proudly: "My boss is always trying, and so am I!"

"Atta ol' talk!" they laughed. "Stick to your boss, Marty, and some day we'll take up a collection to bury you!"

He had no idea then what they meant, but he was to find out later. This day there was nothing to mar his happiness. Excited and nervous, he was lifted into the saddle at post call. Devlin gave him only general instructions, because Jake wanted to see what the youngster would do when left to his own judgment. The result justified the trainer's experiment.

Little Marty Kreuger, eighty-five pounds of nerve and loyalty, took full advantage of his opportunity. The instant the barrier went up, he threw the mare into full stride, shot her to the front, and taking her by the head, made not a single mistake.

He hugged the rail all the way, saving every inch of ground at the turns. At the head of the stretch, he "let her down," and here they came: boy and horse in a million-dollar finish! Lady Caroline was so far in the lead that she could have won pulled up. But her little rider was taking no chances. He never looked back, never let up for an instant. For all he knew, the field was at his heels. The crowd saw the humor of it, and arose, cheering wildly. Lady Caroline, with nothing behind her, and Marty booting her on for all he was worth, went under the wire to win by twenty lengths, smashing the track record!

"What's the dope, Marty? What did they do to you?" "Babe, I can't make weight no more. I gotta eat."

What a hand they gave him, when he came cantering back, looking shyly up at the winning post to confirm the marvelous truth that his own number was actually being displayed *on top!* All smiles, he sat in a chair on the official scales, holding his "tackle" while he was weighed out. The judges came down the steps to congratulate him—a boyish king upon his throne!

Life was full of promise then, and all the world was fair. Devlin gave him fifty dollars, which he mailed to his mother, along with newspaper accounts of his first win. Oh, but he was proud and happy! Other victories followed, and the boy's services became much in demand. Hippo Devlin began to realize on his investment.

The boy was one of those rarest of all things, a natural race-rider. He had a fine seat, splendid hands, and an instinctive aptitude for the game. More than that, he knew how to get the most out of a horse. He could cut a thoroughbred out of a "slug," or if the horse was high-spirited and sensitive, guide him with delicate "mouth-handling."

Many green youngsters meet with early success, because they have more nerve than sense. They will go through an opening where there is no room, bump a couple of horses to one side, and go on with "God's favor and the devil's luck." Others will come up from behind on the rail and plead with the boy in front to let them through. The official retort to this is: "T'hell with you! Take him up, and go round!"

But occasionally the plea comes from a youngster who doesn't know how to "take up" his horse without spilling those behind him.

The veteran jockey, realizing this and thinking of the safety of his pals, will pull out from the rail, yielding a precious advantage. Thus many a race is won by a novice who deserves only a licking—and who usually gets it as soon as the boys have reached the jockey-room and the key has been turned in the lock.

Marty Kreuger made his mistakes, but it was a matter of general comment that he never made the same one twice, and that is the test of a good jockey. He was a wonderful post rider, seldom giving the starter any trouble. Many boys never learn how to handle a horse at the barrier, and it is there that races are lost and won. Marty had a knack of taking a horse by the head and *throwing* him into stride, the way a sprinter leaps from his tape at the crack of the pistol. He never failed to get that early jump, and it enabled him to steady his mount and rate him down while still holding a few lengths' advantage. On a close finish, every inch counts.

The day came when he "hung it on" Danny Hogan at Belmont Park "three noses" in a single afternoon. The other boys expected a great fist-fight in the dressing-room, because

Danny was a public favorite, and no winning jockey likes to be shown up by a kid. But Marty was so nice about it that he earned everyone's respect.

"Didn't go to pull a mean one on you, Danny!" he apologized. "Guess I was just lucky enough to be on the right horses. Cinch I can't do that every day. No hard feelings?"



The older boy stared out the window. His face was drawn, and there were dark rings under his eyes.

"Oh, that's all right," he assured. "Have a good time, but don't get the idea that it was *you* who beat me."

Marty was puzzled. "How come, Danny?"

But Hogan shook his head. "Oh, nothin'. I'm riding light—that's all; and I aint eaten since yesterday morning. The wife's runnin' around with furs and diamonds. Some day you may find out what beat Danny Hogan, but for your own sake, I hope to God you don't!"

Marty's valet approached with a silk



"I'll wait!" said Kitty.  
"And I'll write you once a week regular."

blouse, representing the colors of one of the most famous families in America. The boy donned it mechanically. His mind was troubled. Danny Hogan's words formed the first rift in Marty's lute of happiness. But as soon as he was lifted to the back of his next mount, every thought, save the will to win, fled from his mind.

That triple-headed victory at Belmont Park marked the beginning of little Marty Kreuger's spectacular career as a "money rider," and if you do not know what that means, we shall have to pause a moment to explain. A money rider is just what the term implies: a boy who rides for the money.

Understand, that from the viewpoint of the owner, racing is a business, and it must be made to pay, like any other, or he cannot follow it. Theoretically, every horse that faces the starter has an opportunity to win, just as every male child born in the United States has a chance to become President. But actually, the legitimate contenders may be narrowed down to a few, and not all of these are always ripe for a winning effort.

Some horses have to be raced into condition, and until they are "on edge" in the judgment of owner and trainer, they naturally do not carry the stable money. Frequently it happens that an owner has but one horse with which to earn a livelihood. When that horse wins, it must be under circumstances which will permit the owner to capitalize on his investment. Purse money is rarely sufficient. Therefore the one-horse owner "lays for a spot"—that is, he waits until track conditions, weight handicap, distance and betting odds are to his liking.

Until that time comes, a horse may be sent to the post without being sent "after the money." This does not mean that he is not trying. It means only that the animal can do his best and yet, for any one of a hundred reasons, he is not likely to win. He is being run in company that outclasses him; the distance is either too short or too long; he is carrying too much weight;

the track conditions are unsuitable; or an inexperienced boy is riding him. Racing officials protect the public to the extent of ordering a man off the track whose horses do not behave consistently. But there is no way of telling how good a horse really is, until he has been "cut loose." Therefore, it is only required that a horse run up to the standard of a winning effort, once it has been made.

All these things are taken into consideration by the experienced follower of the ponies. They are supposed to be reflected in the betting odds, which is one reason why wagering is desirable from the

viewpoint of those who like the game.

Now for little Marty Kreuger and his story; and bear in mind that neither he nor his owner represent the average jockey and turfman. They are the exceptions which make of this commonplace world an eternal drama.

Hippo Devlin was gradually achieving a reputation as a successful trainer. He had won the confidence of a number of New York millionaires who staked him to good horses, and bet heavily when he gave them the word. These men knew very little about racing, but they were successful in other lines, and they demanded winners in this. Devlin gave them winners, and they were not particularly concerned as to how

he did it. They bet their thousands and had the satisfaction of seeing their colors come down in front; and they celebrated their winnings in the usual way.

It was gratifying to be able to show code telegrams to business friends and say casually: "Ever take a flyer on the ponies? This mare will win the third race at Sheepshead Bay this afternoon. I'm laying ten thousand on her nose. Let's go down and root her in."

MANY times such a tip led to information concerning a deal on the "Street," and thus more money was accumulated by those who had little need for it. Captains of industry and wealthy sportsmen became the confidants of Billy Ten Tupper, youthful millionaire who owned most of the horses on which the killings were made. Billy celebrated with dinners at which there was always a flow of wine and wit. Glasses were raised "to the stable colors," and to "the sport of kings and the king of sports—Billy Ten Tupper!" They always drank to "good old Jake, bless his fat soul!" and sometimes they thought of Jockey Kreuger, but not often. Ten Tupper knew nothing about Marty except what Devlin had told him:

"Ignorant little bum! Eat himself out of a job if I didn't

watch him. Have to tell him just what to do, or he'd finish in the ruck. Them jocks don't know nothin'."

So they gave all the credit to Hippo, along with a nice cut from their winnings; and Billy Ten Tupper, who was really a decent sort, had no conception of the truth.

But when Devlin had a horse "ready," when track conditions were favorable, when the price was right, when telegrams had been dispatched and all the money was bet where it would do most good—*then* and not until *then*, pale and tight-lipped Marty Kreuger was lifted into the saddle and his owner panted into his ear:

"No mistakes today, kid. *Bring it home!*"

Easy to say, but oh, how difficult to do! Yet Marty Kreuger never failed them once. If ever there was a compound of courage and coolness, skill and determination, it was "Hippo's boy." Sometimes, through no fault of his own, it looked as though he was certain to lose, but it was at such moments that he rose to the heights of horsemanship. Pocketed, buffeted, forced to go around the whole field, he came on at the last moment with a whirlwind finish to nip the leaders by an inch on the post.

"Don't draw your finishes so fine!" Jake complained. "Whatya tryin' to do, give me heart failure?"

And that was all the praise he got from the hippopotamus who owned him. The boy actually felt called upon to apologize for giving Devlin a few seconds of uneasiness.

"Tough journey, boss," he panted. "Got bumped twice! Rail horse tired and bore out—nearly spilled the bunch. That filly of Marshall's was laying on me all the way up the stretch—had to ride two horses! I thought I done pretty good to win at all."

Devlin grumbled: "Never mind the bouquets. Pretty near tossed off the race—that's all you done! Good boy would 'a' won in the clear. How many miles ya run this morning?"

Marty hesitated. "I laid off today," he acknowledged. "Leg hurts where I went into the rail Tuesday."

"Hurts you, does it? Lemme see!"

The jockey pulled up a trouser leg, revealing a calf that was black and blue. The human mountain grunted derisively:

"Hell, ya ain't even scratched! Don't try to stall on me. You're down for a hundred and seven pounds tomorrow, so you can take your choice of hittin' the road *tonight*, or goin' without sciffin's. If you wanna work for me, you gotta stay in the limit, understand?"

Marty understood, and touched his cap. Too tired for road-work, he went without supper, turning in early. The next morning, when the sun had warmed to its task, the boy dog-trotted repeatedly around the mile track, fortified only with black coffee. He was beginning to understand what older riders meant by a "college education." Marty was headed for a "jockey's diploma."

But he made the best of everything, even his road-work. Most boys prefer to run along the highway where there are diversions, but Marty chose the track, so that he could study the varying condition of the top soil. He spotted a gopher hole one morning near the far turn, and remembered its location so well that he was able to win a race that afternoon by avoiding it.

**WITHOUT** warning, Fate sent certain things to wrench his soul in quick succession: his mother's death, the love of a girl, physical and mental torture, the chance to ride Lady in Lavender in the Belmont with a million dollars at stake, thirty thousand counted out before his eyes, and nothing ahead of him but starvation and despair! Surely an unfair panorama to unroll before the gaze of a boy who was under contract to Hippo Devlin!

First, there were twenty days of complete unconsciousness on a hospital cot, following another boy's blunder. It happened at Belmont Park. Marty was in front, setting the pace. Behind him a green boy came along the rail, tried to squeeze through, and discovered too late there was no room. He pulled his horse up sharply. The animal swerved and struck the heels of the one in front. . . .

Marty went down in a cloud of dust, and the whole field passed over him! Crushed and senseless, he was hurried to the nearest hospital, and there he remained for six months.

Devlin saw the fall, and his only comment was: "Well, there goes a pile o' dough!"

Hospital fees were charged to Billy Ten Tupper under the general heading of "stable expense," but the young millionaire, who was in Paris at the time, knew nothing of the accident. The New York tracks closed; and Devlin, with more important things to think of than an unfortunate boy, undertook an autumn campaign in Kentucky. Other youngsters rode for him, but

they had not the class of Marty Kreuger. "Damn that kid!" said Hippo. "He had no business getting hurt!"

Ninety-nine jockeys out of a hundred, injured as Marty had been, would never have been heard from again. Nerves shattered, courage gone, untrained for any other occupation, they would only have left the hospital to drift downstream into the limbo of the lost. Marty's mother was dead. His boss considered him "through." Not one of the wealthy sports, for whom he had made many a killing, came to see how he was getting along. They might have done so, had anyone drawn their attention to his plight, but no one did. It remained for a girl to make all things possible—not an exquisite creature such as Marilyn Vanderbek, who was the "Lavender Lady" of Ten Tupper's dreams, but a humble little waitress, Kitty Keller, who dealt 'em off the arm in the track restaurant, and whose voice at the noon hour rose above the babel of the paddock employees who were her customers.

"Apple pie for the kid on the rail! Scratch the roast beef, and let the fish and soup run as an entry! Wash up some tackle! Twice more in the mud, and come on with the whip, saddle and spurs! Hey, who belongs to this added starter?"

**I**n the language of her special patrons, Kitty "knew her eggs and coffee," which was the highest compliment they could pay her. A wise little kid, and tough as they make 'em, but her eyes laughed and her soul was clean. An orphan and the sister of three jockeys, she had kept house for them, until one after another they married and established homes of their own. Kitty stayed on, slaving at the track "chow counters," where the only tips she received were on losing horses, and these were so plentiful that Miss Keller was always broke.

But Destiny achieves results with humble tools. When intelligence finally replaced his long period of torpor, Marty Kreuger opened his eyes to find Kitty Keller leaning over his cot.

"Atta ol' boy!" whispered the little waitress. "Come on, you Marty! Who said you couldn't win? Gee, kid, 'at was a long ride! I been rootin' you home for two weeks! Lie still, now; I'll do all the applaudin' necessary."

He got his first kiss, and in the bestowal two tears dropped silently from her cheeks to his. She brushed them away.

"Excuse me for spillin' the gravy," she laughed. "Guess I'm more near in than you are." She rang for the nurse.

"Pipe what's in the winner's circle! Told you to play him, didn't I? Well, hang on to your ticket, and don't let the wind play no tricks. By-by, Marty, I'm due for a noon work-out, but I'll be back when I've crashed the dishes."

And back she came, to sit long hours at his bedside, giving him all she had of courage and humor and philosophy. What need of medicine, doctors or nurses, when little Kitty Keller was there to hold his hand, tell him all the track gossip, and whisper between funny stories: "Marty, you look like a million dollars. Gee, kid, I'll be tickled to see you in silk again!"

Love is life's elixir, and Marty mended rapidly. The time came when he was able to leave the hospital, leaning on the arm of the little waitress. They looked like children, for Kitty was an inch shorter than he, and scaled only ninety-eight pounds. Marty did not know his own weight, nor was he bothering. His only concern was to get strong enough so that he could venture into the saddle. He had a big objective now.

"It's like this," he explained to his sweetheart. "Can't tell whether I'm there or not until I get in a race or two. If I can still boot 'em home, why, you and me, honey, are a cinch to go the route. But no jock' can support a family by riding losers. Babe, that's the gospel!"

"Well, the gospel aint down on my bill-of-fare," said Kitty. "Long as you love me, I'll go to the post any time you're ready, and I don't care a rap whether the track's fast or muddy. Get in your stride, Marty, and when you're ready, we'll double up and run it out together."

The little money rider hitched at his belt. "Girl, oh girl!" he told her. "At's pledging yourself sweet and pretty. If I can't bring 'em home with that kind of backing, my name aint Marty Kreuger!"

He telegraphed Devlin, who was at Tia Juana, Mexico; and Jake sent him transportation, with orders to come on at once.

"I'll wait!" said Kitty, kissing him good-by. "And I'll write you once a week regular. Here's a scarf I embroidered all by myself. Aint so bad, is it?"

"It's a knockout, babe! Thanks ever so much. I'll be back for the spring meeting. Hope I can go good!"

"Sure you will!" she comforted. "And remember, Marty, I'll always love you, so don't fall for any of them Mexican dolls."



"That's your discharge paper," said Billy. "And don't get up, or I shall have to knock you down again."

"Fat chance!" Marty laughed back at her. "'By, honey!'"  
"So long, old dear!"

Five days on the train, reinforced by the long spell of convalescence during which he had plenty of food and rest, told its story when Marty stepped on the scales at Tia Juana under the observing eyes of his owner. The bar balanced at one hundred and twenty-two pounds. Hippo exploded.

"Wha'dye mean, you was ready to ride? Look at 'em scales!"  
Marty himself was frightened. "Gee, boss, I never knew I'd gone up like that! Honest to God, I didn't! But I'll take it off. I can do a hundred an' ten; I'm sure of it!"

"You'll do better than that, or you wont ride for me."

The human mountain waddled off indignantly, leaving the money rider pale and thoughtful. That night Devlin devoured a seven-course dinner. Marty Kreuger purchased his repast in a drugstore for ten cents, and it was not particularly pleasant. The next morning he started on the jockey's "road to Calvary."

Let corpulent gentlemen and triple-chinned matrons sigh dolefully as they rise to perform their "daily dozen." Poundage for them is not a matter of life, liberty and love. No Shylock whets his knife, demanding their flesh in return for the right to earn a livelihood. Such things are reserved for youths who have the courage to descend into the depths and come up laughing.

*Swathed in seventy-five feet of rubber (Continued on page 126)*

# Fancy Turns

Illustrated  
by  
Howard  
Chandler  
Christy

Did a pair of pretty  
eyes stray now and  
then to the solitary  
unknown in a cor-  
ner? He didn't  
know or care.



*It's a long look from Massachusetts  
to Hollywood, but Sam Merwin has good eyes. Besides, he  
was once a working resident in Celluloidia,  
where haciendas are built of chicken-wire, and actors  
breakfast at Levy's in make-up and dress  
suits on their way to "location."*

By

## Samuel Merwin

GERALD TIBBIN stood at the long studio window staring down into Gramercy Park. It was late afternoon. The rays of a still wintry sun slanted sparingly between the big buildings on Fourth Avenue that made canyons of Twentieth and Twenty-first Streets, touching with a faint hint of spring the tall red front of the National Arts Club on the farther side of the little park, and the smaller brown clubs to the eastward that had been spacious homes in the days when Boss Tweed ruled New York, and Jim Fiske and Josie Mansfield were dubious celebrities, and the Fifth Avenue stages were drawn by horses with extra teams waiting at Thirty-fourth Street to help pull them up the hill to Thirty-eighth, and the bloods raced thoroughbreds on the Harlem River Speedway. That chill yellow light touched the high iron fence that inclosed the park and rested on the bare trees under which closely guarded little children played in winter coats and

leggings with their toy wagons and teddy bears and bright-colored rubber balls. The balloon man moved along outside the fence, moved to keep warm, his thick cluster of red and yellow and blue spheres jostling in the breeze like a bunch of fantastic grapes grown out of season in some giant hothouse. From somewhere off toward Third Avenue came the defiantly gay jangle of a hurdygurdy. The sound brought with it a haunting sense of other springtimes in the crowded lonely city that became an aching nostalgia in his breast.

He turned back to the table by the door, where the confusion

of once-treasured things lay heaped on the paper she had wrapped them in—books, little tied-up bales of letters; a bracelet, a necklace, an engagement ring, each in its jeweler's white box; other things. He fingered them over. Then he lighted a cigarette. There didn't seem to be anything else to do.

He heard a step on the stair. It would be Jimmy on his way up to his own rooms. The devil of it was, Jimmy would look in. That fool business of the Derrick-Parmenter people. Jimmy tapped, sure enough. Why not stand motionless, let Jimmy think him out? But hold on—Jimmy'd try the door and find it locked. That would be strange, for he never remembered to lock his door. Could hardly remember when he had, before this.

The knock sounded again. He turned to open. Jimmy did look surprised. Naturally! "Locked in, you old stiff!" Even commented. Then his eyes rested on that tragic heap of treasures, wavered over to Héloïse's framed photograph that was still on the mantel—the thing had come about with such appalling suddenness! —and finally sought his own face. Jimmy was short and had to look up. Blue-eyed and blond, as well, and within ten years would be fat.

"Oh!" Jimmy's voice, beginning a thought explosively, trailed off into a sympathetic silence. But he was never silent long. "Oh, Tibby, not really?"

"Sure. All off. Why not? Have a nail?"

"Thanks. But—"

"Conversation no good. All off; that's all."

"But I wouldn't stand for that. Go after her, man! Girls always have moods."

"No good, Jimmy. Here's a wire." He selected the yellow paper from a collection of unanswered letters in his pocket.

"Married?"

"Yesterday—in New York. Met a fellow. Come on, we'll burn 'em. Give a hand."

They stood watching the last of the letters burn. Tibbin put the photograph on top of the heap, silver frame and all.

"Don't know but what I looked in at a good time, Tibby. I've won him over. We've landed the Derrick-Parmenter account. Going to be one of the biggest campaigns in the field of national advertising this year and next. They've appropriated two hundred thousand. Just like that! No end of pictorial work, and everything to pass under your eye, typography, decoration, pictures, everything. A hundred and fifty a week to start with."

"No good, Jimmy." Tibbin moved back to the window. "That balloon man thinks it's spring. Spring! Hah! Funny!"

"But good Lord, Tibby—"

"Been thinking maybe I'd kill myself."

"Oh, come, old man!"

"Decided against it, though. Too silly! Going away."

"But what'll I ever say to the boss?"

"Don't know. Plenty of other men."

"No, there aren't. In that darn-fool trifling way of yours, you've got a touch, Tibby. The boss knows it. Even Parmenter knows it. Hang it, I've used you as an inducement."

"No good. But we may as well walk uptown. Eat somewhere."

"Algonquin?"

"No. Too many people we know. And pretty women. No more of those." He turned mournfully away to find coat and hat. "No more women, Jimmy. Going away tomorrow."

"Tibby, you're a fool."

"Always was. May try Bermuda. Pretty-colored fish there. Fun to paint 'em, maybe."

"Well, maybe that's all right. You can take a vacation. Come to your senses, then come back. No great hurry. Meet the boss tomorrow, and then run off if you like."

"Not going to meet anybody. Final."

Jimmy was nonplussed. "But you'll want to draw some money. I can fix that."

"Don't need money." Tibby laughed shortly, and took the necklace from its box, and then the ring. "Sell these fool things. Come along."

At dinner he flatly refused to talk business, gloomily amused himself drawing quaint figures in Watteau costumes on menu-

"Why," breathed Betty,  
"it isn't—me?"  
"Of course," explained  
Tibby.



cards and tablecloth. Into this preoccupation went a curiously intent energy. After dinner he said: "Got to do something. Movies, maybe."

"All right. The Rialto's nearest."

They walked silently to Forty-second Street and entered the theater.

"Oscar Hammerstein used to keep a cow on the roof here," was Tibbin's only remark as they found their seats, and the usher stared at the tall, well-dressed young man with the detached manner.

The picture was a Western drama with the inevitable fight between two red-blooded men, the inevitable doll-like beauty trapped in a hut and compelled to fight off the clawing advances of an extremely desperate villain, while the familiar troop of cowboys rode desperately to the rescue. The title was "Hickory Heart."

"Why do they do it!" groaned Jimmy.

"Fine! Great!" said Tibby.

"You're not falling for this hokum?" queried a puzzled Jimmy.

"Sure. Love it. Always hoping the cowboys wont get there in time."

"Ssh!" came from an indignant fat woman behind them.

The picture ended in an irised kiss. Tibby dangled thoughtfully up the aisle. "Sit down somewhere," he remarked. "Got to think."

"Club?"

"No. Don't want people. One of those little restaurants. There's one."

"Good! We'll have wheat-cakes."

"No food for me. Just coffee. Don't ever want to sleep again. Queer thing, Jimmy!"

"What is?"

"Tell you while you're feeding your foolish face."

The girl in white took their orders.

"Now, what's queer, Tibby?" Jimmy was closely watching his incalculable but gifted friend. He must at all odds try to follow and understand, if only in the interest of that Derrick-Parmenter account. And then there was their friendship.

"Oh, don't know as I'll—you'll call me a damn fool."

"I thought you had something new."

"Well—thinking about the younger sister."

"What in—what younger sister?"

"In the picture."

"Oh! That one!"

"Sure. Remarkable hands. Appealing little curve to her forehead. Straight nose. Don't see many straight noses. Moved beautifully. Breeding. Unusual."

Jimmy, who was pouring an extra portion of sirup on his cakes, stared.

"They didn't give her name?"

"I didn't notice."

"Wonder who she was?"

"I haven't a notion, old dear."

Tibby tapped on the marble table-top with thin, quick fingers.

"You'll say I'm a damn fool, Jimmy. I am."

This second outburst seemed to call for no particular answer. And the cakes were good. Jimmy ate heartily.

"You're disgusting," said Tibby.

"But happy. Look here, old thing, I've been thinking. . . . This is Monday. There's a boat to Bermuda, Wednesday. I can get you a reservation through the office."

"Not going to Bermuda."

"But where are you going, then."

"Hollywood."

"Hollywood! In heaven's name, what for?"



"That little girl," explained Tibby, patiently. "You see—"

"But what can you do about her?"

"She oughtn't to be in pictures."

"But you don't even know her name."

"I know who made the picture. It's new. She must be there."

"But I thought—"

"Never think, Jimmy. I've decided to marry her."

Now Jimmy laid down his knife and fork and stared.

"Caught on the rebound, eh? And caught good."

"That's inelegant."

"You're a nut. Plumb crazy."

"I'm going to marry her." So it was settled.



"You said a funny thing that first evening . . . that you'd known me for centuries." "Of course, saw you in a picture in New York. So I came out."

It was like Tibby to take the twenty-hour limited to Chicago. He would do that. He did everything lavishly and with an air. Jimmy informed the office that the erratic genius was not wholly out of touch and secured permission to see him off. The boss sent a neat cigarette-case in seal leather with a gold "T" in a corner. A great advertising man, the boss, with personality and the human touch.

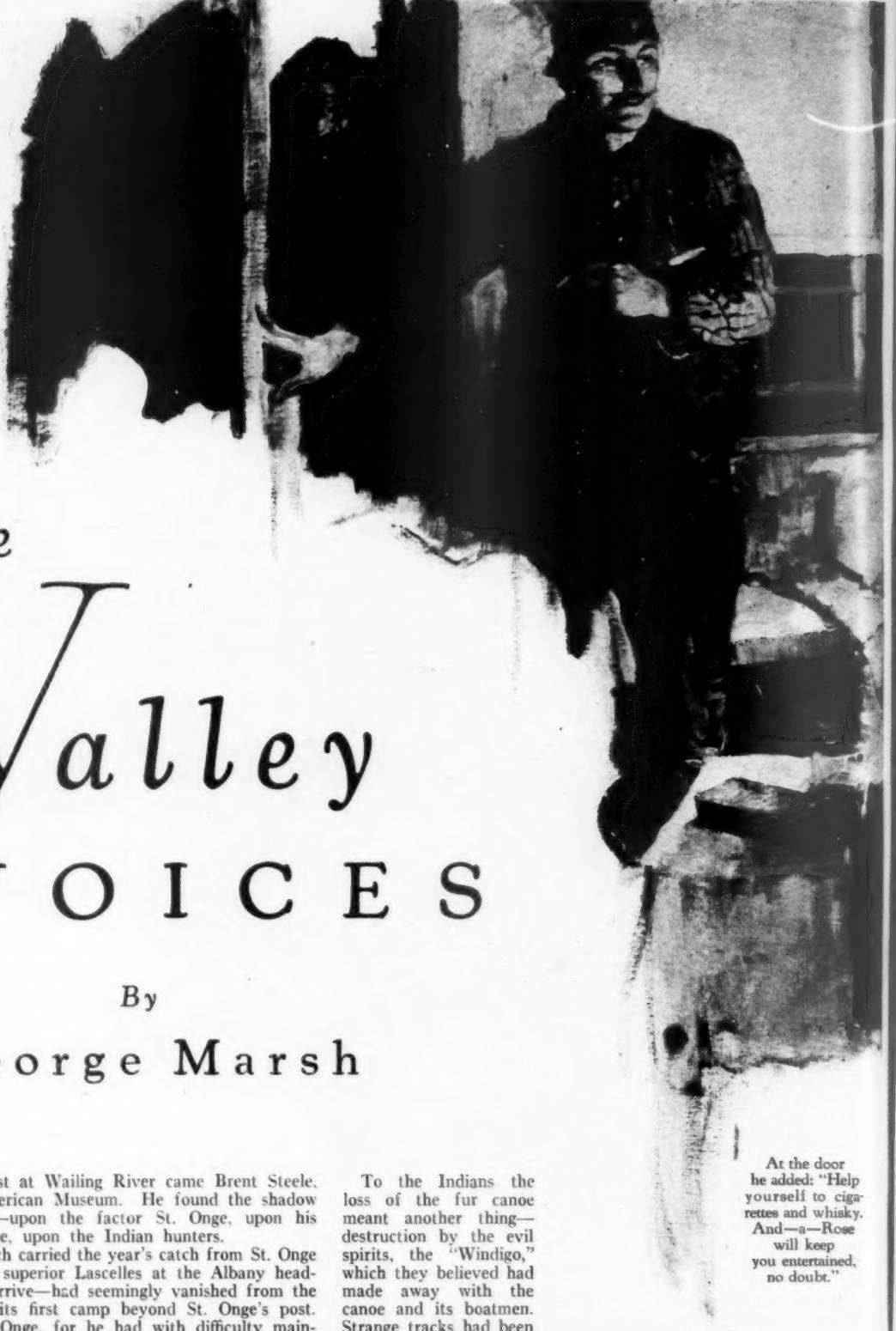
"Are you sure you've got money enough?" Jimmy asked anxiously, at the train gate.

"Never, old thing. But the jewels brought eight hundred and fifty. It'll help." He slapped his pocket, and was gone.

THE Limited to Los Angeles is a little cosmos. Every traveler, settling as comfortably as may be at Chicago for the long journey, eyes curiously every other. Beautiful picture-stars, with maids and managers and even husbands, ride in secluded compartments but enter the dining-car with a demurely conspicuous sense of greatness. In other compartments camera-men and scenario-writers play poker. Globe-trotters, invalids and Western realtors meet and speak. In the club smoking-car men exchange cigars and tell stories. In the observation-car at the other end of the train parents confide regarding their children, and young people flirt. But the languid, dangling (Continued on page 120)

Illustrated by

Frank  
Schoonover



# The V a l l e y o f V O I C E S

By

George Marsh

#### *The Story So Far:*

TO the fur-trading post at Wailing River came Brent Steele, explorer for the American Museum. He found the shadow of fear upon everyone—upon the factor St. Onge, upon his beautiful daughter Denise, upon the Indian hunters.

For the fur canoe, which carried the year's catch from St. Onge at Wailing River to his superior Lascelles at the Albany headquarters, had failed to arrive—had seemingly vanished from the face of the river after its first camp beyond St. Onge's post. This meant ruin to St. Onge, for he had with difficulty maintained his post against the encroachments of an unscrupulous free trader named Laflamme, who won the trade of the Indians with illicit whisky.

The loss of the fur meant disaster to Denise St. Onge also, for both Laflamme and Lascelles courted her, and toward both she felt justifiable dislike. But her aged father was in the power of his superior Lascelles—who now could and would turn St. Onge adrift penniless if Denise denied him further.

To the Indians the loss of the fur canoe meant another thing—destruction by the evil spirits, the "Windigo," which they believed had made away with the canoe and its boatmen. Strange tracks had been found in the forest, and unearthly outcries had resounded at night.

Steele's factotum David and St. Onge's man Michel were sent on another search for the missing fur canoe, but they returned without finding trace of it. And—on a trip to the neighboring Big Feather Lake, Steele found the body of an Indian, strangely mutilated, lying near the river bank.

At the door  
he added: "Help  
yourself to ciga-  
rettes and whisky.  
And—a—Rose  
will keep  
you entertained,  
no doubt."



George Marsh is getting ready to depart for the land of white water again from his home in Rhode Island. For his is the spirit of the great North, and in its woods and along its streams and lakes he "really lives," as he says. So too you who read his enthralling story of the fur country may really live in its cathedral forests—and may also live through the vital drama of its people.

And now came a letter from Laflamme the free trader urging his suit for Denise—and threatening that if she did not marry him, St. Onge would "never see the ice break up on the Wailing." But his equally undesired rival Lascelles did better—himself appeared at Wailing River; and presently Denise, in evident distress, told Steele of her engagement to him. The American, however, won from her a promise to delay matters till spring, and then started with his collections for Ogoké and Nepigon, planning to return with the coming of winter, and to track down the mysterious Windigo in the snow. . . . As his canoe approached the landing of Laflamme's post at Ogoké, Steele was surprised to see many people gathered there.

"They may think we're a police canoe," suggested Steele to David. (*The story continues in detail:*)

UNDER the inspection of many pairs of curious eyes, the Peterboro canoe slid upon the beach. Leaving David to keep the dogs off the canoe, Steele walked through the silent huskies, who instinctively drew back from his approach and closed in behind him, walking on stiff legs barely out of reach of the paddle he carried, awed yet threatening. As he approached the two men standing on the log-landing in earnest conversation, through the brain of the American ran the gossip at Fort Hope, the talk of Michel and St. Onge, the conversation of David,

concerning this well-set-up Frenchman of medium height, who controlled the fur-trade of the region. The bulky half-breed, whose sinister face wore the red gash of a scar from chin to ear, Steele dismissed with a glance; but nothing, from the heavily beaded smoke-tanned moose-hide moccasins, to the wide-brimmed felt hat of the free-trader, escaped his appraising eye. To his surprise, also, the dark features which met him with a look both surly and questioning, were undeniably handsome. A bold nose and chin, the eyes of a hawk, and a mouth whose determination a mustache failed to conceal, explained much in the reputation of Louis Laflamme.

"Good day, gentlemen!" said Steele affably, ignoring the coolness of his reception.

"Good day!" returned Laflamme coldly, probing the smiling face of the stranger with a sharp look in which doubt and concern patently mingled.

"I am headed for Nepigon, from Fort Albany, and need some supplies," went on Steele. "Can you sell me some stuff?"

Fingering his black mustache, the free-trader deliberately examined, from moccasins to battered felt hat, the man who waited for his answer with a grin which obviously disconcerted the Frenchman. Then with a curl of the lip Laflamme replied:

"That depends on what your business is on this lake."

The tawny-haired American laughed in the face of the speaker.

"Business on this lake? Are you joking? You seem to have all the business here. My business is to get back to New York before I'm frozen in, and report to the American Museum of Natural History. I've spent the last five months on the Albany, collecting. Now, I'm bound for Nepigon and the railroad."

THE half-breed and his chief exchanged looks. Steele realized that he was suspected of being a Government agent in disguise; so, as he needed supplies and wished to study Laflamme while David circulated among the post people, he desired to relieve the mind of the free-trader on that score at once.

"You say you're from the States—doing collecting among the Indians? I should be glad to see some of your stuff."

Laflamme was taking no chances, and Steele welcomed the opportunity to establish his identity.

"Yes, I've two packs in the canoe. My name is Steele. I've been on the Albany two years—left a thousand pounds, this year, at Fort Albany, to go out by boat." Then he hazarded: "You know Lascelles, the French company man there?"

Laflamme's reaction to the remark was instantaneous. His face darkened with anger.

"You met that skunk, did you?" he rasped, his control gone. Then, getting himself in hand, he went on: "And the people at Wailing River—did you stop there?"

Could the free-trader have read the thoughts of the man who faced him, as he asked for news of the doomed post, he would have started as one starts at the warning of a rattler. For the mention of Wailing River stirred a fierce desire in Steele to mangle with his bare hands the man who thought to obtain Denise St. Onge by bribery. But the bronzed face of the American masked his turbulent thoughts as he intentionally drawled, watching Laflamme's eyes:

"Well, it's a long story. Queer case, Wailing River—very interesting to an ethnologist like myself. They've had a hard summer."

Steele knew from the quick interest in the other's face that he had won—that however deep Laflamme's distrust of his motives in taking the Ogoké trail, the desire for news of the girl at Wailing River, for an inkling of the nature of St. Onge's answer to his offer, would result in an invitation to spend the night at the post. And he smiled inwardly as the manner of Laflamme swiftly changed.

"Mademoiselle St. Onge—was she well?"

"Why, as to that, I hardly know what to say," Steele answered. "Lascelles showed up there just as I left."

"What? Lascelles at Wailing River?" exploded Laflamme, patently knocked off his feet at the news. "Lascelles at Wailing River in September!" he repeated. "What—what has happened? He's not going to marry her this fall?"

"No, he's not going to marry her—this fall." So emphatic was Steele's tone—so final the statement that it drew from Laflamme a sidelong glance of curiosity, in the course of his restless pacing of the landing.

"What brought him upriver, then?"

"Why, this Windigo trouble," lied Steele, anxious to learn if Pierre had brought the news to Ogoké.

The eyebrows of the Frenchman lifted in surprise.

"Windigo trouble!" exclaimed Laflamme. "What do you mean, Mr. Steele?"

Steele was confident that Laflamme was dissembling.

"Why, haven't you heard that the Wailing valley is overrun by man-eating Windigo?" he laughed, closely watching Laflamme's dark face. But though, a moment before, the trader had made no effort to conceal his emotion at the mention of Denise St. Onge, Steele now looked into cryptic eyes.

"Mon Dieu, no! You mean to say that the Indians are frightened?"

"Yes, you might call it that," said Steele facetiously, "although I think that I would make it a bit stronger. You don't believe in the Windigo, Monsieur Laflamme?"

LAFLAMME smiled. "You are a joker, Mr. Steele. We will discuss the Indian superstition tonight over some excellent whisky, if you like." Then he extended his hand, which Steele accepted with good grace, for he had won. "As a scientist, you are welcome here. I am a graduate of Laval University and understand your work. Antoine will show you a cabin where you can put up your stuff, and sleep. My men will bring up your outfit. Tonight you will do me the honor to dine with me—and my—sister, Mademoiselle Rose Laflamme."

"Thank you!" And Steele, accompanied by Antoine, of the scarred face, returned to the canoe, delighted that his interview, which had started so inauspiciously, had closed with an invitation to pass at least one night at the post.

While he shaved and changed his clothes in the shack assigned to him, and whether Laflamme, with marked hospitality, had sent hot water from his kitchen, Steele held a council of war with David, who had made a hasty reconnaissance of the post.

"Did you see Pierre?"

"No, but I smell plenty whisky on de Injun."

"How many hunters are there here still?"

"Seex—seven tepee here. Queer ting, w'en I ask why dey are not on de trap-lines, one of dem say dey not hunt dees long snows."

"How many post servants has he got?" pursued Steele. "There are eight cabins."

"Good manee; dey was ver' cross w'en I walk een an' tak' look at dem. One say een Jibway to 'noder: 'Dees ees bad place for stranger!' I laugh and tell heem dat you and me travel wes' to de beeg hills an' nord to de Land of Little Sticks, an' nevaire hear talk lak' dat."

"What did they say to that?"

"Wal, French feller dey call Black Baptiste, he keek de Injun t'rough de door. Dey ask where we come from, an' w'at we do here. I tell dem we stop here for flour an' bacon."

"Did they speak of Wailing River or the Windigo?"

"No."

"Why do you suppose he is feeding all these bush Indians—what is he using them for?"

David's dark features stiffened as his eyes sought a crack in the floor. Steele paused in his shaving to glance quizzically at his friend.

"Oh, well," he laughed, "I suppose you've promised Michel not to tell me what you think of anything you see here. I must wait until November."

The Ojibway rose, rested a hand on the shoulder of his chief. "Eet ees not so, boss; but I promise Michel somet'ing. Sometam' you know."

"That's all right, David; I want you to keep your promise, but don't you see that I might get more out of Laflamme tonight, if I knew what you and Michel had in your heads?"

David shook his head. "Laflamme ees smart man. He tell you noding."

"Nothing about what?" demanded Steele.

"Noding 'bout sendin' Pierre to scare de Injun—'bout stealin' de fur trade from St. Onge, wid whisky."

"Well, possibly he wont talk, but I'll give him a good open-ing."

### Chapter Nineteen

THE living-room in the comfortable quarters of Louis Laflamme was a revelation to the man who anticipated finding the rude furnishings typical of Northern fur posts. Heads of bear and wolf, antlers of caribou and moose, with an elaborate horn gun-rack, on the walls, and the pelts of bear and wolf and lynx on the floor, were typical; but the shelves of books, the



"Quick—the candles! There's some one coming! Mon Dieu! If it's Laflamme!"

furniture,—much of it brought from the railroad by canoe,—the large phonograph, the pictures, were indicative of tastes which hardly squared with the reputation of the trader.

"You are extremely comfortable here," he said as Laflamme led him into the room.

"You forget that I was educated in Quebec," responded the Frenchman simply.

"But the labor in getting your stuff up here by canoe!" Steele was honestly surprised.

"Yes, we're about three hundred miles in, but Indians will do anything if you handle them."

Steele mentally added, "By feeding them plenty of liquor," then said: "You're fond of music?"

"Ah! There's where this life is barren, monsieur," impulsively replied the Frenchman. "Why, I've hitched my dogs and traveled clear to the railroad in the middle of winter to hear some music.

It's the thing I miss, and the phonograph is cold; I tire of it. If I played myself—but I don't." Then Laflamme turned a tense face on Steele. "Did she play while you were at the post?"

For an instant the muscles of Steele's body stiffened. To speak, as a stranger, of Denise St. Onge, with the man who had plotted ruthlessly to win over her father—to buy her, sickened him. Yet this man, whose dinner he was about to eat, and whom he hated with a cold ferocity, for the declaration of love in the letter to St. Onge, which the presence of the woman at Ogoké rendered the grossest insult—this callous destroyer of ignorant Ojibways might know many things vital to the campaign of the three friends. Menace though he was to the post at Wailing River, his hatred and jealousy of Lascelles might be put to good use if the opportunity offered, and Steele intended to play upon those passions of his host this very night.

"Mademoiselle St. Onge seemed to be greatly depressed, and played little the few days I was there—and then Lascelles appeared," he said.

"She despises the dog, and yet he has openly boasted at Albany he would marry her," sneered Laflamme.

"I don't think he ever will," threw out Steele, lighting the cigarette passed him, and watching the play of emotion on the handsome face of the other.

"Why?"

"Because," replied Steele, "she would kill herself first."

"Nonsense! Women don't do it, monsieur," scoffed the trader, but the fleeting look of approval which Steele caught belied the words. Laflamme's nature was elemental. To him, her death was preferable to having her the wife of Lascelles.

Steele writhed in his chair as the other paced back and forth, but the welfare of the girl at Wailing River demanded that he smother all outward reflection of his thoughts, and so he fought himself slowly into a state of callousness at the mention of her name—necessary, if he was to draw out his host.

"Monsieur,"—Laflamme stopped his pacing and glared down at the man smoking in the chair,—"you are right!" Then, as he walked to the end of the room, he added: "She will never marry that fur-company rat; she will marry—me."

The glitter in the gray eyes which followed the retreating figure of the self-absorbed Laflamme carried in it the stab of steel, but the face which lifted to the Frenchman on his return wore an amused smile.

"You seem hard hit," said Steele. "Although she spent but one evening with her father and myself, I found her charming, and I congratulate you."

"She is the— Shish—my sister!" Both men looked up, to see a woman enter the room. Steele got to his feet.

"Rose," said Laflamme, "this is Monsieur Steele."

The woman who joined them and—to his surprise—said graciously, in English with an accent, "Monsieur, you are veree welcome," was hardly what Steele had expected to find at Ogoké Lake. Instead of belonging to a type more or less common to the frontier railroad towns, the girl posing as the sister of Laflamme was undeniably handsome, with a mass of straight black hair, and the brilliant olive skin which so often characterizes the quarter- or eighth-blood. For he had no doubt that she was a 'breed. The expression of the dusky eyes and the full lips, the set of nostrils, proclaimed it to one familiar with the type; but her manner and speech also spelled education.

The lines of her full figure were thrown into high relief both by the daring cut and the clinging nature of the material of her gown of vivid yellow. Winnipeg, Calgary, or even Montreal, doubtless had contributed this touch to the garish good looks of the creature who shared Laflamme's exile in the wilderness.

Extending a round arm, she gave Steele her hand with something more than the pressure demanded by hospitality, as her white teeth flashed in a smile.

"It is kind of you, mademoiselle, to take me in tonight," he said, and the thought shaped itself swiftly, as her thick-lashed eyes made a bold appraisal of the stranger at Ogoké, that this girl, of whom Laflamme had tired, might have knowledge invaluable—might even, by the adroit use of her evident vanity, betray the plans of the lord of Ogoké Lake. For that she should be in ignorance of his infatuation for Denise St. Onge was unlikely.



"Down!" cried David. A rifle exploded on shore; a bullet splintered the gunwale. The canoe nosed into the rapid.

"Oh, là, là! Eet ees to ourselves we are kind. Ees eet not so, Louis?"

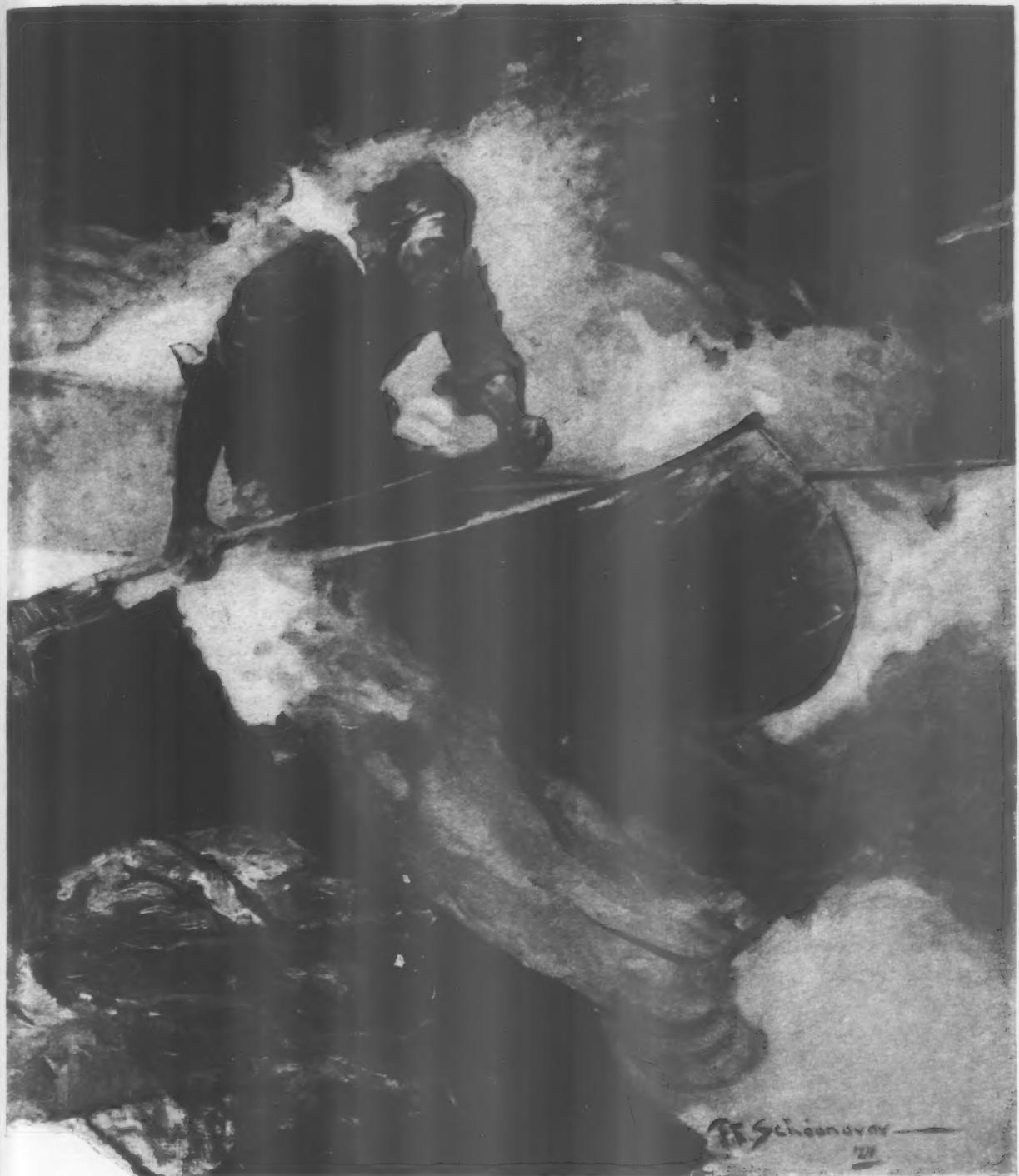
"Yes, monsieur," replied Laflamme with a leer. "Judging from the toilet of Mademoiselle, one should say it is to Rose that you are kind. You have not worn that thing in months, Rose."

"No? I had reason. I do not waste myself on the blind."

"Ah! But Monsieur is not blind, eh?"

"No man ees blind who has been months een the North with no one but the squaws to see—eh, Monsieur Steele?" And she smiled suggestively into Steele's amused eyes. Then her face darkened. "Oh, I forgot, Monsieur has come from Wailing River," she said in a low tone, husky with emotion.

Good, thought Steele; she knows, and will talk.



Then he gambled with: "One can never see too many beautiful women, mademoiselle."

"Oh, you think her beautiful, eh?" replied Rose Laflamme, tapping the floor with the toe of her slipper. "Louis says she *ees not*."

"Come, monsieur," interrupted the trader with a scowl at the speaker, as an Ojibway woman stood in the doorway, announcing dinner.

The dinner of whitefish and tenderloin of moose, served by a half-breed girl, was in marked contrast to the simple meals at Wailing River. Laflamme put the alert Steele on his guard by early recourse to the Scotch whisky; but not until the Frenchman and the girl had drained their glasses, did Steele swallow his

drink, poured from the same bottle, for there were three at the trader's elbow.

"You are from New York, Monsieur Steele, that wonderful city I have never seen?" the flushed hostess was saying.

"Yes, it is my home; but I seldom see it."

"Seldom see it? And all the life there to enjoy—the theaters, the beautiful women?"

"But there are beautiful women elsewhere, mademoiselle—Ogoké Lake, for instance," Steele hazarded, lifting his glass to the girl as he glanced furtively at Laflamme.

"*Mon Dieu*, but you are a flatterer!" she protested, frankly pleased.

"No more so than your mirror," he re- (Continued on page 150)

# THE R u n a w a y

By  
Ernest Poole



"See it, my dear? I wore it!" was the prompt and excited reply.

Illustrated by Lejaren à Hiller

OUT of the throng of travelers pouring through Gate 21 at the Grand Central Station from a train that had just arrived in New York came a little old lady with very bright eyes, in a soft gray cloak and bonnet, lugging a rather heavy black bag. Her excited face was pale and set. She stopped as she came into the hall, took one bewildered look at the people scurrying all about—and with her expression changing to one of sudden faintness, she dropped the bag, made a desperate effort at self-control, and then with a sigh collapsed on the hard shiny floor.

A few moments later, into the crowd that had quickly assembled, pushed an efficient-looking girl, the agent of a society for the aid of travelers in distress. The old lady was carried at once into a small rest-room near by; and from there, when she had been restored, she was taken in a taxi to the society's office, only a few blocks away. There at first she was meek as a lamb; and it took the young girl, whose name was Ruth Crane, a very short time to learn from her the immediate cause of her collapse. The expenses of her journey east had been much higher than she expected; and with her money nearly gone, she had not dared to take breakfast or lunch. Her name, she said, in a low, flat voice, was Mrs. Norman Buckley Dale. She had come from Daleton, Iowa, on a little trip to New York. Had she any friends or relatives here? No, she had just come, she explained, to have

a little look about. She asked that a telegram be sent to her son John Dale, in Daleton.

"He's our leading banker there," she said, "and as soon as he knows where to send it, he will telegraph money right away."

Then she sat back and folded her hands. And Miss Crane shot a look at her, both curious and sympathetic, but a bit impatient, too. She was so familiar with cases like this—for, in the last year alone, out of the vast restlessness of our country in these modern times, over eight hundred runaway grandmothers had come on just such little trips to New York, and frightened and bewildered, had landed in the office here. Most of them were easily handled. Meek and subdued, and bitterly repenting their wild escapades, they were only too eager to be sent back to the homes from which they had run away. But a few of them were obstinate. And Ruth Crane's look grew anxious now—for in the set face confronting her, the crushed expression had disappeared, and had already been replaced by one of guarded grim reserve.

"Very well, Mrs. Dale, I'll send it at once. But what shall I say in the telegram?" The little old traveler thought for a moment.

"Just say this—if you'll be so kind: 'Your mother has arrived in New York and wishes you to telegraph one hundred dollars to her at once.' Or you'd better say 'immediately' and save a word," said Mrs. Dale.

"But is that all?"

"That's quite enough." Again the look of vigilance.

"Your son knows all about your journey, then?"

"He knows all he needs to know, and this telegram will tell him the rest."

With a rather dubious little smile, Miss Crane went to the telephone, and the message to Daleton was soon on its way. In the meantime, however, several other travelers who needed assistance or advice had come into the office; and as she dealt with them, one by one, her face took on an expression which said: "This is certainly my busy day." She glanced up in relief, a few minutes later, when a strikingly pretty young brunette, who was an intimate friend of hers, came in with a large bandbox and said:

"Oh, Ruth, have you got a minute?"

"Yes—"

"Then take a look at this antique—and see if you don't think I could wear it—in that scene in the second act." As she spoke, she quickly took out of the box a large poke bonnet affair of straw, trimmed with little blue flowers and ribbons; and in a reverent tone she exclaimed: "It's been out of style for forty years!"

Before Miss Crane could make any comment, a low, sharp cry from across the room made both girls glance up quickly—and at the look of delighted surprise she saw in the face of Mrs. Dale, the black eyes of the young actress brightened with a quick surprise. In an eager tone she asked:

"Did you ever see a hat like this?"

"See it, my dear? I wore it!" was the prompt and excited reply. "Or one so like it, they might have been twins!"

"When?"

"About forty years ago! No—wait, now, wait till I get it just right! No, I should say it was nearer fifty!"

"Where?"

"In Daleton, Iowa!"

"Wonderful!" the girl exclaimed; and the conversation which then took place was too animated and confused for any male writer to describe. Then Miss Crane said to her friend:

"Amy, suppose you and Mrs. Dale finish this talk down at the Blue Hen!"—a small tea-room quite close by. "I've got to be busy here, I see; and Mrs. Dale, as it happens, didn't get any lunch on the train."

"Oh, I'd love to! Will you come?"

"Why, yes, my dear, I'd be pleased, I'm sure."

"Only remember," said Ruth Crane, "that you've got to have her back by five. There may be a telegram for her by then."

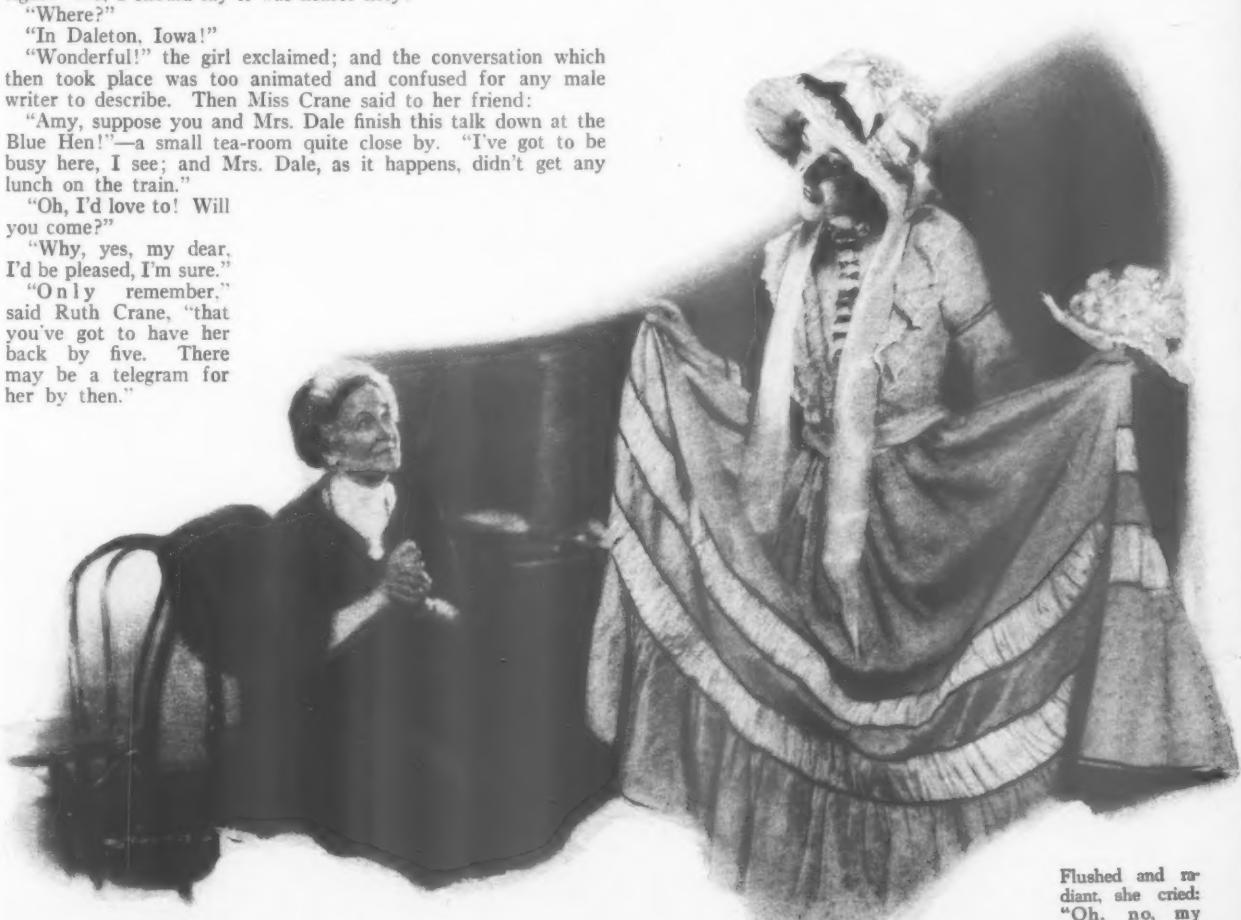
*Ernest Poole rarely writes a short story; indeed, this is his first in some time. He is chiefly known as a novelist, and as such has, within the past ten years, placed himself at the forefront of those writers who have really interpreted the America of our day. Born in Chicago, Mr. Poole is now equally at home in New York and in Europe. Among the novels which have given him his high distinction are "His Family," "The Harbor" and "Beggar's Gold."*

At this reference to a message from home, the old lady's face grew so depressed that even the stern young custodian of runaway grandmothers was touched. And so she added, to her friend: "If you've nothing to do for an hour or so, you might show her around the shops a bit."

"I'll see to all that," was the warm reply. And indeed, grateful to her new acquaintance for all she was able to glean from her, about styles and customs in Iowa, forty years ago, when she saw how quickly Mrs. Dale reacted to the stimulus of toast and two strong cups of tea, Miss Allerton on an impulse recklessly hired a small open cab, of which a few still remain in New York, and in this drove first up to the Park, then to the theater district and so back to Fifth Avenue.

One hour on that glittering street went to the old lady's head like champagne. With her very spirit filled to the brim with the fascination of life in New York, she was brought back to the office, and read this telegram from her son. It was directed to Ruth Crane, and the message read as follows:

HAVE BEEN DEEPLY ANXIOUS AND DISTURBED OVER MOTHER'S STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE STOP CANNOT UNDERSTAND IT STOP HAVE WIRED ONE HUNDRED FIFTY HER NAME CARE CORN EXCHANGE BANK STOP PLEASE DO NOT LET HER GET OUT OF YOUR HANDS STOP PUT HER ON TRAIN IN CHARGE CONDUCTOR AND WIRE ME STOP I HOLD YOU RESPONSIBLE—JOHN DALE.



Flushed and radiant, she cried: "Oh, no, my dear! That's simply all wrong!"

His mother read his message through—quickly at first, then again, with a frown. And then, to Miss Crane's keen dismay, the old runaway looked up and said, in a low, tense voice:

"I shall not go back."

"But Mrs. Dale!"

"I shall not go back! I consider the whole tone of this message insulting!" was the stern reply. "He had no call to feel disturbed, for I wired him I was safe and well and was simply taking a trip to New York! Moreover, I have come to this town with a very definite purpose in mind, and I propose to carry it out!" Fairly quivering with revolt, defiant and yet imploring too, she faced the two young girls and repeated: "I shall not go back to my son's home until I get good and ready! So there!" Her blue eyes suddenly filled with tears. "Oh, my dears, if you only knew what it's like! Not that I have a thing to say against the way I've been treated there—or against my son or even his wife. They both mean well enough, I suppose—but the people they go with, all their friends—they're all so stodgy!" she exclaimed. "And the worst of it is that since the war, they've set the tone for the whole town!" A sharp little quaver came into her voice. "Oh, if you could only know what a town it used to be," she went on, "in the early days when Norman and I—I'm speaking of my late husband now—were young and helped to build it up! Come east? You couldn't have hired us! We wanted nothing in the world but to stay right there and see it grow!" As the tears again rushed up in her eyes, she snatched a small handkerchief out of her bag and sternly and angrily blew her nose.

"Well, it grew, all right," she said, "but in later years, since my husband's death,—with so many of the old faces gone,—the town has grown so prosperous that it's positively fat! In its spirit, I mean! You understand? There doesn't seem to be anything left of all the dreams we used to have. The set that's running the whole place now can think of nothing but bridge and golf—and mah jongg—houses, servants, clothes! The women are getting so dressy, my dears, and so dull to talk to! There don't seem to be any real life in them now! They're stodgy—oh, so stodgy!" she repeated with a frown. "And it has all grown so much worse of late, that I thought I'd positively die if I didn't get away from it—to a place where people are really alive! So when my son wouldn't hear to my going, I just slipped away one night and took a train to Chicago—where one of my friends has been living for years. But on my arriving, I found she had died. The shock of it so upset me that I nearly made for home. I didn't, though—I had started out to take a real trip—and see a little life again. So after two or three days in Chicago I decided to come to New York. My hotel-bills and the railroad fares were all so much more than they used to be, that it took about all the money I had—but now that this money has come from my son, I tell you I shall stay right here until I have time to think myself out!"

"But we can't give you this money," said Ruth Crane with an anxious look. The old lady's retort was sharp and keen.

"Why can't you? Wasn't it sent in my name?"

"Yes, but it's expressly for the purpose of buying your ticket home!"

"What is my son's purpose to me?" was the unexpected answer. "This isn't his money; it's mine, my dear! I own a newspaper, back at home—or at least I own a part of it; and I could sell out this very day, for at least a thousand dollars!"

"All that may be perfectly true," said the girl. "But don't you see how we are placed? He says he holds us responsible!"

"What right has he," was the warm retort, "to say anything of the kind? I am most certainly of age—and I didn't work forty-odd years for the vote, not to feel that I have some rights to my own independence when I choose! Moreover, let me warn you, I know my rights and just what I can do!" She had risen excitedly from her chair and lifted up one threatening hand. "If you try to hold me here," she said, "I shall feel myself obliged to hire a lawyer, right away—and begin proceedings of *habeas corpus!*"

Miss Crane gave a sudden start of dismay.

"And let me remind you again of this!" pursued Mrs. Dale. "That money was telegraphed in my name! You can't get it without my signature—and I shall not sign a thing until you take me to the bank! There I shall make quite

certain that my money—mine, I repeat—is handed directly over to me!"

"But Mrs. Dale—then what is your plan? What in the world do you want me to do?"

The little old traveler suddenly calmed. She went to a chair and sat down again, and smoothed her dress with trembling hands.

"Well, to begin with," she said in a moment, "I think we had better do nothing at all." Her voice was slightly trembling now. "We're both of us much too excited, I think, and the best thing to do is to wait and cool down. So if you will just direct me to some small and inexpensive hotel—"

"Oh, please don't go to a hotel!" cried the girl who had taken her out to tea. With warm sympathy at first, and later with keen relish and amusement in her dancing eyes, Miss Allerton had listened while the defiant old traveler conquered her efficient friend. And she now impulsively intervened: "Please don't go to a hotel—come home with us, for just tonight. Miss Crane and I live together, you know—there are three of us girls in a little flat. We'd simply love to have you—and it will give us all a chance to talk this out more thoroughly, and see if we can't be of some help."

"Do, Mrs. Dale—oh, please," said Miss Crane, who was anxious above all things not to let the old lady out of her sight. As Mrs. Dale looked from one to the other, tears of fatigue and nervous excitement showed for a moment in her eyes.

"All right, my dears, I'll be glad to," she said. "And I thank you—very much."

An hour later, about six o'clock, as she sat at supper with the three girls in a small attractive apartment over on the upper West Side, Mrs. Dale rested and refreshed. It was not only the warm bath and the comfort of changing into clean clothes; it was the unescapable feeling of buoyancy and youth in this gay chintzy little room—and still more, perhaps, her deepening sense of being in the presence of a quiet but discerning young woman who was fast becoming her friend. In spite of all her recent defiance, she still rather dreaded Miss Ruth Crane; and Miss Allerton, while friendly enough, was obviously more amused than concerned. But the third girl of the trio, whose name was Jane MacRennells, had in the last few minutes shown an interest so swift and deep, behind the reserve in her low voice and her clear gray observant eyes, that even although Mrs. Dale knew perfectly well she was being drawn out, she was only too glad to present her case before so sympathetic a judge.

"If we are to be of any use, hadn't you better tell us your plans?" the girl had asked her quietly. "Did you come here just for a week or so or did you really mean to stay?"

"My dear, I



meant nothing—I had no plans. I wanted, you see, to leave myself absolutely free to choose—take advantage of any opening.” As she caught Miss Allerton’s smile at this, she colored and went hurriedly on: “I don’t mean any regular job, of course—I expect I’m much too old for that. But I want to look around a bit. I won’t say I’m determined not to go home, but I don’t want to go till I’ve got something here—something I can start on, fresh, something that is real and new—and not so stale and stodgy!”

“But how?” Miss MacRennells persisted. “What do you want to see and do?”

“I want to see some real life, my dear, like what I was once so accustomed to, that it was the very breath of my nostrils!” the old Westerner quickly replied. With an anxious, eager little frown, she went on to try to explain: “People, I mean, whose lives aren’t through, who have not grown deadly through success—hungry people, pushers, seekers—reaching out for new ideas! My late husband, I may say, was a newspaper editor all his life—and from the time I was twenty years old, it was my splendid privilege to work with him at his side, first as assistant editor and later both as colleague and wife. Oh, it was a small affair, of course—pretty small potatoes compared to the city papers, these days. But I can’t even give you any idea of the aims he had, so really great—the passion and purpose, the looking ahead—and the honest questions into the life of our town and our State, and the nation, my dears! The political struggles, the moral crusades—some of them quite funny at times! Oh, the jokes and the laughs that we had! My husband was such a human man.

“But no matter how often or hard he laughed, even quite bitterly now and then, still, there was always to be felt that reaching out, that open mind, that readiness for new ideas! The *Banner* took up Suffrage when it was still a joke in this land—and held to it, too, through thick and thin, against the liquor interests and all the political gangsters in town. But

upon the other hand, the *Banner* fought as hard and long against what we considered the dangerous growing tendency to censor the spoken and printed word. I ran the town library at that time, and I could spend an entire night telling of the struggles I had, with the *Banner* right behind me, to keep certain books upon the shelves. I don’t mean that I approved of them all—for I didn’t, not by any means. But my husband held, and so did I, that this is a country of free ideas, or else it’s simply nothing! Free, fearless thinking, building, growing—oh, I mean in every line! I mean youth, my dears—for our country is young! I never yet hear that grand old hymn, ‘Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord’—without feeling again how young it is! God bless it!”

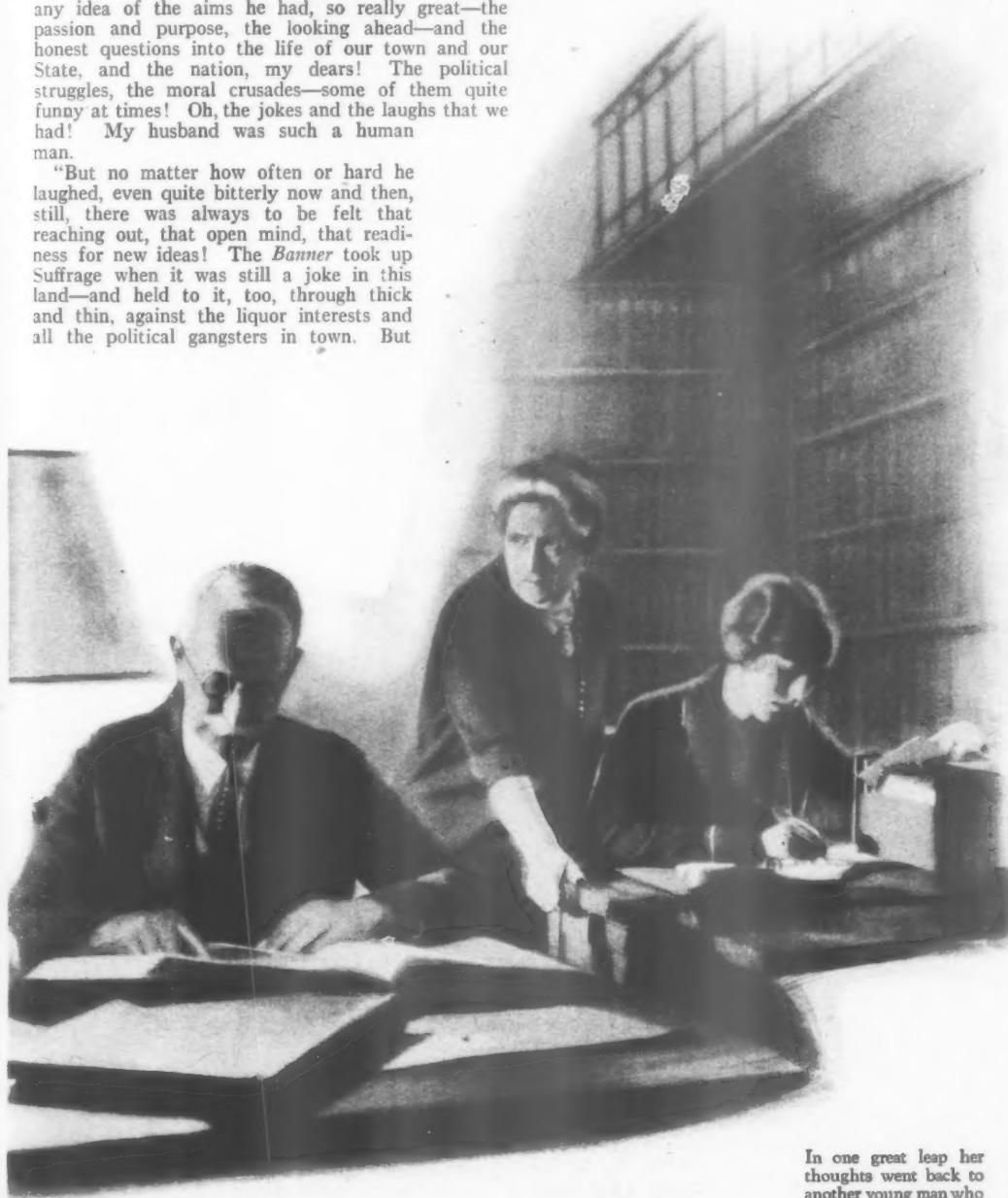
Suddenly she stopped short. With an abrupt and almost angry tightening of her features, she regained control of her feelings—and then said, with a strained smile:

“But in the town of Daleton that youth appears to have died away. No,” she added, “I won’t say that. I mean put to sleep—by prosperity. Not that I’m against prosperity—I worked for it all my life. But this isn’t the kind we had seen in our dreams,

and so the awakening has been hard.” She paused for a moment, and went on: “I didn’t see what had happened at first—for, especially after my husband’s death and the marriage of my only son, I may say that my whole life was wrapped up in the work of those last wonderful years which gave the vote to women. The small club of which I was secretary was formed in 1878—and I am still very proud of the fact that in the forty-two years of its life, we never missed one monthly meeting.”

She paused once more, and again with an effort restored her voice to its even tone. “But then, as you know, about four years ago, came the day when we could say, ‘It’s here!’ And after the joy of that evening, came slowly, but, oh, so certainly, the awakening to the fact—month by month and year by year—that the spirit of Daleton was growing fat—and dull and stodgy—with success.”

For just a moment she bowed her head and looked down at her hands, hard clenched in her lap. “And that is why I don’t want to go back, till I have been able to live very close—if only for a little while—to the real, the everlasting youth—which I firmly believe still exists in our land. I know (Continued on page 116)



In one great leap her thoughts went back to another young man who had looked like this.

By  
Dana  
Burnet

# The Shoe Tree

Illustrated  
by  
Leslie L. Benson

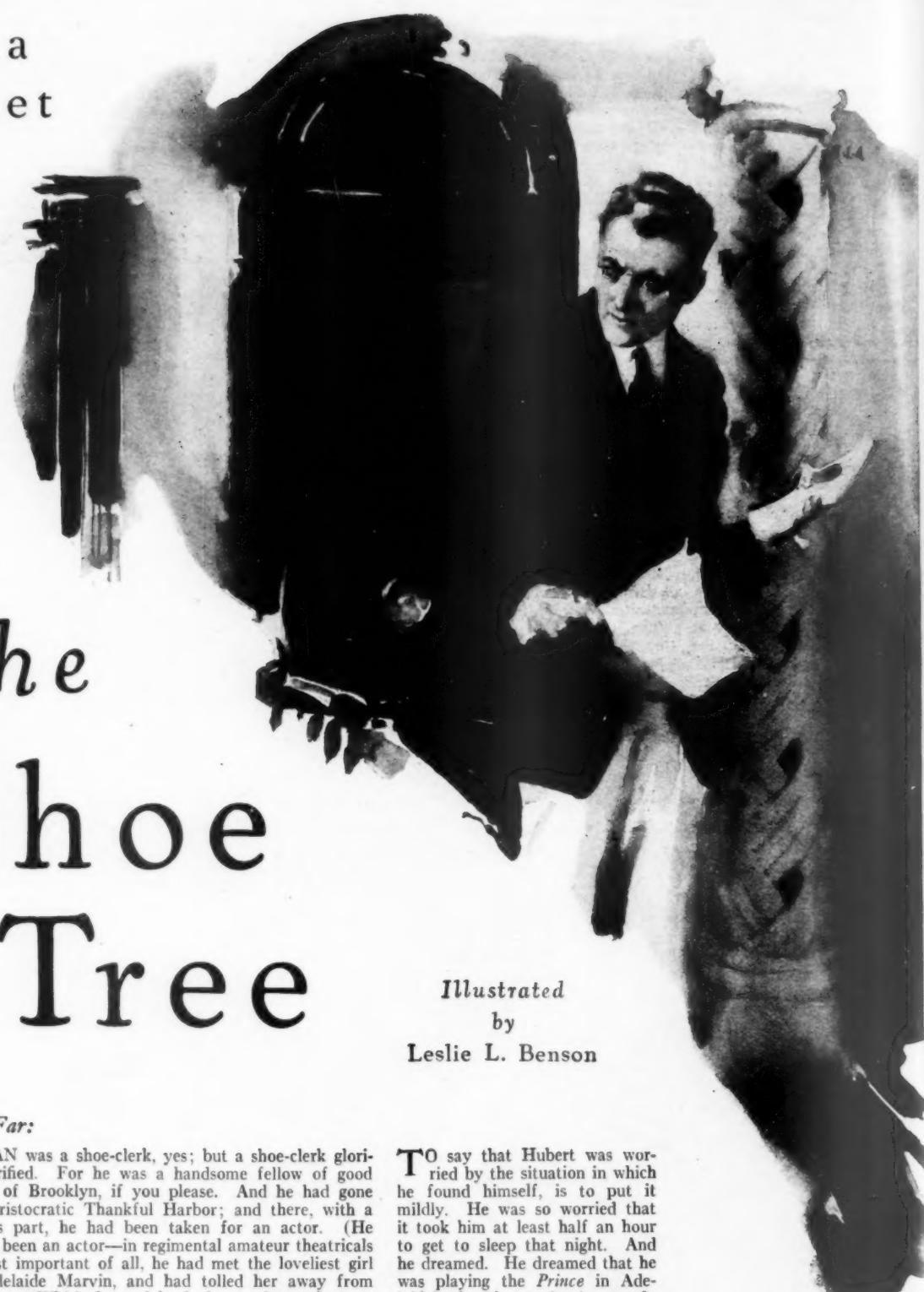
## *The Story So Far:*

HUBERT DEAN was a shoe-clerk, yes; but a shoe-clerk glorious and glorified. For he was a handsome fellow of good family—a Dean, of Brooklyn, if you please. And he had gone on vacation to aristocratic Thankful Harbor; and there, with a little help on his part, he had been taken for an actor. (He had, indeed, once been an actor—in regimental amateur theatricals in France.) Most important of all, he had met the loveliest girl in the world, Adelaide Marvin, and had tolled her away from the fat youth Jasper Whitlock; and he had agreed to take part in a play Adelaide had written and was to produce at her home—a modern, a very modern, version of "Cinderella."

Only one rift jangled in the lute of Hubert's beatitude; he met Adelaide's mother Mrs. Carpenter—she had remarried after the death of Adelaide's father. And in Mrs. Carpenter he recognized a lady whom he had recently fitted to Five C's. Was there, or was there not, a gleam of puzzled recognition in the cold maternal eye? (*The story continues in detail:*)

TO say that Hubert was worried by the situation in which he found himself, is to put it mildly. He was so worried that it took him at least half an hour to get to sleep that night. And he dreamed. He dreamed that he was playing the *Prince* in Adelaide's play; but curiously enough, the scene was Minton Brothers' Fifth Avenue Shoe-shop. Mrs. Carpenter came in, and seating herself on a bench, gayly kicked off both shoes. "I want something in pure gold!" she cried.

He found a single slipper and knelt down to try it on. But she glared at him and said: "What do you know about the laws of nature? This isn't gold; it's only a stain on the ceiling!"



Dana Burnet, you may be interested to know, is up in Maine writing stories for you. It's great to be an author. One's office is where one's chair is, and the commodity of one's dealing is provided by life itself; for it's just that—Life: the lives of people moving across the scene provide the color and pattern of the writer's work. And when one's attitude toward life is that of Dana Burnet, the job's a lot of fun. Imagine being highly paid for having a good time!



Well, as the saying is, Hubert darn near fainted. "Shall we run through the third act?" asked Cinderella.

He was frightened, and ran out into the street, with Mrs. Carpenter's shoes in his hand. She pursued him. It was horrible. There he was, running up Fifth Avenue, guiltily brandishing a lady's footgear, and there was the lady, running after him in her stocking-feet and shrieking at the top of her lungs: "He's nothing but a shoe-clerk! He's nothing but a shoe-clerk!"

As he ran, he saw Adelaide leaning from a traffic-tower. She flashed the red light and he stopped at the signal. She said: "Mother likes to appear young. She's terribly repressed." Hubert shouted back: "It's her complex!" And Adelaide answered: "You're not a prince at all; you're a shoe-clerk in disguise!" He protested: "I'm a Dean. Look at my tan vest!" But she hissed, "Shoe-clerk!" and turned on the yellow light so that the chase might continue. . . .

He woke to find the sun shining in his eyes. He was safe in his hotel bedroom in Thankful Harbor.

"Not so safe!" he thought, as he rose to dress. "Good Lord! Here I've gone and met the *one* girl, and then to get caught in a jam like this! Mrs. Carpenter—her mother!"

His first impulse, to his credit be it said, was to go to Adelaide at once and tell her everything. But on second thought he decided that this would be violating his Faith in Life. It would be

stepping out of his rôle, so to speak. He looked in the mirror at his nose, observing its perfection and taking heart again. "Leave it to Fate," said a voice within him. "Fate will see you through." Another and more practical voice added: "But don't be a dumbbell. Remember that brains were meant to be used."

He went down to the beach, where he met Adelaide. She immediately introduced him to her friends, lounging in bathing-suits on the sand. They all seemed glad to meet him, except the fat youth Jasper Whitlock, who glowered at him.

"Hear you're gonna be in the play," said Jasper, morosely digging himself a hole in the sand.

"Miss Marvin has asked me to do the *Prince*," replied Hubert, with just the proper note of condescension. "Are you taking part, Mr. Whitlock?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Jasper's in the ballroom scene. He's gonna be the crowd," volunteered another youth flippantly.

They laughed. Jasper settled himself glumly into the hole he had dug. Adelaide said to Hubert: "Could you come to rehearsal this afternoon? Mother's secretary is typing the parts. We can revise as we go along. I'm counting on you to help me with the directing, Mr. Dean."

"Delighted!" said Hubert.

Jasper suddenly heaved himself to his feet.

"Last fella in the ocean's a pink pup with whiskers," he announced venomously, and ran toward the water. The others jumped up and chased him. Adelaide and Hubert remained.

"Jasper's hurt because I didn't ask him to play the *Prince*," confided the girl. "I'm sorry. I like Jaz a lot. But—I couldn't, could I?"

Hubert shook his head.

"Friendship," he said, "has no place in Art."

"That's just what I told him. Oh, by the way, I was talking about you to Father—Mr. Carpenter, you know. He's sweet. I love him. I suppose it's because he isn't really my father. He wants to meet you."

"I'd like very much to meet him," said Hubert, trying to look pleased.

"He's sitting over there with Mother—under the umbrella. Shall we go over?"

They rose and walked to the umbrella, in the shadow of which Mrs. Carpenter sat with her husband. The latter, as Hubert previously had observed, was a little man, elegantly dressed, but giving an impression of discomfort in his clothes. He was like a small boy who had grown old, going to a party that he detested. He had gray hair and a wistful eye.

**H**UBERT courageously greeted Mrs. Carpenter. Then he shook hands with Adelaide's stepfather, who rose with surprising agility.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Dean? You're going in, I see?"

"Yes sir. I enjoy the ocean bathing."

"I don't. Too cold. I prefer to walk on the beach." The little man turned to his wife. "I think I'll go for my walk, my dear. Will you join me, Mr. Dean?"

Hubert couldn't refuse. He said: "Delighted, Mr. Carpenter."

"Come along, then."

The young man looked helplessly at Adelaide and then went along. They walked on up the beach, well out of the presence of people.

"Mr. Dean, I want to talk to you," said Mr. Carpenter.

"Yes sir?"

"You may think it's odd, but I want to ask your opinion—about Adelaide."

"About—Yes sir."

"I'm mighty fond of Adelaide. We get along. Now, she wants to go on the stage. But her mother—You're an actor, I believe?"

"I have played," said Hubert cautiously.

"What do you think? Would it be all right? If she got into one of these Art groups, I mean?"

"Oh, if she got into an Art group!" replied Hubert, with a decided sense of uneasiness.

"Don't know much about it myself," went on Mr. Carpenter humbly. "But Adelaide says it's all right if it's Art. I believe she ought to have her chance and—well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Dean—you'll excuse me for discussing family matters with you?"

"I'm honored, Mr. Carpenter."

"I believe young people ought to be allowed to get away from their—ah—parents—away from home—and—ah—do what they want to do."

"So do I," agreed Hubert.

"Society," said Mr. Carpenter, turning upon Hubert his wistful gaze, "society's all very well in a way. . . . But you get tired of it. You get fed up—" He suddenly seized Hubert's arm and pressed it. "Don't say I said so!"

"Not a word, sir," replied Hubert, smiling.

The older man smiled in return.

"Thank you, my boy. Well, you watch Adelaide in the play and let me know whether you think she can act. That's all. Now you run back. I know you're anxious to get into that ocean."

**T**HEY shook hands, and Hubert dashed back to the bathing-beach. Adelaide was already in the water. He waded out to her, and together they swam to the end of the lifeline, to which they clung for a moment.

"Did Father talk to you about me?" she asked.

"Yes."

"He always does. He's sweet. . . . I hope you weren't bored, Mr. Dean?"

"I wasn't."

A wave lifted them, so that their faces came close together.

"The fact is, I find you an extremely fascinating subject, Miss Marvin!"

"Do you?" she said; and then, so softly the words were almost lost in the watery swirl and murmur: "I'm awfully glad."

They swam back to the beach. As they walked toward the pavilion, she said to him: "See you at rehearsal this afternoon.

Please come early. You can help me explain to the carpenter about the sets. About two-thirty?"

"I'll be there!" promised Hubert somewhat grimly.

At two-thirty exactly he presented himself at the Carpenter cottage. He found Adelaide in the living-room, talking to a short, stocky man in overalls.

"This is Jediah Butterfield; he's going to help us with the sets," explained Adelaide with anxious cheerfulness.

Jediah greeted Hubert with a limp handshake. "How a' ye?" he said noncommittally.

Hubert smiled, and turned to Adelaide. "How are you getting along?"

"Oh, beautifully! I was just trying to explain to Jediah why the walls of *Cinderella's* kitchen should lean *inward*."

The stocky carpenter looked stubborn.

"Neva he'd of no such thing as buildin' a kitchin out o' plumb! Co'se if 'twas in a haouse that'd been standin' a long time, and the haouse hed settled—"

"You don't understand," said Adelaide, nervously smoothing her dark hair. "This isn't realism! We're not trying to reproduce *facts*. What we want to achieve is atmosphere! Atmosphere!"

"Then why dun't ye just open a windy?" queried the prosaic carpenter. "That's what they done last year in the high-school drayma at Red Men's Hall. Feller opens the windy and takes a good sniff and says: 'This here is God's own free air—'"

"Let me explain!" suggested Hubert. Adelaide nodded, sighing with relief. Hubert gently addressed Jediah.

"You see, Mr. Butterfield," he began, "the walls must lean inward so as to indicate repression—because *Cinderella's* so repressed!"

"What's to hender 'em fallin' daown on top of her?"

"Why, nothing. I mean—no, of course they don't actually—that is," said Hubert, "they must give the *impression* of falling down on top of her without really *doing* it. Now, if I were you I'd take two widths of wall-board and just lean them in—lean them, you know. Er—*lean* them—"

"You mean, lean 'em?"

"That's it! Lean 'em."

"Yes, lean 'em!" repeated Adelaide somewhat hysterically.

"Well, why didn't ye say so?" demanded Jediah, making a note with a flat pencil on a cedar shingle that he carried under his arm. "Lean 'em and brace 'em," he added meticulously. "Naow what else?"

"The ballroom scene," said Adelaide. "It's going to be impressionistic, and I'll do most of it myself, but I'd like to have you provide a door."

"What kind of a door?"

"Why, just a kind of a—formal kind of a—door!"

"Haow do ye want it hung? To swing in or swing out?"

"Out," said Adelaide. "No, in!"

"Panelled or plain?"

The girl looked at Hubert, her lips trembling. He flung himself into the breach. "Let's use curtains," he suggested.

"Oh, yes! Do let's!" breathed Adelaide. "Never mind the door, Mr. Butterfield."

"Jest as ye say. I'm here to please. Well, then, all ye want's the walls." The helpful carpenter glanced at his shingle, scratched his head, nodded, and strode out, muttering: "Lean 'em and brace 'em!"

**A**DELAIDE made a vague gesture, a movement that somehow resulted in taking Hubert's hand. "Isn't it awful," she murmured, "the way they simply don't *get it*?"

"They live too close to nature," replied Hubert, pressing her hand. "They have no sense of proportion."

"Yes, that's it, isn't it?" she sighed, returning the pressure. They looked at each other, and Adelaide smiled faintly. "You're going to be marvelous as the *Prince*, Mr. Dean. You have such a stunning profile!"

At this point the members of the cast began to arrive. There was Jasper Whitlock, who said, "Lo!" to Hubert, and then dropped down on the living-room steps, where he sat glumly palming his chin. There was a tall, thin, red-haired girl named Clatterhouse, who had Art in her eye, and who was to play the second older sister. There was Miss Gibbs, the ancient spinster, Hubert's friend of the Sea View, who, he discovered, was to play the *Fairy-Godmother*.

"There you are, Mr. Dean! I just said to Adelaide, I said, 'I'm not too old to take part in your little play; you just ask me; it'll be a mighty good thing to have somebody with a well-



"Hubert, I'm so nervous." "D-don't be," said Hubert bravely. "Don't b-be!" He caught her in his arms and kissed her.

rooted moral character to keep you young folks in order," I said—"

"Yes ma'am."

Then there was Mrs. Carpenter, who appeared looking almost aggressively youthful. As she shook hands with Hubert, he saw the familiar gleam of puzzled curiosity in her eyes. He remembered what somebody had once said about laying on flattery with a trowel.

"You certainly look your part, Mrs. Carpenter!"

"My part, Mr. Dean?"

"Yes—er—Cinderella's sister," said Hubert. "Ha-ha!"

She tapped him on the arm with her sharply whittled finger-tips.

"Flatterer!" she said. ("That guy," thought Hubert, "was right about the trowel. I guess I'll go on gardening.")

"Is that your family coat-of-arms over the fireplace, Mrs. Carpenter?" he asked.

"My husband's," replied the lady. They walked over and looked at it.

"Fine!" admired Hubert.

"Yes. My husband goes back to the Carpenters of Spoffordsh'r—Spoffordsh'r, England, you know. The family was founded by Lord Vivian Carpenter, who had charge of the royal wine-cellars under Henry the VIII."

"To his own complete undoing," said a dry voice behind them.

Hubert turned, to find Mr. Carpenter smiling somewhat grimly.

"My noble ancestor," said the little man, "was ruined by his contact with royalty. I advise you to steer clear of it, Mr. Dean."

The young man laughed, and so did Mrs. Carpenter.

"My dear Plympton," she said, addressing her husband, "you are so democratic!"

Mr. Carpenter's name was Plympton! That was rather a shame, thought Hubert. He liked Mr. Carpenter.

"Rehearsal!" called Adelaide, who had been busy handing out parts. "Everybody ready for the first scene. Mr. Dean, will you direct? I'm on, you know. And—oh, Jasper, would you mind pulling the curtains?"

"All right," growled the fat youth. He rose and hauled at the silk cord that drew together the blue velvet portières. Hubert stood up in the center of the room with the script in his hand, the cynosure of all eyes, so to speak. He felt nervous; but he kept smiling. There was nothing in the first scene, he reflected philosophically, that would bite him.

"Curtain!" he directed.

Jasper pulled another cord, and the portières opened, revealing Adelaide sitting on the floor of the upper living-room, which composed the stage. A respectful silence.

"'Cinderella is discovered cleaning out the fireplace,'" read Hubert from the script.

"Oh, yes! I was going to ask you about that," said Adelaide, getting up and coming forward to the steps. "Do you think we ought to have real ashes, or just leave it to the audience's imagination?"

"Course you gotta have ashes!" observed Jasper Whitlock, who was, by the very bulk of him, a realist.

"Not at all, Jasper!" exclaimed the red-haired Miss Clatterhouse, obviously prepared to bleed and die for Art. "Imagination is much stronger than actuality—isn't it, Mr. Dean?"

"It certainly is," said Hubert firmly. "But you have to know how to use it."

"Of course!" murmured the company.

"Real ashes'll be awful muss," put in Miss Gibbs. "I remember my grandmother used to say she'd rather have ten men tracking mud into the house than one hired girl spilling ashes. My grandmother was a real, old-fashioned housekeeper. She died of acute indigestion."

"Did she have a pain right *here*?" queried Jasper Whitlock, anxiously poking his finger into the fullness of him. "I often have a pain—right here!" added the fat youth, with a plaintive sigh.

His friends reassured him. "It's all right, Jasp! Never mind!" "Stop eating sweets! Go on a diet!" "The first hundred pounds are the hardest!" et cetera.

"I'll lend you a book that teaches you how to reduce by mental suggestion," offered Miss Clatterhouse.

"That's no good," spoke up Miss Tooting, a stout girl in a pink sweater. "I've tried it. The only trouble is, we don't chew our food. If you'd just chew everything twenty times before you swallow it, Jasper—"

"Stop!" cried Adelaide. "We're rehearsing a play!"

Silence.

"Suppose we have imaginary ashes," said Hubert soothingly.

"I think so too," agreed the girl, and dropping to her knees, once more became *Cinderella* cleaning out the fireplace. "The ashes are symbolical, anyway," she explained over her shoulder. "They indicate the Bitterness of Life!"

"Exactly!" said Hubert. "Now for your monologue, Miss Marvin."

Adelaide said, "I think I'll do it with my back to the audience. That's more modern," and at once launched into recitative, as follows: "Life! How bitter it is when lived in an environment of conventionality and repression! I kneel at the hearth of Life, and sweep up the cold ashes of conventionality. My sisters inhibit me. The walls of this kitchen lean in upon me—" (At this point, through Hubert's mind ran a frivolous refrain: "Lean 'em and brace 'em! Lean 'em and brace 'em!") "Oh, Life, Life, Life!" continued Adelaide. "How I yearn for expression!



"Grrrfff!" went the bull. "Eeeeeeh!" shrieked Adelaide,

Let me live, if only for one night, one glorious night, and I will ask no more."

"Fairy-Godmother!" prompted Hubert. "That's your cue, Miss Gibbs."

"Oh, is it?" mumbled the spinster, groping in her handbag for her spectacles. "I didn't know. Just wait till I get my glasses on. . . . I had an uncle who used to lose his glasses every night after dinner. He always found them on his forehead. He died in Africa. He'd gone there to shoot lions, but he was bitten by a fly—"

"We're waiting, Miss Gibbs," politely urged Hubert.

"And died in twenty-four hours. Where's the place?" demanded the *Fairy-Godmother*, mounting the steps to the stage and imperturbably perusing her script.

"I will ask no more," repeated Adelaide encouragingly.

"Oh, yes, I see it. I will ask no more. (Enter *Fairy-Godmother*, right.) Good-evening, *Cinderella*."

ADELAIDE: "Who are you, old dame?"

MISS GIBBS: "I am Self-Understanding!" I thought I was going to be the *Fairy-Godmother*?"

ADELAIDE: "You are. It's the same thing. You have a dual personality."

MISS GIBBS: "Oh! Well, you ought to know; you wrote it."

ADELAIDE: "And why have you come here?"



and ran. . . . "Hurry!" cried the girl. "Oh, hurry!" Hubert was hurrying.

MISS GIBBS: "“(Approaching Cinderella.) To reveal you to yourself and to grant your secret psychological desires.”

The rehearsal compassed the first act and proceeded to the ballroom scene. Hubert surrendered the script to Mr. Carpenter and entered as the *Prince*. He was quaking inwardly, but he had a remarkably professional air. And he mumbled his lines as experienced players do at a first rehearsal. Practically anyone would have mistaken Hubert for an actor on that occasion, especially when he showed his profile.

The script called for jazz-music during the ball. When they came to it, Adelaide told Jasper to switch on the electric phonograph. He did so, with a vastly disgruntled air. The *Prince* danced with *Cinderella*, to his own subtle pleasure. He forgot that he was rehearsing a play and drew her close to his breast; she too became absent-minded, and looking up into his face, smiled vaguely.

"How long you gonna keep this up?" demanded the unhappy Jasper, and on his own responsibility switched off the orchestra.

Miss Gibbs by this time was up and bristling.

"I never heard of such a thing as a prince dancing to rag-time!" she declared. "I should think you'd have something suitable, like 'The Blue Danube.'"

"No!" said Adelaide. "I want jazz. It's modern. And it expresses so much more—"

"I'll say it does!" growled Jasper, and went and sat down beside Miss Tooting, the stout girl.

The ball was over. Mr. Carpenter sounded the stroke of twelve on a dinner-gong, and *Cinderella* fled, leaving a property slipper in the *Prince's* hand.

Hubert, glancing down at the slipper, saw with horror that it bore Minton Brothers' trademark. It was a gray suede pump, size 5-C. In fact, it was one of the pair that he himself had sold to Mrs. Carpenter on that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon when she had swept into the shop looking like Fate from a limousine.

Well, as the saying is, Hubert darn near fainted.

"Shall we run through the third act?" asked *Cinderella*.

"No!" cried the *Prince*. "I mean, yes, if you want to—that is, if we aren't too tired?"

"I'm sure we're not too tired," said Mrs. Carpenter, advancing toward the stage. "We must work hard, you know. We want the little play to be a success."

"Ha-ha! Yes, of course we do!" laughed Hubert.

The third act went quickly. It went like wildfire, he thought, up to the point of his entrance. He came onto the stage reluctantly, with the gray suede pump in his hand. He approached Mrs. Carpenter, who in her rôle of the *First Older Sister* was sitting coyly on a kitchen chair waiting—(Continued on page 132)

# A Boom for

Illustrated

by

Dudley Gloyne  
Summers

*When the circus left Madison Square the first of May, Ryley Cooper "joined out" and moved along with the big show for a month, gathering material for more of the animal stories that have made him famous on both sides of the Atlantic. But at the moment of writing, he's in his home high up in the Rocky Mountains, going over his trout-flies in preparation for his annual wooing of the succulent salmon trout that will greet him in his own private lake, even higher up.*

"Git back there, you!" The Shrimp loathed those feet.



**T**HIS was one of the things which, in the life of His Majesty the Shrimp, positively passed all understanding. In all prosaic times, it seemed that the home of Miss Margaret Lannington, in Kenwood, Mo., rather belonged to His Majesty, in deference to the fact that he was really Lord Kilkenny Marston Conqueror I, grand champion Boston bulldog of the State of Missouri, winner of the five-thousand-dollar cash prize as the best of his kind in the St. Louis dog-show, and active participant in the romance of Margaret and her wonderful Mr. Theodore Bainbridge of the Tri-State Manufacturing Company. In such times, Margaret addressed His Majesty by the pet name of Toodles. She fondled

By  
Courtney  
Ryley  
Cooper

him, and rubbed her face in his warm, white-collared neck, while he rolled on his back, walled his eyes and looked foolish. Then she always had a laugh in her voice when she scolded him for trying to climb through the window at the sight of Charley Hancock's black cat next door, or begging for a trip into the yard that he might make an inspection of his buried hoard of soup bones. Therefore, in the light of this predication, why should it occur that whenever the house really became interesting, the sole reward of any attempt at geniality inevitably took the form of a stamp of the foot, a sudden clapping of hands and the sternly voiced command:

"Conqueror! Conqueror! You obey me, sir! Go back to the kitchen!"

Nevertheless, it had always happened, just as it was happening now. Of course, there were moments when the kitchen, to His Majesty, was really a fine and lovable place. That was during the preparations for meals, when things could fall from the table. But in an instance like this—especially with Norah there—it was nothing but an execrable bore. However, there he was, huddled under the cabinet, hind legs drawn forward until they rubbed his neck, shoulders hunched and white-blazed head deep between them, catfish mouth drawn at the corners, eyes rolling as the swinging door opened and closed, admitting and emitting Norah, and permitting the sound of various feminine voices to travel from beyond, all chattering at once as Margaret entertained for the afternoon a "few select friends," as the Kenwood *Clarion* would put it in the next week's issue. Which, in truth, was the cause of His Majesty's gloom. He simply loved company! Nor could he know that today, of all days, there existed a particular reason for his exile. One of those few select friends was Mrs.

# Bainbridge

Bowman, the Mrs. Bowman, as she often put it herself, fat, fatuous, and the wife of Mr. Bowman, who for the last twelve years had held down the mayor's office of Kenwood with almost as much solidity as his hefty spouse had the position of arbiter upon anything from social usage to the proper moment to "bamboo" in what she referred to as Mawr John. Mrs. Bowman kept cats; and she detested dogs, and said so at every opportunity. But of course the Shrimp didn't know. He wasn't even aware that the Mrs. Bowman was showing off a new dress of screaming foulard, which she had made over a week before from some private stock, and was attempting to foist upon a quietly suspecting following as positively the latest from the *Roy de Law Pax*.

The Shrimp only knew that he loved company—almost as much as he, at the present moment, hated the kitchen and Norah, who on such occasions as this "filled in" for forty cents an hour, talking continually to herself, and shoving one big foot at the Shrimp as she backed through the swinging door again, with the guttural command:

"Get back there, you!"

The Shrimp loathed those feet. Every time he got near them, they stepped on him—or covered anything that happened to drop from the table, or scooted it out of the way before his jaws could clamp on it. They formed for him a sort of symbol of confinement; every

time they showed up at the Lannington house, it meant a good three hours under the kitchen cabinet, while from beyond came alluring chatter and laughter and the smell of food. And simply because he hated 'em, and because he was tired of prison and because he didn't intend to stand for it any longer, he watched those feet with the eye of a desperado, as they moved from range to sink to table and to door, forgoing his usual whinings, and preparing for rebellion. At last the chance came. Half through the door, one foot raised for her usual kick, Norah paused to call to Tony, the iceman, at the back gate, telling him she didn't want any. The Shrimp scooted in a wide circle around the foot, skidded on the dining-room rug, and then squealing with joy and convinced that the few select friends would be as glad to see him as he was to make their acquaintance, he evaded the frantic Miss Lannington, leaped at random and landed plump upon the sloping lap of the Mrs. Bowman, whose ear he attempted to kiss.

After Norah had picked up the wreckage and moved a chair over the spot on the rug where a pot of tea had spilled; after a dozen voices had spoken at once of the marvelous effect of lemon upon stained foulard; after the guests had gone, and Margaret had put cold towels on her eyes to remove the redness resultant

from a secluded fit of weeping, she seated herself, sought calm by a very tight folding of the hands, and tried to remember the last catty scratch which the Mrs. Bowman had



The Shrimp leaped at random and landed plump upon the lap of the Mrs. Bowman, whose ear he attempted to kiss.

delivered as, holding her tea-decked creation from her with gingerly grasp, she had marched venomously homeward. Margaret finally remembered, and gritted her teeth. After that, Norah's announcement that His Majesty was hiding in the coal-bin, his dampened coat clustered with the dust of Missouri lignite, elicited not the slightest interest. Miss Lannington only continued to stare, and when Norah had disappeared, to repeat a cryptic remark she had made several times before:

"The old tabby! Oh—oh!" Then she clenched her hands. "For two sticks I'd—"

That night Theodore came by as usual, with the announcement that there was a fine picture down at the Odeon. Margaret didn't want to go. Then, after he had asked if she had tried to get WXAX on the radio to hear the Governor, and Margaret had said she didn't want to hear the old Governor, he decided to change the subject.

"Where's the Shrimp?" he asked.

"Upstairs—in the bathroom—drying."

"But didn't you just give him a bath yesterday?"

Margaret sighed hopelessly.

"Oh, he's been in the coal-bin again!"

Which proved *that* to be a bad subject. Theodore tried the weather.

"Terribly dusty in Belvedere Hollow today," he said. "Had to go there to look at some hay for the Percherons."

Margaret shrugged her shoulders.

"It's dusty everywhere in this town. By the time the day's over, I'm so grimy I could scream. I can't for the life of me see why they don't water the streets."

Theodore laughed.

"Good reason. Old Bowman's been mayor so long he thinks his whole job is to draw a salary."

"Bowman! Humph!" This was followed by an explosive sniff which almost drowned out the howling which had begun in the bathroom at the sound of Theodore's voice. "Bowman! It seems to me they'd get somebody with a brain in this village."

"Now, right there," said Theodore, happy to find at last a subject for conversation, "is where most of the trouble lies in this city. Whoever started this place called it the Village of

Kenwood. Then when the place grew and they incorporated it, nobody took the trouble to change the

name. This isn't a village; it's a city of the fourth class, but mighty few people seem to realize the fact. They just keep on calling it a village, and thinking of it as a village. Why," he added, "this is a good-sized little town. It's got four aldermen."

"Oh, has it, Theo?" Margaret seemed to have become interested. "I didn't know you were so well up on politics."

Theodore swelled slightly.

"Well, a person ought to know those things. That's just the trouble. Everybody here lets things slide. And old Bowman just does as he pleases. You bet I'd like to be mayor of this town. I'd start something!"

"Oh, would you, Theodore?" Margaret looked up with childish interest. "I'll just bet you would."

Theodore bet he would too.

"Why, do you know," he asked, "there are holes in the sidewalk down in Belvedere that you could throw a pig through. There hasn't been a booster trip out of this place for ages! Has anything, for instance, been done for Eight-horse Glue, a Percheron Pull and a Bulldog Grip? No." He pushed a fist into a palm. "But Eight-horse Glue has done a lot for this town! That's the trouble—sit back and let old Bowman get fat in the mayor's chair, term after term."

"But why, Theo?"

"Oh,"—he shrugged his shoulders,—"he got in on a fusion ticket, twelve years ago. Both parties united. Nobody's ever taken the trouble to run against him independently. Afraid, I suppose. So every spring he just gets his name on the primary ballot and is nominated with no opposition; and of course, when the election comes along, it's cut and dried. Nobody against him. It'll be the same thing next month."

"Then he's running again? With nobody against him?" There was a disappointed tone in Margaret's voice. "He's got it fixed so nobody else can have it?"

"Well, hardly that. You see, it's six weeks until election. Of course, if a miracle should happen, and they'd really want a new candidate, the people could get one by filing a petition with the county clerk thirty days before election, and containing the sworn signatures of more than one per cent of the voters, none of whom voted for Bowman at the primary. That'd be easy enough; not one person in ten goes to the polls here, and practically none of the women."

Margaret blinked.

"That'd be a good many names, wouldn't it, Theo?"

"No, not many—not over a hundred and fifty. About time something like that was done, too—from the number of people I've heard kicking lately. Influential ones too, like Jaccard, down at the bank."

"Oh! Is he dissatisfied too?"

"Is he? When the mayor takes the town money to a St. Louis bank?"

"Oh." Then a long silence and after that, a supplementary: "Oh, I never thought of that."

"Thought of what?"

"Oh, nothing." And Margaret began to sew feverishly upon the cretonne drapes which would grace their new home when at last she would become Mrs. Bainbridge. The old looked at his watch.

"You wouldn't want to see that picture—down at the Odeon?"

"Really, I don't think I'd better, Theo. I've—I've a terrible headache. But you run along. You ought to see it—that's the one about



Gran'ma shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe so. When I first got here, a fellow gave me a drink an' called it Hawkins' Hair-remover."

"Get him out of here!" he gulped. "That's the Lannington dog!" "Aint I been trying to get him out?" protested the campaign manager.



hunting wild animals, isn't it? Yes, Theo, I think you ought to see it. Really I do."

Something about the way she held her hand to her brow convinced him, nor was he to believe that it had come from anything but sewing ruffles on valances of cretonne; Theodore knew nothing of the tea episode. Upstairs, the Shrimp howled anew at his voice calling a jocular good-by, and at the sound of his steps on the veranda. After that the house was silent, until Theodore had progressed far down the street. Then Margaret Lannington rose, shoulders back, lips compressed, and went to the telephone, where she held a long conversation, *sotto voce*, with Mr. Jaccard of the Kenwood Savings Bank.

The conference completed, Margaret went upstairs and let the Shrimp out of the bathroom, spanking him on the fly, merely for good measure, and moved to her writing-desk in the bed-chamber, where she hacked a point on a pencil with a manicure knife. Two hours later, when Theodore passed on the way home from the picture-show, he looked up with something of perturbation and made up his mind to speak to her about sewing too late on that cretonne. In the room itself, His Majesty snoring unnoticed and therefore undisturbed in the middle of the bed, Miss Margaret Lannington struggled at scribbled sheets, wrinkling her brows in prodigious efforts at memory, and biting her pencil in the interim preceding a triumphant wave of the pencil as she settled to new endeavors.

"Mrs. Civington!" she exclaimed. "Mrs. Civington. I'd almost forgotten her. That's sixty-eight. Then Mrs.—Mrs. What's-her-name—down by the power-house? The one *she* splattered that day with her automobile. Oh, what *is* her name? Oh, yes. . . . Sixty-nine. And then Lucy—Lucy Withers; no, not Withers—Weathers; that's it. That's seventy. And—"

Thus the hours went by. It was two o'clock before Margaret Lannington spanked the Shrimp anew, and asking him how many times he had been told not to get on the bed, sent him skidding down the newly polished steps to his silken pillow in the living-room. After that Margaret Lannington put a postscript on her usual prayers, and the next day rose early. She was at the bank when it opened. Twenty minutes after that, she leaned forward for even more gently whispered conversation.

"Of course," she said, "it would be suicide to the cause, to have it known that I had a hand in it. But if you could arrange it, and if, as you say, those solicitors only charge ten cents a name—"

Then there was more whispering, and after a long time Miss

Margaret Lannington departed, looking strangely elated, and took the Shrimp for a long drive in the country. Nor did she scold him when he tried a handspring from the back seat at the sight of a herd of cows.

"Perhaps it is just as well," she mused, "that you did jump on her old lap!"

But that night, when Theo dropped by as usual, she naturally made no mention of the day's happenings—or at any other time, until Theodore ten days later brought up the subject in a perfectly natural way.

The Shrimp leaped from his pillow at the sound of his step, and began to bark. Theodore rarely ran; nor did he usually puff when he came into the house—except now, as he slammed the door behind him, circled through the reception hall, forgot even to acknowledge the welcome of the bounding Lord Conqueror, and halted breathlessly before Margaret, one hand extending a copy of the *Weekly Clarion*.

"Have you seen it?" he asked in an awed tone. Margaret rose. The moment had arrived.

"Seen what, dear?" she queried innocently.

"This!" Then Theodore, with an unconscious flourish, unfolded the paper. On the first page was a black headline. It stated that shortly before going to press, a petition had been filed by Mr. James Jaccard of the Kenwood Savings Bank, containing two hundred and fifty-three names, and naming an independent ticket of women, with the one exception of the candidate for mayor, who would be that sterling young business man, Mr. Theodore Bainbridge, superintendent of the Tri-State Manufacturing Company, producers of Eight-horse Glue!

After that came a natural pause until Margaret could force the Shrimp to stop barking. It was a threshold of momentous import. When Margaret asked him what he intended to do about it, Theodore felt vaguely through his memory for the first two lines of "Opportunity," and failing to reach them, compromised by saying that time and tide wait for no man. Margaret picked a few cretonne ravelings from her dress and glanced at the Shrimp.

"It's a public call and a public duty, Theodore."

"Yes." He held his chin slightly aloft (*Continued on page 102*)

By Elizabeth Irons Folsom

Illustrated  
by  
John A. Coughlin

This magazine has gained an immense amount of praise lately for its very short stories—and we may note, in passing, that it has on hand some remarkable examples for future publication. Here is a specially interesting drama-in-brief written by the woman who won the O. Henry Memorial Committee prize this year for a story of the sort, a special prize that is awarded each year to the American who produces the best story of three thousand words or less.



# For the Sake of the Woman

THE snow lay deep. The low wooden buildings, linked by covered passages, looked deep sunken. There was a rambling chain of them—a store building with two curtained windows, a stable, a cowshed. With their squat roofs peaked against the snow, they looked secure and resigned amid the encircling mountains. The sky was close and thick; the mountain peaks were lost in gray clouds. The cold was biting.

A horse floundering through the drifts stopped at the cleared platform in front of the store. The rider dismounted heavily, stamped his feet, plunged at the door, flung it open and entered.

Inside, the great round stove was red in blotchy spots. The air about it quivered. Banked against the walls were packing

cases of all sizes; there was a counter, and some shelves heaped with woolen things; shoved back into the corners was a confusion of farm tools, long wooden boxes, barrels.

The man slamming the stove drafts looked over his shoulder toward the opening door.

"Say, Phil," said the newcomer, "Bert Turner's dead up to Sullivan's. They wants ye to come."

"You don't say!"

"They wants ye right away. They wont keep him there over-night. Say, did ye get in your flour yet? I'll—"

He stopped suddenly, for a woman sitting back of the stove had leaned forward, her great eyes staring at him.



Phil advanced upon him.  
"You apologize for that,  
or I'll break every bone  
in your body!"

sitting. Her fingers clutched the edge—straining, her knuckles showing white. Her face was colorless—nothing to it but her eyes—blue eyes that were black now.

"It's fer the best, Janey," Phil Gregg repeated. "I wouldn't take on about it if I was you."

"No." Her voice was low yet very clear. "No. But it's—so quick—so sudden."

"Well, you'll know where he is now. You've never knowed that—fer sure—in a lot of years, have you?"

"No. But Phil—once he wasn't—"

"That's all right, Janey. But it don't get you anywhere now."

"I know. But it come over me all at once how he used to be."

"Yes, of course. Brace up, Janey. You aint no worse off. Not so bad—not near! You can sleep nights now—not stay awake listening for him."

She took her hands from the table edge and covered her face with them. But she did not cry; she shivered as with the cold. Phil Gregg took a shawl from the shelves and put it awkwardly about her, then turned again to the drafts. It was some minutes before she uncovered her face.

"Can you get up to Sullivan's, Phil?"

"I'll have to, that's all."

"An' what will you do?"

"I'll bring him home, Janey."

"Can you?"

"I must."

"But the snow's so deep."

"Don't you worry. I'll make it."

There was silence again; the stove

snapped; the heat-waves rippled.

"Phil?"

"Yes, Janey."

"What does—this—do, to what I came to see you about?"

"That's what I was wonderin'."

"Will Henry pay the money just the same?"

"I don't know why not. But he's a sneak, you know."

Steps sounded again on the platform outside. The door opened; a man entered and scanned the room swiftly. He was a little man enveloped in a mangy fur coat. From under the visor of his cap, his little, shrewd eyes snapped. He glanced from Phil to the woman by the table.

"Mis' Turner, I've just heard what's happened up to Sullivan's. I been to your house to see you."

She regarded him silently.

"She was tellin' me she expected you at her house this morning," said Phil into the silence. "To (Continued on page 130)

"Gosh! I didn't see ye, Mis' Turner. Sorry to hand it to ye like that. Had ye heard?"

She shook her head.

"No, the flour aint come in, yet," said the store man; "I think it'll be here sure tomorrow."

The other backed toward the door.

"Will ye go up to Sullivan's?" he asked in a loud whisper. "Better do it as quick as ye kin. They aint gentle in their ways up there, ye know."

Phil nodded. "Wont you stop and get het up some?"

But the visitor, reaching for the door-latch, with another glance at the unspeaking woman, said something about a hurry. The door shut, and there sounded the shuffle of boots on the platform, and his voice speaking to his horse as he mounted and rode off.

"It's fer the best, Janey," Philip Gregg said softly. "You don't have to worry no more."

She reached her arms across the table against which she was

By George Gibbs

# Sackcloth and Scarlet

Illustrated by the Author

*Having completed the portraits he has been painting in New York, George Gibbs has gone up into Canada to paint landscapes and to complete his new novel for readers of this magazine. You may be interested to know that its hero is an artist; and when it comes to the delineation of a certain artist temperament, George Gibbs ought to know what he's writing about—and does.*

#### *The Story So Far:*

JOAN FREEMAN'S desperate defense of her sister altered her life in a moment. "It isn't Polly's baby," Joan had said to Georgia Curtis, the gossiping inquisitor who had put her on the rack, "but mine—my baby. I hope you understand." Indeed, life had never been the same since, nearly a year ago, foolish, impulsive little Polly had come to Joan with her confession and her dire dilemma.

They had been on a summer trip to the Canadian Rockies, two wealthy orphans unchaperoned; and Joan had been unwise enough to make a separate journey for a few days, leaving feather-headed little Polly to her own devices—which had included a reckless clandestine flirtation, under an assumed name, with a handsome guide named Steve, who did not in the least understand the girl. Steve, indeed, had been honest enough; after the affair had gone too far, he had expected to marry "Ruth Shirley," as he knew her, at once. But she had shrunk from the complications of such a step—of introducing the awkward Westerner to her smart set in New York; and she had left Lake Louise abruptly, leaving no address.

Sometime afterward, in New York, Polly was driven to confess it all to Joan; and the older sister had at once gone to Lake Louise to find Steve—Polly hadn't even known his last name. But Steve, after he had learned of "Ruth Shirley's" disappearance, had also vanished.

Joan had taken her sister to France then, to an obscure hamlet where Polly's baby, a boy, was born. But her recovery was slow; and when inquisitive Georgia Curtis passed by on a motor trip and recognized Joan as she wheeled the child by the roadside, Joan did not dare risk the shock of reporting the mischance to Polly. And so now, also, when Joan confronted Georgia in Paris, her protective passion for her younger sister drove her to claim the child as her own. . . . No, life would never be the same again for Joan.

Presently Polly grew better, but her character was not changed. She evinced no affection for her son—consented, indeed, to Joan's sacrifice. And soon, keeping her secret, she married one Joe Drake.

Joan took the boy as her own and remained in France till he was two; then, assuming the name of "Mrs. Freeman," she removed to Washington, and lived in seclusion there for some years—until a chance encounter with young Congressman Stephen Edwards, and an instant mutual attraction, again changed the complexion of her world.

Edwards called upon Joan; but though she liked him, and Jack adored him, she didn't encourage his visits. For he would soon discover her status: there was no Mr. Freeman, and she was not received in Washington society. Yet Joan was deeply troubled when disclosure came—in odd fashion. Edwards was leading the fight of the conservation group against a powerful New York syndicate seeking to acquire certain timber reserves; the Curtises were at the head of that syndicate; and Georgia, perhaps desirous of knowing their enemy better, invited Edwards to dinner. There Edwards heard the accepted story about Joan—and there too he refused the overtures of Sam Curtis to aid his iniquitous Verde River Bill.

THE power of the Curtis group was soon demonstrated. Through their influence, Edwards' attempt to have it killed in committee was defeated, and it was favorably reported. And a little later Edwards' friend Ransom came to him with the news that a scandalous story was being circulated, linking Edwards' name with that of Joan Freeman.

The gossip was assiduously spread; and presently Joan learned of it through her friend Beatrice de Selignac. To leave Washington seemed to Joan the only means of silencing the story; Edwards had another plan—and came to Joan on the eve of her departure with a proposal of marriage. She refused him. And then—Polly turned up. She had broken with her worthless husband, was out of funds and out of health.

Joan took Polly with her to a hotel in Atlantic City, and bought her a new wardrobe. Shortly thereafter Edwards learned of Joan's address through Beatrice de Selignac and went to Atlantic City to persuade her to change her mind. Joan was out when he called; he was received by Polly—and they recognized in each other the Steve and the Ruth Shirley of that long-ago Lake Louise episode.

After a perfunctory call on Joan, Edwards returned to Washington, his mind in a turmoil. But this did not prevent his making a fine speech against the Verde River Bill when it came up for consideration—a speech that brought about its defeat. Afterward Beatrice de Selignac congratulated him, noted his care-worn appearance and taking him to tea, learned that his trouble was caused by something that had happened at Atlantic City—that another woman was concerned. Moreover Beatrice received a letter from Joan, expressing her surprise and anxiety over Edwards' sudden departure. (*The story continues in detail:*)



"What on earth, Joan—" Polly began. "We're going—Mademoiselle, Jack and I—in the morning."

**B**EATRICE DE SELIGNAC sank into the armchair by the fire recently occupied by Mr. Edwards and gave herself to eager speculation as to the possible causes of his sudden strange renunciation. A week ago he had been eager for her help. Today he had denied himself (and her) even the possibility of a hope. He had practically admitted that a woman out of his past was the impediment to his happiness. But why should another woman be an impediment to his happiness today, when a week ago she had apparently not existed?

She could imagine no barrier between Stephen Edwards and Joan but a previous marriage, and this was of course impossible. For a previous marriage would have been as formidable a barrier to his attentions to Joan as to his wish to marry her, as formidable a barrier to his affections at the moment of his proposal as later at Atlantic City when he had suddenly decided to return, without

seeing her again, to Washington. Something had happened, then, at Atlantic City. Where else?

She regretted that she had not risked his impatience in questioning more closely the motives that had changed him so much. For given the conclusion that Stephen Edwards was not married, the reason for his renunciation could only be found in some fancied obligation to abide by the consequences of a past mistake, some sensitive perception of a duty now suddenly imposed. The idea suited the purpose of Beatrice and satisfied her conscience in her plan to waste no time in bringing Joan and Stephen Edwards together. After that, having done her duty as a friend to them both, she would commit their fate into the hands of Providence.

So she wrote a long letter to Joan, beginning with her discovery as to the sources of the slanders that had sent Joan away, following it with a description of her encounter with the Sam Curtises,

and Mrs. Newett, when the vote on the Verde River Bill had been taken.

Continuing, she spoke of bringing the victor home for tea, describing at length his care-worn appearance, the cause for which was not to be found in any political responsibility in Washington. It was something that she could not understand, she wrote, because everything had gone so wonderfully for him. She was very fond of him, she said, as much because of his splendid manhood as for his qualities of the Grand Seigneur, which had always made him so interesting in a generation where that sort of thing had passed. This portion of the letter concluded with the statement that she was more than half in love with him herself, and that if there was a chance of Joan relinquishing him, Beatrice was quite ready to take him off her hands.

"Finally, dearest Joan," she concluded, "as you *must* see, from all that I have written, your fears that the gossip about you and Stephen Edwards might damage his career were entirely without foundation. His speech in the House has shown everybody the kind of man that he is—a man with a future which no lies can touch. In view of this fact, I think you've stayed away from Washington long enough. And I advise you, if you don't come back at once, that I will come to Atlantic City and fetch you."

It was a thick letter and had required in the writing most of the evening. It had also required considerable skill and not a few commendable prevarications. But it was with a great deal of satisfaction that Beatrice de Selignac sealed the letter and affixed the stamp. So far as she knew it, she had done her duty.

To Joan, the letter from Beatrice de Selignac was like a fresh breeze from the sea after a week of rain and mist. It seemed to clear her mind of all miasma. Amusing, cheerful, ironic by turns, it provided just the tonic that she needed and presented to her in a new guise her flight from a situation which after all possessed no greater power to harm her than the story that she had already permitted the world to believe. True, her dismay at the thought of having her name connected vilely with that of Stephen Edwards still existed, but her acceptance of his visit had somehow given recognition to a growing impression that she was not so ready to relinquish him as she had supposed.

She read the letter several times, with varied emotions—at his success, at his unhappiness, at the incident with Mr. Curtis, thoughtfully at the threat of Beatrice to come to Atlantic City and fetch her home. For a long while she sat at her window looking out over the sea. She hoped that Stephen was not going to be ill—on her account. There was so much that he would want to say to her now about his success. She felt a need to share his triumph with him. She searched about her brain for compromises. After all, she must go back to Washington some day. And her final decision as to her place of residence could be made just as well in Washington as Atlantic City. She thrilled gently in the throes of her resolve.

**POLLY** had spent most of the morning basking in the sunlight of the pavilion, alone, in deep meditation. Joan had come to her once early, but the replies that she had received had been perfunctory, and so she had gone at last to her room.

But there was no gentleness in Polly's eyes as at last she rose and took up her rug. The faint lines around her lips had hardened, as though in response to some general inner contraction which affected the surface tissues. She was, it seemed, compact of some new resolution, possibly a difficult one. She went down the steps into the long lobby still frowning, but an effort brought a smile as she walked along the corridor upstairs.

She was surprised as she entered Joan's room at the signs of disorder, the opened wardrobe trunk, its drawers upon the sofa, a bag upon the table, and various articles of wearing apparel scattered about the room. She found Joan busily pinning tapes to hats and installing them carefully in the large hat-box. From the room of Mademoiselle Dupuy came sounds of varied activities, all to do with what seemed to be an almost precipitate departure.

As Polly came in, Joan looked up.

"What on earth, Joan—" Polly began.

"We're going—Mademoiselle, Jack and I—in the morning."

"Going where?"

"To Washington."

"Oh!"

Joan took a pin from her mouth and carefully attached a piece of white tape.

Polly glanced at the table, where a thick envelope contained the letter of Beatrice de Selignac.

"It's rather a sudden decision, isn't it?" she asked indifferently.

"Yes. But I thought it was about time we were going back—



Joan rose, startled, when  
Polly appeared between  
the hangings, smiling.  
"Oh—Polly, I thought  
you were upstairs."

at least for a while. My plans for the future are a bit uncertain."

She spoke the words as though from some depth of the unconscious in which pride still fought her dominant wish. She put the finished hat-box frame into position and straightened. "You can stay here if you like, Polly."

Polly was silent a moment.

"But I don't like," she said. "I hope you don't want to get rid of me, Joan."

"No, I don't. But I thought you liked it here."

"I don't. I'm bored stiff."

"Oh!" And then, after a silence: "Very well. You'd better be packing, then. We'll have to get a steamer trunk. I don't think I've enough room for all the new dresses."

Polly walked about the room, fingering things.

"Who was the letter from?" she asked carelessly.

"Bee de Selignac."

"Oh!" And then: "She's a friend of Mr. Edwards, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"Is she still as nice as formerly, Joan? She used to think she was terribly clever."

"She is clever, and my best—I might say my only—intimate friend."

Polly laughed. "Always except Mr. Edwards."

"They're hardly to be compared," said Joan easily, "but I value them both very highly."

"I hope to know them better," Polly finished lightly.

Joan went on with her packing, but Polly remained standing by the table.



"I wish I didn't feel so like an intruder," she said slowly. "I wish I were sure that you really wanted me, Joan." Her tone was gently plaintive.

"I've never given you any reason to think you weren't wanted, have I?"

"N-no." The rising inflection in her voice made Joan look at her. "But you ought to know," Polly went on, "how dreadful it is for me to be placed in such a humiliating position. Don't you think it hurts me to be dependent on you for—for everything, even the clothes on my back? It's terrible," she burst out rather wildly, "but what can I do? I can't be left in the streets to starve!"

"Please don't," Joan murmured. She had a sense of guilt now in even proposing that Polly should be left behind. She had not been able to see her discontented sister fitting into any niche in the Washington home, or finding herself amused by any of the simple pleasures that Joan enjoyed. "I don't want you to feel like that, Polly," she continued gently. "But you know it's not very lively at home. I am—I've always been," she added thoughtfully, "very quiet."

"Well, I can't say that it's been wildly hilarious even here,"

Polly replied. "But I've been happy, as happy as anybody can be in my position."

"I don't think it's very kind, Polly," said Joan slowly, "to talk like this."

"Oh, very well," sighed Polly, and went out of the room.

#### Chapter Twenty-eight

B EATRICE met them at the Union Station and drove them to Joan's home in her car. She had not seen Polly for some time and curiously noted the changes in her appearance. Briefly she appraised her—an ingénue gone stale, a woman who had once successfully played the "sweet young thing" and believed that she could still play it successfully.

Beatrice had lived much among well-born people of an older world, and she had learned, among other things, that quietness of person was the distinguishing mark of gentility. Polly belonged to a different world from her own or from Joan's. In dress, in manner, in thought, she represented the Broadway idea, the point of view of women who live for pleasure and the exploitation of

their vanishing graces. To put the matter in a word, Polly was common.

At Joan's house Mademoiselle disappeared to the nursery with Jack, who was immediately bent on putting on "chaps" and sombrero and "roping" the cook. And after a moment Polly went upstairs to the guest-room which had been assigned to her.

With Polly's disappearance, Joan relaxed in a laugh and embraced Beatrice rapturously.

"Oh, Bee! If you only knew how glad I am to get home!"

"So am I glad, dear."

"I've missed you awfully. I don't think I realized how much until I got your letter. It was such a fine letter, Bee—so full of everything that I wanted to hear."

"Especially about Stephen Edwards?" asked Beatrice quizzically.

"About everything. Wasn't it gorgeous about the Verde Bill?"

"Yes, and he was splendid. The papers have been rather full of him lately—this Lochinvar of yours out of the West."

"Have you seen very much of him since you wrote?"

"No, my dear, I haven't. You needn't be alarmed. Of course, I'm half in love with him. Any woman would be if she could have seen him last Wednesday. I sha'n't even have him in for tea unless you permit it."

"Don't be absurd."

"I'm not. I was going on to add that the moment you give him up, I shall make a dead set for him. He's entirely too attractive to be long at a loose end."

"You said he was not looking well," said Joan. She tried to prevent the show of anxiety in her voice, but the attempt was unsuccessful.

Beatrice laughed softly. "What's the use of mincing matters, Joan? I wrote you what I could. But Stephen isn't losing his health over legislative matters. It's over—you!"

Joan bent her head, silent for a moment.

"Do you think," she murmured, "that that is what is the matter with him?"

"I know it."

"Has he—he has he spoken to you of me?"

It was now time for Beatrice to be on her guard, and she answered slowly.

"Yes, he has. He had that right, I think. I'm his friend as well as yours."

"What did he say, Bee?"

"That he had proposed to you—that you had refused him."

"Oh!"

"That's true, isn't it?" Beatrice asked.

"Yes. It—is," whispered Joan.

"Why?" asked Beatrice after a moment.

"Oh, you know why, Bee. You ought to know why—after what they had said. I couldn't bear the thought of a story like that about us. I was revolted. He shouldn't have spoken—he shouldn't have expected—" She paused, then rose and paced the floor slowly.

"You mean—just then? At the wrong time?"

"Yes. I suppose so. It was all so horrible."

Beatrice smiled as she asked:

"I suppose you realize, don't you, dear, that most of those horrors were imaginary—that you were—just hypnotized by a set of cruel phrases, a subterfuge invented for a purpose which had nothing whatever to do with you? You can understand now, can't you, after what happened at the Capitol, that I haven't wasted any time in telling people what I know about you and what I saw?"

"Why did you do that, Bee?" Joan stopped by the chair of her friend and put a hand on her shoulder.

"I had to. I should have exploded if I hadn't." And then with a shrug: "You'll have to forgive me for that too, Joan."

A light movement of Joan's fingers on Beatrice's shoulder. Beatrice clasped the fingers gently.

"I'm trying to make you understand, Joan dear, that you've just let yourself fall a victim to your imagination. Why, you even thought those stories would injure Stephen Edwards' career! That's what they were intended to do. But they didn't. He may have lost some votes among the upholders, but he has a personality that rises above people like that. Ransom counted on his personality. Curtis and Newett didn't. Ransom won. He was an old campaigner, and he knew the world. He knew that for every Puritan in Congress there are ten who secretly admire the kind of gallantries Stephen Edwards was accused of—"

"Please, Bee!"



"It's the truth. We don't live in a stodgy world. It's what a man—or even a woman—accomplishes that matters. So you see, you can't hurt his career. It's beyond hurting."

Joan sank into her chair again thoughtfully.

"I think, Bee," she said at last, "that I'd like to have him come to see me again. But I feel rather awkward about writing him or calling him up."

"But why?" inquired Beatrice.

"It was all so curious. He didn't let me know that he was coming. I was out when he called. And if Polly hadn't been in, I might not have seen him at all. He left early in the morning. He wasn't the same, when I saw him that evening, Bee—nervous, unhappy, uncomfortable-looking. I was going to say haunted—even frightened, if you could say a thing of such a man. I don't know. I've had the strangest feelings about him. You know how a woman can have strange feelings—instincts she can't explain."

"Yes," Beatrice commented slowly. "But then, you know, we're all as often wrong as right."

"But then I've seen

Beatrice leaned forward and kissed her.

"Dear old Joan! Of course I knew, but I did want to hear it from your own lips. It makes us closer somehow." She straightened with a laugh. "And if you'd like to hear it, I'll tell you the truth. Stephen Edwards adores you. The love of a man like that is worth having." She got up and walked to the mantel, where she turned quickly. "You mustn't let anything come between you and a love like that, Joan—not anything, do you hear?"

Not gossip or slander or suspicion! Sometimes women have to fight for their happiness against these things. But the happiness that you get is worth fighting for, worth sacrificing for."

"What do you mean, Bee?" asked Joan curiously.

"Precisely nothing at all. It's just that I know that happiness is hard to get—hard to keep when you've got it." She turned toward the window, avoiding Joan's gaze. "That's what I mean when I say that you'd better not think too much, that it would be better if you followed your heart—"

She stopped and turned. A slight sound had come from the library adjoining. Joan rose, startled, when Polly appeared quickly between the hangings, smiling, a book in her hand.

"Oh—Polly! I thought you were upstairs."

"I wanted to find something to read," Polly replied coolly. "Has anyone read this?" And she gave the title of a popular novel.

Beatrice did not reply. Perhaps she had been disturbed by the sudden interruption of her train of thought. She stared at Polly in questioning silence. It was curious.

"Yes, I've read it," said Joan slowly, with a glance at Beatrice. "You may like it, Polly. Won't you sit down for a moment?"

"No, thanks. I'm tired." She nodded to the visitor. "I hope I'll see you again very soon, Beatrice," she said, and then went out through the hall door up the stair.

Polly had been so pleasant that for a moment Beatrice was ashamed of her suspicion—that Polly had been long in the darkened library, listening to their conversation. Joan made no comment. If she had any mental reservations in regard to Polly's sudden appearance, she gave no evidence of doubt to Beatrice. But both women waited in an attitude of listening, as though by common consent, until Polly's high heels no longer clicked on the stair. Then Beatrice spoke again, in an unconsciously lowered tone as though to guard against a further intrusion.

"Will you remember, Joan: no more introspection. You're given to that. Meet your happiness face to face, smiling. And don't be looking for obstacles that don't exist—like dubious telegrams." She drew on her wrap, and they embraced. "Good-by, dear. Until tomorrow!"

BEATRICE wore an abstracted air as she went down the walk to the waiting limousine. The thought that had suddenly come to her was stark in its significance. Polly! She had been listening. Why? Polly—

"Where to, madam?" asked her chauffeur. And she realized that she had been standing for a full moment, motionless, her fingers on the handle of the door.

"Home, please."

It was curious how one suspicion impelled another. A phrase of Joan's came to her, isolated: "If Polly hadn't been in, I

him so much. I know his moods so well. This was different. I can't explain."

"I think if I were you, I would follow my heart." She laid her hand over Joan's and held it there for a moment before she spoke. "There's no use trying to hide what's in your heart from me, Joan—not any longer. You do love him, don't you, dear?"

The palm of Joan's hand turned slowly upward, and her fingers entwined in those of her friend. She bent her head.

"I do, Bee," she said gently.



"What do you mean?" gasped Joan. "Oh, nothing. I'm just trying to show you how little you'd count if I chose to exercise my rights—or he did."

might not have seen him at all." It had not conveyed anything when Joan said it, but it seemed to have a different meaning now. The idea was incredible—and yet strangely persistent. Polly and Stephen had met before he had seen Joan. There had been a time when they had been together, alone. He had reached the Traymore just in time for dinner, and had called upon Joan soon after. A careful analysis of events as Beatrice knew them had proved to her satisfaction that in that brief time, a "woman out of the past" had confronted him. Could that woman be Polly Drake?

An extraordinary situation, but one that explained many things, for here of course was a reason, the only valid reason, for Stephen Edwards' renunciation of Joan! Polly was the "other woman" in Stephen's life, and Joan's sister! There were difficulties ahead for the frail craft that Beatrice was attempting to guide safely into harbor from a tempestuous sea.

### Chapter Twenty-nine

WITH the closing of the door behind her visitor, Joan turned and stood for a moment, then went into the library. Its obscurity, which would have made a search of the shelves for a book virtually impossible, gave color to her suspicion that Polly had come down the back stairs with no other object than to listen to the conversation. Joan turned the switch of the electric light. A brass paper-cutter lay upon the floor beside the center table, from which it had been inadvertently brushed by the intruder. It was the sound of its falling that had made Polly's sudden appearance compulsory. Joan picked up the paper-cutter, turned it over slowly in her fingers, then put it on the table, frowning. Polly had listened. But why?

Joan turned off the light and with the manner of one who has made a decision went up the stairs to Polly's room. Polly gave Joan a glance, and lighting a cigarette, threw herself on the bed.

"Well, what's up now, old thing?"

It was a term that Polly had picked up somewhere, but to Joan's state of mind, as a word of endearment it had a false ring.

Joan carefully closed the door into the hall.

"I was very much upset to find that you had been in the library while Beatrice and I were talking."

Polly sat upright. "Were you? Why?"

"Because I didn't know you were there. You had gone up the front stairs. Why did you come down the back way?"

Polly gave a shrug. "I didn't want to disturb you. Didn't I tell you that I was looking for a book?"

"In the dark? That's rather stupid of you, Polly."

"You mean that I listened purposely? Oh, say, Joan. That's pretty strong."

"Do you deny that you listened?" asked Joan quietly.

Polly laughed. "Really, you might think that I'd been making off with the family silver! Didn't I say that I'd gone down to get a book?"

"Will you answer me?"

"Not while you take the tragedy-queen attitude. It's becoming to your style of beauty, but hardly appropriate to this occasion. Don't you flatter yourself and Beatrice a little as to the importance your conversation might have for me?"

"I don't know how important it may have been to you, but the fact remains that it was a private conversation—one that we wouldn't have had if we had known that you were there."

"Really?"

Polly threw her feet over the side of the bed and examined her slippers intently. "I don't think that's very kind, do you?"

THERE was a suggestion of tears in Polly's voice, but Joan's impatience was proof against that device.

"I didn't come up here to be kind. You've forfeited the right to my kindness. Why should I be kind when you do a secret—a dishonorable—"

"Joan!"

"I mean it. There's no other word. You were eavesdropping! Why?"

Polly shrank from that. But when she raised her head, her lips twisted unpleasantly.

"Since you've already condemned me, there's no use of my answering."

"Yes, there is. I've given you hospitality, brought you into my house, attempted to resume the sisterly relationship, because I was sorry for you. The only thing I ask in exchange is loyalty. You've failed in that. You listened to a private conversation.

Why did you do it? Don't you understand that such a thing is intolerable?"

"I didn't try to listen," said Polly sullenly.

Joan took no notice of the negation.

"Will you tell me," she went on coolly, "what interest you can have in my personal affairs?"

"I'm not interested in them. It's all too beastly of you!"

"Perhaps. But I'm just standing up for my rights in my own house. I don't like this feeling of increasing unfriendliness in your attitude toward me. You've shown it almost constantly since you came back. This disloyalty is just the culmination. You and I must have an understanding. If you're going to be my guest, you've got to give me loyalty in return—and decency!"

Polly blew a smoke-ring.

"I suppose," she said with a dry laugh, "that you think I haven't shown you enough gratitude for what you've done for me. You wanted me to play the poor relation, didn't you? To be ready to eat out of your hand, to lie down, roll over and play dead! Well, I can't and I won't. It isn't my nature to do those things for anybody. I don't see why I should for you. I've just been unlucky. You haven't. And you take advantage of my misfortunes to try and make me feel my position in this house—even to the point of accusing me of listening to your silly conversations. Really, Joan!" She got up and threw her cigarette into the fireplace. "It's too much—even from a sister!"

Joan was silent a moment, staring at her. The reproaches in Polly's words passed over her, but the sharpness of her tones struck fire upon the flint of Joan's resolution.

"I mean what I say," said Joan distinctly. Her anger did not need to be expressed in violence, and her words came in a quick staccato which was the more noticeable in one so quiet. "You've violated my hospitality. You can't do that. Whatever you may think about your rights, this house is mine, and you'll have to behave yourself in it."

"Or else?" asked Polly impudently.

Joan turned. "Or else you'll have to go away," Joan finished quietly.

POLLY'S smile faded, and her fingers trembled as she took up a fresh cigarette and lighted it. Her rage was inward, filling her so that she could scarcely breathe. Every emotion that had mastered her since her return—humiliation, envy, jealousy, all the fruits of the twisted tree, grown from the ugly soil of her selfishness, seemed to culminate in one single point of malice.

"I—I see," she gasped. "You don't want me here." She made a jerky motion of an arm toward the door. "All right." She spoke again. "But if I go—Jack goes with me."

Joan stared at her, suddenly rigid. Her words came slowly, softly, but with singular intensity.

"You have no claim on Jack. That was understood."

"You understood it. I didn't," said Polly lightly.

"You've forfeited all right to Jack."

"How? He's my son."

"No. You deserted him—"

"But I've come back to him again." Polly laughed. "The only claims you have on my son are those I've given you."

"Impossible! I've adopted him."

"Not legally. It was rather stupid of you not to have adopted him legally."

Joan found breathing difficult. "I—I'm willing to trust to the law," she said rather wildly. "I've loved him, educated him, supported him, made him a part of my life—"

"But you did not bear him."

Joan stared at her, fury struggling with her terror at the validity of Polly's statements. She had adopted him by a mere statement of the intention, but not legally. That was true. And she had not borne him. But he was hers, nevertheless, body and soul, her creature, from the beginning—not Polly's. She had a difficulty in finding a reply, and Polly spoke first.

"I wouldn't advise you to appeal to the law," she said crisply. "I'm his mother. He has a father too—somewhere."

"Don't!" Joan's face went into her hands.

"You can't ignore him, can you?" Polly went on, following up her advantage. "He exists—somewhere."

"Don't speak of him. I forbid you."

Polly turned away, and there was a smile on her lips.

"Why should you hate him so?"

"Because it was through him that all your misfortunes came, all mine,—because he typifies for me all that is ignoble and vile. I could kill such a man if he came between Jack and me."

"But he has his rights," Polly went (Continued on page 149)

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One afternoon the author of "Post Mortems" called on the editor and left a brief manuscript. Half an hour later he received a telephone message that his story had been accepted and would be published in

the next issue. Two days later Mr. Divine received his check. Yesterday the editorial department received a letter from a friend in which the latter said: "Charley hasn't recovered yet, but we still have hopes."

By

Charles Divine

# Post Mortems

Illustrated by W. B. King

ONE word led to another. From the living-room, where the first outbursts of feeling occurred, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barker carried the dispute to their bedroom, where they now continued it with great gusto. It was a pity, because they agreed on most other subjects, and everybody in Edgedale considered them one of the best-suited couples in town. Each was attractive, he in his tall, rather careless way, she in her bright-eyed, spirited fashion; each was possessed of a charm that caused them to be invited about a great deal. She was in frequent demand at women's clubs, and he, for a young man, had done remarkably well to become a vice-president of the Acme Metal Works so soon.

But one word had led to another.

He wrenched off his dinner coat and dived into the curtained alcove leading to the clothes-closet.

"I'm fed up with this wrangling!" he declared.

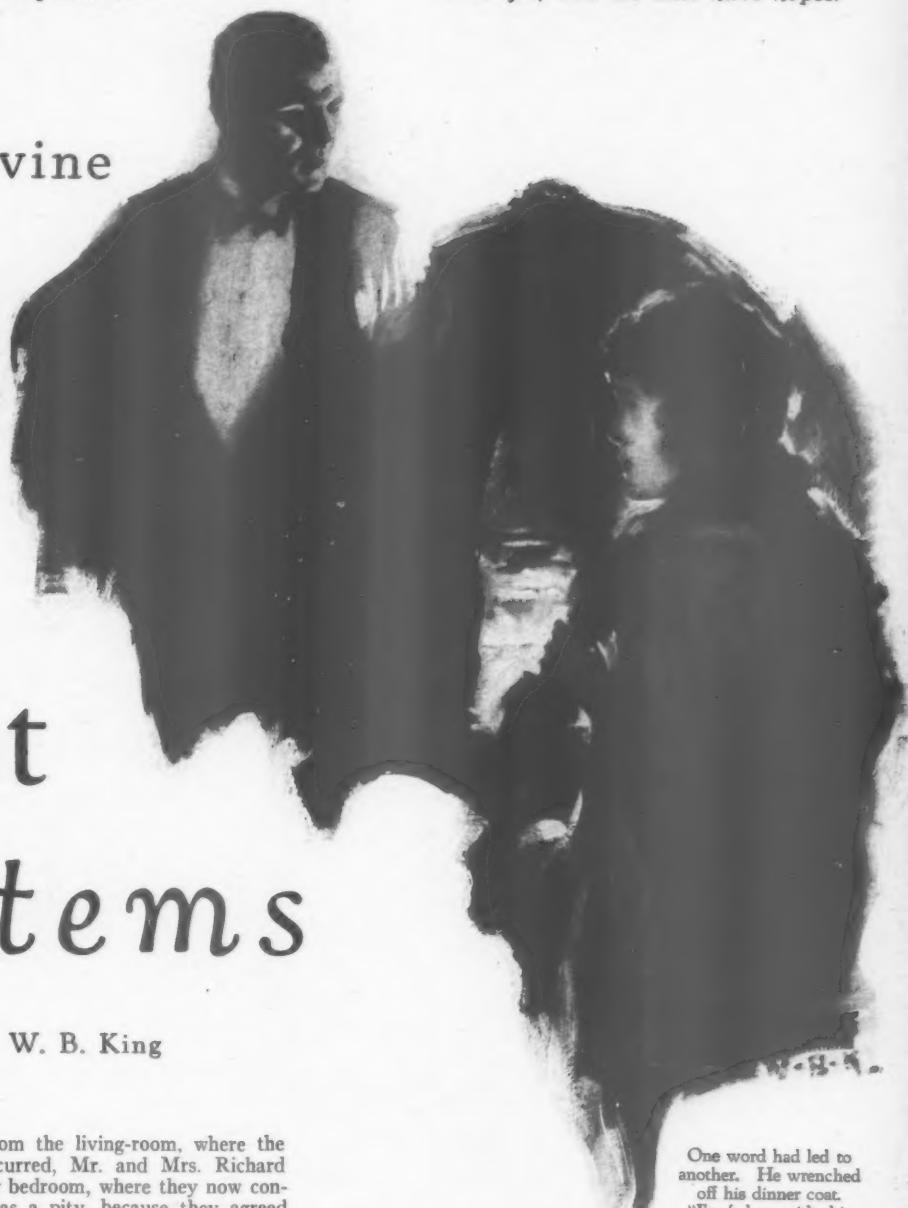
When he reappeared, struggling into a dressing-gown and tying

One word had led to another. He wrenched off his dinner coat. "I'm fed up with this wrangling!" he declared.

the cord with a violent gesture, his square-cut jaw was set, his brows drawn down in a frown.

"Fed up!" he repeated crisply.

"Beast!" returned his wife. In front of the dressing-table, where she sat rubbing the cold cream savagely into her face, she turned her dark-haired head long enough to send him a glance from fiery amber eyes. "You won't do *anything* that's expected of you," she went on bitterly. "I'll never go through another evening like this one! I can tell you that."



"You won't get a chance!" He strode over to the bed in the corner, sat down on the edge of it, lit a cigarette and looked at his wife. Her gleaming white shoulders, which once had thrilled him, now failed him entirely.

"And to think that you picked out the evening the Newcombs came to call, to make such a fool of yourself!" She shut her jewel-case on her pearls with a sharp click.

"I did what any intelligent man would do." He started to his feet abruptly. "You don't think you possess all the finesse in the world, do you?"

"*Finesse?*" she echoed scorchingly. "With a sledge-hammer? No wonder you're in the iron business."

"Mr. Newcomb should have taken that trick," he retorted defensively.

"You didn't have a bid, anyway."

"I had the queen of spades three times, the ace and king of hearts and a little one, and six clubs—ace, jack, ten, nine and two others."

"And only one measly little diamond, the five!"

"Well, you had the diamonds, the ace, king, queen, ten, nine, eight and three."

"Yes, but Mrs. Newcomb had five to the jack."

"That wouldn't have made any difference if—"

"The difference was that you played the hand like a moron, and we lost the rubber!" Mrs. Barker swept past him and went over to the bed, where, a moment later, after getting in and pulling the covers to her chin, she announced: "You shouldn't have bid three no trump. Any bridge player would have known that."

"Any bridge player wouldn't!" he denied, crawling into his side of the bed. There was a wide space between them. "Mr. Newcomb was out of diamonds, and he happened to hold the king of clubs and three others. What you need is a little common sense and—"

"What I need is a divorce!"

"You'll get it! Don't worry."

"Put out the light! I want to sleep."

A moment later the room was in darkness, and silence at last fell between them. For a while both moved restlessly, and then they lay still and began to breathe regularly, as sleep came to soothe exhausted nerves.

It was perhaps an hour later that a slight noise sounded at one of the windows. It was no more than a twig might have caused if blown against the pane by the wind. But it was more than a twig. It was a jimmy in the sure hands of a dim figure who, working slowly and cautiously, raised the window, stepped into the room, and lowered the sash behind him.

For several moments the burglar stood still, hidden behind the curtains at the window—long, heavy overdrapes from the edges of which he peered about the room and studied all its features. Then he tiptoed to the dressing-table and was about to take up the jewel-case when he heard a movement in the bed. Swiftly he glided back behind the curtains and waited.

The next moment the room was a blaze of light. Mr. Barker had switched on the electricity. Beside him, his wife stirred and opened her eyes.

"I thought I heard somebody tramping," he explained.

"Tramping?" She was only partly awake. "Whether it's trumps or no trumps, you'd overbid!"

"Are you going to keep that up forever?" he returned. "I had a bid that last hand."

Mrs. Barker was now fully awake.

"But not three no trumps!"

Again they went over that disastrous last hand of the evening, each detail and each disaster.

"But you bid three diamonds," said Mr. Barker, coming back to this point for justification.

"Yes, counting on your original no-trump bid for support. I had two singletons which were good for diamonds but not for no trump. There was no reentry in my hand."

They pursued the post mortem. They again named every card in the disputed hand.

The burglar behind the curtain was finding it more and more difficult to remain still. Instead of waiting for the argument to finish, and the light to be turned out again, he leaned forward several times as if about to step out and reveal himself. One hand clenched and unclenched impatiently. He continually wet his lips with his tongue.

"If I'd had a raise in no trump," said Mrs. Barker, "I'd have gone to two no trump without raising the contract to three and going to diamonds."

Her husband made a noise that sounded like a growl.



"Don't you see," insisted the burglar, "that by taking the trick

"I could have made it, anyway!" he insisted doggedly.

"No, you couldn't!"

The burglar could hold himself back no longer.

"Sure you could have made it!" he declared emphatically as he stepped out into the light. "But it was played wrong. When the singleton queen of clubs was led from your hand, madam, and he didn't drop his ace on it, that's where he made his mistake. He should have overtaken it—because by taking the trick with the queen, he was forced to lead from the dummy—and he could only lead straight into your opponent's hand."

Mrs. Barker sat up in bed and gasped.

Mr. Barker sat up and couldn't gasp.

Both knew, by the automatic in the intruder's hand, that he was a lawless visitor. But they didn't perceive that the hand was white and carefully manicured, or that under the coat was a silk shirt with a monogram over the breast, and under the breast a heart that beat excitedly over all card problems. The burglar repeated his advice.



with the queen, you were forced to lead from the dummy—and you could only lead straight into your opponent's hand?"

"Golly!" breathed Mr. Barker, eying the fellow up and down.

"Don't you see," insisted the burglar, "that by taking the trick with the queen, you were forced to lead from the dummy—and you could only lead straight into your opponent's hand?"

"That's right!" Mrs. Barker leaned forward and beamed at the astonishing burglar. "How do you know about this?"

"I've seen too many games lost by that same mistake. I used to make a good living at bridge—I and my partner—on suburban trains before they got wise and set the police on our track. Now bridge is ruined for me as a profession, though I still yield to no one in my acquaintance with the fine points of the game. I remember the night in the Manhattan Club when I won five thousand from Van Rensselaer Guild—"

"You've played with *him*!" interrupted Mrs. Barker in awe.

"Yes, indeed. But in your case tonight you were in the dummy with no hearts left and no clubs left. So you couldn't lead back to your own hand—and either of the other suits would play into your opponent's hand, giving them a lead of hearts, clearing the

suit and leaving you without any reentry into the diamonds, and—oh, excuse me!" He suddenly remembered that he was still holding the automatic in his hand. "I got so interested talking shop I forgot my manners." He put the gun into his pocket. "A thousand pardons!" He went on with gestures free of fire-arms: "And without clubs, the best suit in your own hands, cleared! That's why you got set!"

"Gee!" commented Mr. Barker, marveling at his visitor. "This is a new line to me."

"Now if you, sir," the burglar went on, "had overtaken her queen with your ace, you'd have been in your own hand. You'd have still had a stopper in hearts, and you'd be in position to lead a club, forcing the king from your opponent and clearing the suit. Your opponent must lead back, still attempting to set up hearts. You take the trick and run your four club tricks, and," he concluded with a graceful gesture, "make four no trump!"

"And rubber!" triumphed Mrs. Barker. (Continued on page 155)

"You may call it business," she said coldly, "but it looks like a sideshow to me."

# Half



By

## Margaret Culkin Banning

MARVELLA stood on the corner, her skirt wrapping close around her in the autumn wind, the brisk little tail of her fox choker dancing about as if the animal had suddenly come to life. All the men who passed gave her at least a glance, and some looked back, trying to see if the face under the small scoop of felt hat was as pretty as it ought to be to carry out the hint of beauty in her slim figure. No one who actually saw her face was disappointed, except perhaps in its distant and absorbed expression. Marcella was not waiting to cross the street or to flag a street-car. She had her eyes fixed on the doorway of the Daylight Store halfway down the block, and on the several hundred women trying to jam through it in a blurred crowd. The crowd seemed to fascinate Marcella. For a few minutes she hesitated, then slowly walked in its direction.

In the enormous plate-glass windows of the Daylight Store, above the heads of the pushing women, great signs flaunted: "HALF-PRICE SALE OF HAMILTON'S STOCK. HAMILTON QUALITY AT DAYLIGHT PRICES. HAMILTON BANKRUPT SALE.  $\frac{1}{2}$  OFF." The information was repeated and repeated all the length and height of the twelve great windows. Marcella read the signs,

No new American writer has leaped into the front rank of popularity more quickly than Margaret Banning. In the beginning it was perceived that she sounded a fresh note in American fiction, and during the last year her frequent appearance in these pages has resulted in requests for her work from nearly all the magazines in the country. But as heretofore, you will continue to read her best stories in this magazine.

"Good business, Marcella?" asked some one behind her.

Marcella jumped and turned.

It was an undersized, bareheaded little man who had addressed her, an especially undersized little man because he was so thin, a man with a broad smile on his face and a friendly inspection of Marcella in his eyes which she did not return.

"You may call it business," she said coldly, "but it looks like a sideshow to me."

"I take it you don't like to see Hamilton's closed out," Arthur Dean replied.

Illustrated by  
Harley Ennis Stivers

though she had already seen them, and disdain came over her face as she regarded the crowds of women at close range. Middle-aged women, fat women, women dressed in tawdry fashions, women who were, as Marcella knew, chronic "lookers" and not shoppers, pushed and scrambled, hats awry, desperate eagerness in their eyes, ugly and ironic in their hunt for adornment!

# f Price

"Look at them," answered Marvella. "They're not shoppers. They're crazy women. They don't know what they want. They climb in there to get something with the Hamilton label on it—that's all—to show off to their friends. But they never shopped at Hamilton's while it was doing business."

"They couldn't afford to," said the little man.

Marvella sniffed.

"Well, you get them into your place and give them inferior stuff and take their money. At least, Hamilton's never did that, and you know it. You didn't buy for Hamilton's without knowing that there we always sold them the best styles and the best materials."

"And sold them at a hundred per cent profit."

"Oh, well, I don't want to fight with you. I watched you march around Hamilton's for two years and then rise to glory over here. If you like running a store like the Daylight—run it!"

"I like owning it," grinned Dean.

She shrugged her shoulders, and turned away.

"What are you going to do now that Hamilton's is through?" he asked, halting her.

"I?" asked Marvella. "Oh, I'm looking around. I haven't decided. Maybe I'll go to New York."

"Better stick around. I was going to ask you to come to see me at the Daylight. We're trying to raise the standard of our Ladies' Wear Department. I couldn't place you as buyer, as you were at Hamilton's, because you don't hardly know our stock or trade or what our customers can pay for. But I could make you assistant buyer maybe—to start. We're trying to raise our quality."

"Thanks," she said, "but I don't believe it's just what I'm looking for. From buyer at Hamilton's

to assistant at the Daylight is too sudden a drop, Arthur, thank you. Makes me dizzy. Pick up an errand-girl somewhere. She'd understand your trade better."

"Where do you want the picture of the crowd taken from?" asked a man, coming up to Dean.

Dean flushed a little, then set his mouth.

"Take it across the street. Get a good view. Use three or four plates," he answered.

Marvella moved away. The only trouble was that she wasn't quite sure where she was going. The habits of four years were very hard to break, and the two weeks since Hamilton's had closed its doors had been endless. She was used to Hamilton's. At eighteen she had been saleswoman and model. At twenty-five she was buyer for the dress department. Most of her philosophy of life, her way of thinking, as well as her theories of dress, had been picked up at Hamilton's, that "outfitter of ladies and misses" who for years and years had held the carriage trade of the city. On the second floor of Hamilton's, where French dummies were dressed in the most significant indications of the coming styles, and where great glass wardrobes held most of the stock concealed from the dust and casual eye, Marvella had risen to real power. It was partly her sure eye for color, and partly her memory, and partly her squareness that enabled her to give the touches to her sales that made them a success. Noticeable was the occasion when she had warned Mrs. Dewit not to buy a rose silk velvet because she had just sold that lady's best friend an orange one, and she pictured the two dresses side by side at the Harris wedding. Mrs. Homer Dunning never tired of talking of the way Miss Marvella Duncan had planned and managed her whole wardrobe when Mrs. Dunning had her bookings for Europe and sprained her ankle so that she was unable to shop for herself. Women going to New York came to Marvella to pick them out a dress that would do for New York restaurants without looking either dowdy or overdressed. Most wonderful of all, Marvella had been the most popular buyer that Hamilton's had ever had. All the sales-women liked her except the mean and lazy ones, and somehow those disappeared, in time, from her section of the store.

In the middle of her success, in the height of the fall season, the crash had come. There had been muttering during the previous years. Old Mr. Hamilton had died two years before, and the business had passed really into the control of young Flachon, his son-in-law. But Flachon did not meddle, and after a decent period of mourning, the store went on as before. Arthur Dean had left Hamilton's about that time. He had been fur-buyer for them, and a protégé of old Hamilton, a suave, earnest young man with a smile for everyone.

Some people were inclined to laugh at Dean anyway, and they did not restrain themselves when they heard he was first assistant and then full manager of the Daylight Store, that mushroom emporium of cheap goods down the street, where clothes hung on racks with noisy price-labels above them, where the windows were dressed with miscellaneous, unsorted, labeled articles advertised as bargains for this



"Have you found anything you like?" asked her mother.

or that. People who shopped at Hamilton's never went to the Daylight. The Daylight was a store which catered not to the carriage but to the street-car trade, and even to the trade that came afoot with a shawl over its head. From selling sable coats to wealthy women, Dean had turned deliberately to managing a store which sold plush coats to women who regarded a plush coat as a lifetime investment. His old friends from Hamilton's used to laugh at him when they met him on the street, and he, with humor, would call their attention to the improvements in the Daylight Store. Then Flachon had failed, suddenly and spectacularly. The girls at Hamilton's had not realized what that meant at first. Mrs. Flachon, *née* Hamilton, sailed for Europe with her son and her own private fortune, to await the quieting of gossip. Flachon was to be seen as usual in the back of his gray, glassed motorcar, looking a little worried but otherwise unchanged. But Hamilton's went into the hands of a receiver, and after the first surprise, nobody seemed to care very much. It was street gossip that Flachon was saving himself by liquidating the shop and its assets. Strange men came and took inventory. Less and less Marcella felt queen of the second floor. Her old patrons came no longer, and then one day appeared the announcement that the whole stock of Hamilton's had been bought by the Daylight Store.

So today the women flocked outside of the Daylight, and Arthur Dean ran around, hatless and somewhat absurd, taking pictures of their orgy to be used as advertisements; and Marcella was out of a job and inwardly desolate. There was no other shop in town that resembled Hamilton's. Her talk of going to New York had been an idle boast.

Marcella had her share of family responsibility, and rent had to be paid every month for the three Duncans—her mother, Marcella and her small brother. She couldn't buy a shop. She didn't want to work in an inferior shop. She was badly blocked at every turn.

But somehow Marcella had to find herself a job. She revolved these ideas as she walked through the streets and took out her disappointments by hating the Daylight Store and most especially Arthur Dean. Somehow he seemed to gloat over the whole business, over turning women into a lot of noisy animals pawing over clothes, over exploiting their vanities. He took the dignity out of women, shouting "Half-price" at them and watching them scramble. Now he was trying to get some of the Hamilton girls to bolster up his shop, to give it a tone it didn't deserve in the least. Some of them had promised to work for him. Marcella had openly expressed her opinion of girls who would go to work in the Daylight, but it made no difference to them. They told her that the Daylight paid well, and that Art Dean said he would take care of as many Hamilton girls as he could; Alice Mold had gone there, and Daisy Meyer, those queenly-looking girls from the millinery who for so long had flattered and pleased the customers at Hamilton's. They didn't care, thought Marcella. And of course they had to earn a living, as she did herself.

This morning she had several plans. She had a hundred dollars in the savings-bank, but it was no use waiting until that was gone. As for her checking-account, she knew only too well the exact figures of that. Out of work two weeks and paying

rent nevertheless, as well as a share of the groceries—she had only thirteen dollars and sixty-two cents left.

She went to see Greyson the furrier. His was a small place, but it had distinction. Mr. Greyson, sitting in his tiny office at the back of the long, thick-carpeted shop, looked her over.

"What experience?" he asked.

"I bought for Hamilton's—gowns and dresses—and of course sold them too, more or less."

"One of the Hamilton girls, eh? The place has been full of them. I suppose I've had every Hamilton clerk over here, looking for work. They let you out pretty suddenly, didn't they?"

"Yes," said Marcella.

"What firms did they use to buy from in New York?"

Marcella stiffened. That wasn't his business unless he chose to employ her. "All the good ones," she responded.



Mrs. Creighton, Miss Martin—they were all there to get Hamilton judgment at Daylight prices. Marcella leaped into action.

"Wages?" he asked.

She told him, and he laughed.

"I couldn't offer you half of that, girlie. We don't pay like that, you know. It would ruin us."

Marcella put on a manner acquired from many wealthy customers.

"Then you've no opening?"

"No—I fear not." He was laughing at her. She reached the store entrance with a burning face.

There were Finkelstein's and Daly's, those two great department stores. They might need buyers. She wished now that she had started to look for work two weeks ago, but somehow she had hoped, until that sale had begun this morning, that Hamilton's would get back on its feet.

Finkelstein's employment manager interviewed her. She was a young woman with a college-bred manner and lovely, efficient clothes.

"Our system," she said, "requires that people work up through the store. We find it keeps our saleswomen more permanent and helps our morale. Of course, you come from a kind of store which is different from ours. A great force like ours needs to be handled differently. We have excellent lunch-rooms and rest-rooms for our girls. We keep exact records of their progress, and promote them as rapidly as possible. But of course you see, Miss Duncan, there are a number of people who would have precedence over you for a buyer's place, even if there were a vacancy. We have our own way of training girls too, to be helpful to a customer and to themselves. Now, if you are willing

Marrella ate a sandwich for luncheon and then sat in a movie house all the afternoon trying to think of a way out. She revolved possibility after possibility. She might take the hundred dollars and learn typewriting. But if she did, what would the family live on meanwhile? The tiny income from her mother's insurance could not keep both her mother and Frank, while she studied. And they came down with a hammer for the rent on the first of the month.

If she could only start a shop of her own!

When she came out of the darkness, a little dazed, she saw Mrs. Homer Dunning sitting in her car by the curb waiting for some one. It seemed late. Impulsively Marrella crossed and spoke to her.

"Why, it's Miss Duncan from Hamilton's! How different you look in a hat! What are you doing now?"

"Nothing yet. . . . Mrs. Dunning, I'm wild to start a shop of my own."

"Why don't you?" asked the lady cordially.

"I could, if a few people would back me. Just for a year or two. If I could raise five thousand dollars! Would some of my old customers back me?"

A veil of caution dropped over the rich woman's face; her manner changed.

"Of course it's a very good idea, but without capital—and everyone so frightfully poor this year, is it quite wise? Wouldn't it be better possibly to postpone the shop until you have saved the money?"

"Saved—five thousand? I couldn't."

"Ah—in that case—Oh, excuse me, Miss Duncan—here is the lady I'm waiting for. You have all my good wishes, I'm sure." She nodded kindly and signaled her friend.

Marrella was dismissed, and she knew in her heart that good wishes were all that Mrs. Dunning would give her, until the shop was a going and fashionable concern. Then it might be different.

Her mother had supper ready when she reached home. Mrs. Duncan was frail and neurasthenic, but she loved Marrella and Frank, who came in from the high-school football field trailing mud and noise.

Frank wanted a new sweater and some football accessories. He was full of delight in high school, so much so that it seemed impossible for Marrella to suggest what was in her mind, that he should leave it and go to work.

Besides, it wasn't wise. She didn't want him to be stranded some day because he didn't have an education. If she hadn't had to leave school when her father was so ill, and help her mother till she got into Hamilton's, she might have had at least a business course, and her chances of employment would have widened. She washed the dishes for her mother, then sat drearily looking over the paper.

"Have you found anything you like?" asked her mother.

"No."

Mrs. Duncan fidgeted nervously.

"I wish I could help, dear. I have a pain in this right arm today. If I hadn't, I certainly would have tried to look for work, myself."

"Nonsense, Mother."

"I wish I could try this new Bromide Liniment. Mrs. Hall says it's wonderful. Only it's three dollars a bottle. Still, health comes first, in a way."

"I suppose you ordered it."

"Well, you don't want me to suffer, dear?"

Marrella looked helplessly at her mother. She was such a pathetic, silly figure with her apologies for extravagance in medicine. Why shouldn't she have her unnecessary liniment? But that would mean she would want Marrella to pay three dollars—or more—on some bill which the insurance should take care of. And yet these investigators (*Continued on page 110*)



to start in at the bottom—of course I don't mean as errand girl but as saleswoman—"

"At what wages?"

The employment manager drew toward her a sheaf of paper.

"According to our system, which tries to be quite fair, considering experience and everything, you would receive, at the start, seventeen a week."

"I can't live on that."

The young woman looked at her.

"Our investigators found it to be considerably more than a living-wage."

Marrella shrugged. As she rose, she realized that she was so rapidly losing favor as to make it impossible to approach Finkelstein's again.

Daly's had no vacancies at all. Their manner implied that they were not taking on Hamilton's girls, anyway. Marrella tried two or three other stores with no success. By three o'clock she had been pretty thoroughly over the ground. Inwardly she was dismayed, for while she had been absorbed in Hamilton's closing, she had not doubted she could find a place easily. The buyer of the best women's clothes in town ought to be at a premium. But in the small specialty shops, she found that the buying was done by the proprietors; in the big shops there was a "system," or a distrust of her because she had been in Hamilton's.

Way back when motorcars had only one cylinder, a young Englishman wrote a very funny auto story—his first for an American magazine. Years later the Great War broke, and the most successful of all the foreign military commissioners in this country was that story-writer—Ian Hay. That first tale was published in this magazine. And here's his latest.

Illustrated  
by  
J. Henry



# Universal Uncles

By  
Ian Hay

"**U**NDERSTAND," I said to George. "I will not kiss anybody." "Don't you worry about that," replied George. "You'll be lucky if any of them give you two fingers to shake. Children aren't what they were when you and I were promoted to braces."

"And I wont do conjuring tricks."

"You wont be asked. They're going to have a bran pie and radio. All you and I have to do is to make ourselves generally affable—run round effecting introductions, breaking down social barriers, and what not. Barbara is fearfully pleased you're coming. I told her that going to children's parties was the one thing in the world you did everything but; so naturally she feels honored that you should have broken the rule of a lifetime in favor of her two kids."

With such soft soap he beguiled me until we reached Barbara's.

The first half-hour was well enough, because the young lions were upstairs having refreshments. We elderly Christians had ours in the drawing-room, with Barbara and four more young mothers. Barbara is George's first cousin on the side of the family remote from mine. That means that Barbara is not related to me. Sometimes I wish she were: she is what is technically known as a dear.

George and I sat meekly nibbling éclairs and listening to nursery politics. I heard some things about modern nurses which made me glad that I was safely grown up. We were just getting down to the pros and cons of shingled hair for youthful matrons with Early Victorian husbands, and George and I were enduring some pretty nasty side-jabs, evidently designed to be passed on to the proper quarter, when the double doors were thrown open by a white piqué nurse, and the guests of the evening filed in.

There were about a dozen of them, of assorted sexes, and one sorted them out gradually. I was introduced to three or four; others I eventually recognized as old acquaintances. With the rest I just clicked, to employ George's plebeian expression, as occasion arose.

I liked Rosemary best. In fact, we took to one another at once—or rather Rosemary adopted me, evidently recognizing me from the start, as the pariah of the party. I am inclined to be shy with children, and Rosemary was by nature the mother of all living, and so we got on famously. She wore white socks. Not that she was singular in that respect, but her socks seemed to be the only socks in the company—excepting George's and my own—which would stay up. After we had pulled our third



"Is Winnie Wigham here?"  
"No!" we all shouted.  
"I expect Winnie is  
listening somewhere, chil-  
dren," Barbara reminded us.

cracker together, I asked her how it was done—less because I really wanted to know, than because I was a little short of conversational openings. She explained that they had white elastic sewn round the tops, inside. Her mother had invented the idea. Rosemary cherished an enormously high opinion of her mother, I found. Unfortunately that gifted lady was not present, having to stay at home and look after Reggie, who was having one of his bad days, it seemed.

Then Rosemary asked me how I kept *my* socks up. I explained, and even revealed to her a portion of the mechanism employed. After that we were practically inseparable.

But I must tell you about the other members of the party. When first introduced into our presence, they were obviously suffering from repletion, and betrayed a languor of demeanor and a fixity of expression which amounted, in the case of one or two of the young gentlemen guests, almost to a state of coma. Gwennie's case went farther than that. Shortly after her arrival in the drawing-room she developed frontal pains of a nature so instant and tear-compelling as to necessitate her temporary removal to the nursery, with a hot-water bottle.

But the rest soon roused up over the pulling of crackers and

the donning of paper caps—I got a pea-green one, by the way; and when the bran pie was opened, the birds began to sing with a vengeance, and individual characteristics, hitherto dormant, sprang out like knobs.

Foremost in the fray were Barbara's own two fair daughters, aged about eight and six, and named by an observant but unsentimental male parent the First Murderer and the Second Murderer, respectively. These, I thought, made rather more than justifiable use of what is known upon golf courses as "local knowledge" when their turn came to dip into the pie. Then there was a youth named Basil, to whom I took an instant and violent dislike. He was attired in velveteen, and breathed loudly through an ever-open mouth. However, as a fundamental explorer of bran pies, he showed us that the meanest of God's creatures is an expert at something. The bran pie, by the way, was contained in a barrel, cunningly draped in muslin, which stood in the center of a sheet in the adjoining room—the smoking-room, in fact. By the time the pie had been rifled and the presents unwrapped, the room looked more like a city park on the Monday after Easter than anything else; but Barbara said that it served Harry right for not coming home to help with the party, and George and I basely applauded her.

Prominent among the other guests was Charlotte, a sharp-featured child with the soul of a nursery governess, who devoted herself throughout the proceedings to shrill reproof and the herding of stragglers. At the opposite end of the scale came Blossom, the junior member—so recently arrived, it seemed, in this profoundly interesting world, that the wonder of it all had not yet died from her large unwinking blue eyes. She sat upon a cushion upon the hearthrug, supervised by a proud and absurdly youthful mamma, gazing placidly, benevolently and a trifle absent-mindedly upon the revels, receiving more attention and giving less trouble than any other guest. Rather like royalty, George thought.

To be frank, we made rather heavy weather of the revels. The modern child does not seem to romp with any degree of spontaneity. It eats heartily, and is well to the fore when anything is being given away free—especially things which seem to be coveted by some one else; but as a guest it is a heartbreaking proposition. Gone is that responsiveness to hospitable intention, that readiness to be amused, which marked the finer product of a bygone age. The only real joy which the present generation seems to derive from being taken to a party is in sitting well back and disparaging the arrangements made for its entertainment.

**W**E were soon to discover this. A game of Oranges and Lemons was proposed by Barbara. Needless to say, George and I were bidden to clasp hands in the middle of the floor and form the nucleus of the conflict. George was Oranges, and I was—and felt like—Lemons. A string of reluctant infants was hounded (by the officious Charlotte) under our outstretched arms; and each, upon being encircled and captured, was asked the usual question. Some said they would be Oranges, others Lemons; but all practically implied that they did not care a tinker's dam which they were. Excepting Rosemary, of course! With a ravishing smile, she replied in a hoarse whisper that she would be whatever I was. Old age has its moments.

Presently the usual tug-of-war began. George and I threw ourselves loyally into the task, wrestling furiously together, getting exceedingly hot and disheveled, and uttering encouraging cries to our supporters. Presently George said:

"I think we're making ourselves rather conspicuous, old man—what?"

I looked over my shoulder: Rosemary was hanging nobly to my coat-tails, but the rest of my flock had abandoned me. I looked over George's shoulder: there was nobody there at all. Our late adherents were sitting silently round the room, regarding our futile entertainment with the indulgent boredom of county families watching yokels climbing a greasy pole. Abashed, we crept to our seats.

"Splendid!" said Barbara kindly.

"We won!" announced Rosemary, squeezing my hot hand with a hotter one.

George and I merely sat and panted. Nobody else said anything. Plainly, the party had reached what is mechanically known as a dead-center. Barbara glanced at the clock, and rose briskly from the floor.

"I think it is time," she announced, "for Uncle Septimus." She removed a screen and revealed a contraption of knobs and electric bulbs unfamiliar to me.

"What's this?" I asked George. "Phonograph?"

"No—a radio. Listening in and so forth. We're going to have bedtime stories from Uncle Septimus and other well-known *raconteurs*."

By this time, needless to say, Charlotte had arranged seats in a convenient semicircle, and was conscripting an audience. I distinctly saw her cuff a conscientious objector considerably larger than herself.

"This is something quite new to me," I said to Rosemary. "I suppose you know all about it?"

"We've got a set at home," replied Rosemary—adding, with characteristic tact: "But it's only a little one—not nearly so nice as this. This'll be loverley."

"We've got one like this at home," announced Basil, "—only bigger."

"Is it a tube or a cwystal set?" briskly inquired a cherubic little girl, apparently about five years old.

"Tube, of course! You can't have a loud speaker with a crystal set. You are a silly kid, Dorothy. Where do you keep your aerial?"

"On ve woof. Our 'gwound' is a tap in the bafroom. We nearly got Paris ve uvver night, only ve wave-wenght—"

"Are our services urgently required for the next ten minutes?" I whispered to George, whose tongue, I noted, was still hanging out.

"I don't think so." Together we caught Barbara's eye. She smiled and nodded.

"You've both been sweet," she said. "You'll find the tray in the smoking-room. You'll have it to yourselves. Don't be too long. We shall miss you."

We tiptoed out, as from a meeting of the Royal Society. As we left the room, the horrid child Basil hurled the following remarkable taunt at his seraphic opponent:

"I bet you've never picked up the Eiffel Tower!"

"No; but next week Daddy's goin' to intthal a high-fwequenthy ampwifher—and then you'll see!"  
A sound retort, we decided.

**B**ARBARA was wrong about our getting the smoking-room to ourselves, because we found the Second Murderer there.

We did not recognize her immediately, because all we could see of her at first was a pair of inverted and agitated legs protruding from the top of the barrel which had contained the bran pie. Apparently she had returned privily to the smoking-room upon a salvaging expedition. (How she eluded Charlotte I do not pretend to explain.) Delving far down into the very bottom of the barrel, in the hope of an overlooked parcel, she had quite literally overreached herself, and now stood upon her head, with every prospect of remaining there until the arrival of the coroner.

We pulled her out, crimson and inclined to tears; and having brushed the bran out of her curls, eyes and ears, comforted her with fancy cakes, which we found upon our refreshment tray. After that we promised faithfully not to tell Mother. (Evidently Barbara is more of a disciplinarian than she looks.) Then George and I helped ourselves to refreshment, the Second Murderer kindly operating the siphon for us, and thereby converting the already unpleasant litter on Harry's carpet into an adhesive bran-mash.

Suddenly a ghostly male voice was audible in the drawing-room—a voice suggestive of a rowing coach on a towpath contending with a March gale through a megaphone.

"Now we'll have another of those interesting old sea-chanteys, children," said the voice. "This one was used long ago by sailors when they were getting the anchor up. I'll ask the orchestra to play it."

"Is that Uncle Septimus?" I inquired.

"No, that's Uncle Bartholomew. He's only educational. He'll be finished in a minute, though, and then we shall get Uncle Septimus. Will you drink any more whisky or brandy, or anything? I'll pour it out."

We declined this bald but hospitable suggestion, and returned to the drawing-room, completely braced for a further spell of duty.

The children were grouped round the loud speaker, kept at arm's-length therefrom by Charlotte, on point-duty. I was pleased to observe that Gwennie was sufficiently recovered to have rejoined the party. (After all, it might have happened to any of us.) I sat down on the floor beside Rosemary. The orchestra concluded its chantey, and Uncle Bartholomew's enthusiastic comments came booming after.

"I say, wasn't that *jolly*? Did you notice that little bit in the middle—tiddy-um-tum-tum? I really think I must ask the orchestra to play it again. Shall I?"

"No!" replied Basil.

But Uncle Bartholomew took no notice, and the encore was immediately forthcoming.

"It's no good talkin' back to them," explained Rosemary to me. "They can't hear you. I'll tell you afterward."

**U**NCLE BARTHOLOMEW now gave way to Uncle Septimus, an extraordinarily bluff and breezy person, who greeted us in a manner which made it clear that he was the "featured" item on the program.

"Hello, hello, hello, kiddies!" he bellowed. "Here I am! Wait a minute while I push Uncle Bartholomew out of the way: he's always under my feet." Sounds of a playful struggle followed, wherein Uncle Bartholomew was plainly outmatched from the start. Then the hearty voice of Uncle Septimus resumed:

"That's all right, kiddies. I've put Uncle Bartholomew to sleep inside the big drum. Now, somebody take the baby out of the loud speaker, and we'll get to work. First of all, I have some letters to answer. Is Winnie Wigham, of Wimbledon, here?"

"No!" we all shouted.

"I expect Winnie is listening somewhere, children," Barbara reminded us gently.

Apparently Uncle Septimus thought so too, because he proceeded to wish Winnie many happy returns of her birthday. Furthermore he informed her that if she looked in the right-hand top drawer of her mother's dressing-table, she would find a present from the Wireless Fairy.

Our audience uttered squeals of disinterested rapture.

Uncle Septimus now addressed himself to Maudie Bates, of Notting Hill.

"Well, Maudie, so you have caught the measles? That's very clever of you; I can't! Now that you've caught them, I'll tell you what to do with them: count them! That'll help to pass the



# Can't you just taste them!

Isn't this a picture that speaks straight to your appetite. Doesn't it say delicious flavor—wholesome, tempting, nourishing food—delight and satisfaction for your hunger?

Selected peas are prepared and blended by Campbell's famous chefs into a rich, smooth puree—richer still for the fresh, golden country butter it contains. As fine a food as you could place regularly on the family table!

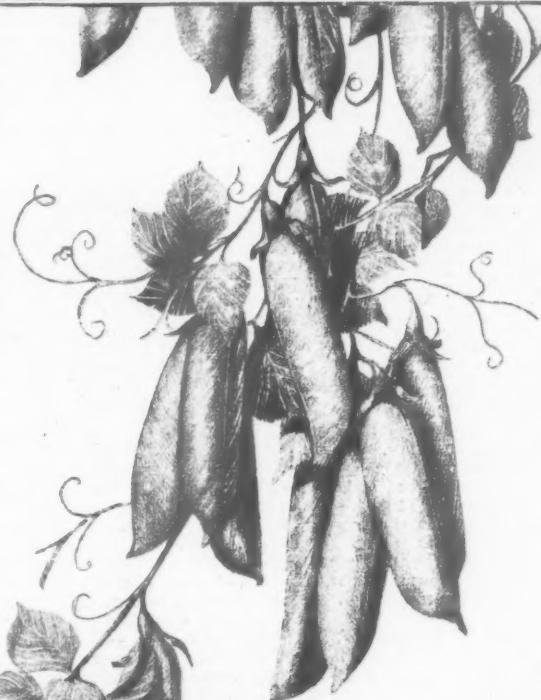
#### To prepare the best Cream of Pea

Follow these simple directions:—Heat contents of can in a saucepan and stir until smooth. Heat an equal quantity of milk or cream to the boiling point separately, and add to the soup *a little at a time, stirring constantly* (using a spoon or Dover egg beater) to keep soup smooth. Serve immediately.



21 kinds  
12 cents a can

Soup for health—  
every day!



time, and take your headache away. Count 'em, Maudie! See if you haven't got more than brother Arthur, and then ask your mother to write and tell me. Meanwhile, be sure and take all your medicine, like a good little girl, and think of all the jolly things you'll have to eat when you're better. Good night, Maudie! Good night, Arthur!"

I caught Barbara's eye. It was suspiciously bright.

"Can't you imagine those two waiting all day for that moment?" she said.

I nodded. I was beginning to like Uncle Septimus. Meanwhile I became conscious of a small and rather wistful voice beside me. It was Rosemary.

"I wish he could talk to Reggie," she said.

"Why not?"

"I asked him once, but it was no good."

"How did you ask him, Rosemary?"

"I called down one of those things"—Rosemary indicated the mouth of the loud speaker—"when I was left alone with it for a minute. It was at a party, you know.

Ours at home is only a thing you put on your ears."

"What did you say?"

"I told Uncle Septimus about Reggie's lyin' in bed ever so long with his back, and gettin'—and gettin' fracticous toward the end of a long day, and how Mother had said that if only he could take an interest in somethin', he might get better; and would Uncle Septimus speak to him and say he'd soon be sittin' up again, if he didn't wiggle about and fret; and would he promise to call him again if he was good? But" —Rosemary shook her golden head despondently—"he never did. That's why I knew just now it was no use shoutin' back. They can't hear you."

By this time Uncle Septimus had concluded his entertainment, and was audibly struggling, with the aid of Uncle Bartholomew and a pleasant-voiced lady called Auntie Hildegard, to wake up a fourth relative with the singular name of Uncle Lazybones Van Winkle.

"He's nearly always asleep," whispered Rosemary.

Ultimately the awakening was successfully accomplished, and Uncle Lazybones, having audibly stretched himself and asked if it was really Thursday, was on the point of obliging with a song, when the doors were thrown open and a bevy of nurses entered, carrying shawls and overshoes and miniature top-coats. The revels were over.

"WELL," said George pensively, as we walked through the fresh spring darkness to the club, "I take off my hat to those uncles. I've tried their job for a couple of hours, and I'm a corpse. Fancy doing it every day!"

"I suppose you don't happen to know Uncle Septimus?" I inquired.

"No, but I have a friend in the business. He could bring you together. Why?"

"I want him to call up a friend of mine."

"Oh! What's his name?"

"Reggie."

## A BOOM FOR BAINBRIDGE

(Continued from page 81)

as he glanced about the room. "I feel just that way, Margaret. It is a public duty. Of course, it will mean extra work, extra effort. But in a case like this—"

"Yes," said Margaret, "in a case like this, Theodore, it's different!"

Following that they talked at length and at variance, until at last Theodore felt that some cognizance should be taken of this unsolicited honor. With gentle but firm seriousness he assured the Shrimp that this was no time to go downtown, and then, his heels ringing, he moved toward the newspaper office.

It was a trail of triumph. After Mr. Bainbridge had talked to Jerry, the lawncutter, he felt that a real need existed for a man like himself. After he had greeted the crowd which lolled before the post office, awaiting the afternoon mail, he wondered why he never had thought before of holding public office. When he had finished giving his interview for next week's *Clarion*, there seemed to be no doubt but what he would win in a walk, and by the time he had reached the bank, his thoughts had traveled onward, to the days in the future, when, after a meritorious term as mayor, he would step upward and onward—first to State representative, then to the higher branch of the assembly; and following that, who could tell? Perhaps Governor, perhaps—

Then he halted in surprise at the sight of two persons just coming from the bank. One was the Mrs. Bowman, attired anew in her screaming foulard, fresh from the cleaner's. The other was a man, fully as bulbous as the woman, and with a perpetual appearance of having been up very late the night before, the Honorable Bill Bowman, chief executive of the municipality of Kenwood. Theodore bowed and removed his hat.

"The irresistible force and the immovable object," he quoth blithely. Then, this dirty dig having been accomplished, he became more serious. "Of course you've heard the news, Mr. Mayor."

The Honorable Bill Bowman rubbed the powder of a fresh shave from the lobe of a red ear.

"Haw-haw!" he broke forth raucously. "Haw-haw!"

To which Mrs. Bowman rippled an accompaniment. Then they walked ungraciously on, and Theodore burst into the bank.

"Can you imagine it!" he snapped as he seated himself unceremoniously at the desk of Mr. Jaccard. "They had the nerve to

laugh at me! To laugh at me! But it just goes to show! Now, Mr. Jaccard, I have only one method: straight and to the point is my motto. About my candidacy—"

"I'm glad you brought that up," said the wizened man at the desk, carefully turning face downward an application for the opening of a new account. "That little scare was just what this administration needed."

"Scare? Did you say scare?"

"Yes. You've got to keep these politicians in their place. I think we can expect some great things from Mr. Bowman from now on. A good man, really an excellent man. But as he and Mrs. Bowman remarked, things had gotten into a bit of a rut. This—" He smiled and rubbed his hands one over the other. "Well, you know how things are. Dust the broom, and it sweeps clean."

"But a new broom sweeps cleaner!" said Mr. Bainbridge, a grayness creeping into his cheeks. A sense of apprehension had permeated him; beads of perspiration were beginning to decorate his nose, always a sign of perturbation. "I don't believe I quite understand you, Mr. Jaccard!"

Sometime afterward he came to the street again, his nose and upper lip gleaming with moisture.

"Double-crossed!" he muttered tragically. "Bowman switched that account! That switched me! But I won't stand for it!"

IT rather left him marooned. He had looked to Mr. Jaccard for advice and guidance. But Mr. Jaccard, still keeping the new account face downward, had shown him that a bank could not afford to be partisan in city politics. Altogether, Mr. Bainbridge felt that it had created a situation bordering on chaos; every politician must have a manager, or at least an adviser. These women, named with him on the ticket, knew nothing about handling a campaign. The more he thought about it, the beader became his nose, and the grayer his face. But suddenly he flushed.

"I'll go through with it—if—if—" Then forgetting what the self-imposed consequences might be, he headed for the Tri-State Manufacturing Company and the office of Mr. Akers, the president. That person slumped in his chair, listened, then steeped his fingers.

"I—I don't know about this, Bainbridge," he decided at last. "You know, we're trying to get that bridge across the creek, and if you should happen to be beaten—"

Which brought an end to that, and Mr.

Bainbridge went to his desk, where for two hours he strove to stick himself to the company's Arkansas plans for the promulgation of Eight-horse Glue, a Percheron Pull and a Bulldog Grip. Impossible! At last he reached for his hat, swooped to the library, delved among the reference shelves and came forth with two books, held titleward under an arm. They were "Every Man's Orator" and "How to Run for Public Office." Then, following a two-hour perusal, he wandered to the Tri-State stables, where Gran'ma, teamster of the Eight-horse Glue exhibition Percherons, was busily currying his dappled charges.

"Gran'ma," said Mr. Bainbridge, "you're pretty much a man of the world, aren't you?"

"Been ever'where an' seen it all," answered the old circus man.

"You've been around a bit in Kenwood, too, haven't you?"

"You don't tell 'em no different."

"And what would you say was the hotbed of corruption in this town?"

"Hotbed? Hotbed?" Gran'ma halted, curvycomb held outward from a hip. "Don't know jest what you mean. That aint a greenhouse?"

"No. Hotbed," said Mr. Bainbridge. "The political term for breeding-place, you know—the criminal element, unsanitary conditions, low strata of life and so forth."

"Oh, that." Gran'ma went back to his currying. "Bootleg, hootch an' that sort o' thing. Guess you could get it most any place over in Belvedere Hollow. That's what they tell me."

"Um-m-m!" Mr. Bainbridge pursed his lips. "Do you suppose the Mayor knows anything about it?"

"He ought to. He goes over there all the time."

"Goes over there?" Mr. Bainbridge caught Gran'ma by his currying arm and whirled him about. "Are you sure of that?"

"Sure? I've saw him!"

THIS was enough. Mr. Bainbridge moved away, his eyes more glassy than ever. That night when he saw Margaret Lannington, there was a certain air of finality, almost of desperation, about him.

"Well, I've done it," he announced. "Hired the Masonic Hall and the Blazing Arrow Band for a week from Tuesday night. To announce my policies. You'll have to notify the other candidates and get up a committee."

"I? But how about Mr. Jaccard?"

# What particular skin problem are you facing?



You can free your skin from blackheads by using the special cleansing treatment given below.

Begin, today, to have a beautiful skin!

A skin without a flaw—clear, fresh as the morning.

You can have a beautiful skin if you will. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place.

Give this new skin the special treatment it needs, and see what a wonderful improvement you can bring about.

The following treatment will free your skin from blackheads:—

EVERY night before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

An oily skin can be corrected by using every night the following treatment:—

Have you an oily skin?  
Blackheads?  
A dull, sallow color?



A sallow skin can be roused to color and life by the special Woodbury steam treatment given below.

A sallow skin is a skin that is asleep. Rouse it with this treatment:—

ONCE or twice a week, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

JUST before you go to bed, cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now, with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Complete treatments for each different skin need are given in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today! A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks.

**Tear out the coupon at the right, and send for a trial-size set of these three famous Woodbury skin preparations!**

*We want you to see how much good even a week of the right Woodbury treatment will do your skin. Therefore, for ten cents and the coupon at the right we will send you—*

- A trial-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.
- A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream.
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- Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch".

*If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1708 Sherbrooke St.,  
Perth, Ontario. English address: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E.C. 4.*

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State \_\_\_\_\_

Mr. Bainbridge didn't answer directly. "I've decided to run things myself. Mr. Jaccard is with a bank." Then, with a remembered slogan from "How to Run for Public Office:" "I intend to wear no man's collar!"

"Oh, Theodore! But do you think we can do it?" Margaret's eyes had widened with apprehension. She had rather counted on Mr. Jaccard. At last: "Well, Theo, dear, of course you know best. But I'll have to get women; I don't know any men that'd be on a committee."

"Exactly. I've formulated my platform. I want women to back me. I'm going after a clean city. And I'll get it."

But it rather seemed, in the days which followed, that there were others who were desirous of the same thing. The sprinkling-cart took a new lease on life; up one street and down another it moved, from early morning until the seven-twenty-two whistled city-bound at night. The weed-patch, on city ground, down by the school-house, suddenly offended the Honorable Mr. Bowman, and men from the street department not only burned the dried patches, but cut and raked the rest of it. Holes in sidewalks were filled in miraculous manner; the big bump on Main Street, fifty feet from Mr. Bowman's garage, where more than one car had smashed a spring, became strangely smooth; and incidentally Margaret Lannington, always carefully leaving the Shrimp at home, found some difficulty in getting just the persons she wanted for her committee. Mrs. Bowman had remembered a number of forgotten calls and paid them, and for the first time in her life listened instead of talked. To say nothing of bringing the Honorable Bill Bowman along on a number of occasions, to see the baby! It seemed that Mr. Bowman was one of those men doomed to silent suffering; he had always loved children so; and to think that he had none of his own!

All of this reflected deeply upon the happiness of Margaret Lannington. There were moments when, cretonne disregarded, hand at mouth, she sat staring, or asking His Majesty if she shouldn't go right to Theodore and make a clean breast of everything. But then, she reflected, Mr. Bainbridge simply must not be worried just now, with all the work at the office, and studying at night as he was! For Theodore, as outlined in the first chapter of "How to Run for Public Office," was preparing his Opening Broadside.

He practiced it every night when he dropped in to see Margaret, with Miss Lannington sitting just in front of the mirror, so that Theodore could see exactly the audience's reactions and at the same time gain a reflection of the particular gestures and postures which brought about the condition. At such times Margaret was just as glad that she had mentioned nothing, marveling as she did at his suddenly revealed

power and thundering oratory. It even affected the Shrimp; every time Mr. Bainbridge bellowed a platitude and shot forth an arm, His Majesty ran into the dining-room to retrieve whatever he might have thrown. The days passed, and the nights, while down at the empty building formerly occupied by the Kenwood City Laundry, the Blazing Arrow Band rehearsed "Hail to the Chief," and "The Willow Grove March," which same music would be played by the same band at Mayor Bowman's rally, two nights after that held by Mr. Bainbridge.

AT last the time for the Broadside arrived. The hall was filled, even to the folding chairs, usually reserved for funerals and the Five-Hundred Club card-party. A part of this was due to Mr. Bainbridge. Other elements concerned the fact that the band had not played all summer and that the picture show at the Odeon was running two nights instead of one. Of which, again, Theodore knew nothing. He only realized that his throat was dry, that some chairs were vacant in the committee line on the platform, and that he was glaring at the Honorable Bill Bowman in the front row, while beside him Margaret Lannington glared in turn at a wide lady with a geranium on her hat. After a time Mrs. Kate Vandeventer, who lived down by the power-house and who still remembered being splashed by the Bowman automobile, assumed the position of chairwoman, introduced the four candidates for aldermen, and after spluttering applause, came to the subject of Mr. Theodore Bainbridge, the sterling young crusader of right and justice and candidate for mayor. He rose.

At first there was only a heightened feeling of dryness in his already parched throat, while his efforts at oratory seemed to confine themselves to the fact that, unaccustomed as he was to public speaking, he was not accustomed to speaking in public. Then slowly he came to earth—or ascended; he was not quite sure which. He began to talk of that Queen City of the Great Commonwealth of Missouri, that beauteous jewel in the diadem of hill and stream, field and wooded dell, Kenwood, fairest gem of the "Show-Me State." After that he warmed up, and really gained a grasp on his subject.

"I stand before you, fellow-citizens," he exclaimed at last, "a candidate for the high office of mayor of this town, asking that three weeks from today, you as respectable citizens, go to the polls and vote as your consciences dictate! I stand before you, wearing no man's collar, with no man's foot upon my neck, and unafraid, untrammled and daring to see the right, to serve the people, for the people and by the people. I stand before you, announcing that this grafting incumbent—"

"Whazzat?" The Honorable Bill Bowman, in the front row, had suddenly gone purple and attempted to rise, only to be dragged back to his seat by the red geranium. Theodore ignored the interruption.

"—shall no longer defile the beauty and the innocence of our fair manhood, shall no longer allow that foul spot of iniquity, Belvedere Hollow, to spew its venom into the sweetness of the greater commonwealth, shall no longer—"

"You—you—" "William!" said the Mrs. Bowman, and bobbed her geranium. Theodore continued:

"—no longer play hand in glove with the forces of darkness, the minions of corruption and the powers of civic unrighteousness! I refer, without fear of successful contradiction, to this person who sits in the front row, this—"

"You prove that! You prove that!" The Honorable Bill Bowman was on his feet, disregarding foulard, objections and

the geranium. A fist was shaking wildly. "Don't you dare say that I'm crooked!"

"What's that?" Theodore went to the edge of the platform and strove to annihilate him with a scowl. "Do you mean to say you know nothing of the bootlegging in Belvedere Hollow?"

"I mean to say," bellowed the Honorable Bill Bowman, "that I've had the Federal men up here three times trying to catch 'em! I mean to say that you've got to prove those charges. Hear that?"

"And do you mean to say that you personally haven't been seen in Belvedere Hollow?"

"Do you hear that?" The Mayor swooped, arms wide, to the audience. "Is it a crime to live in Belvedere Hollow? You folks, held down by the corporations, who haven't enough money to live on Three Oak Hill like this candidate, are you criminals just because the rents are cheap over there? Yes, I go over to Belvedere Hollow!" he roared. "I go over there often. I'm proud, sir, of the privilege to go among these people, my people!" he announced with a slam at his chest. "I'm proud, sir, to call them my people—"

Here he stopped for the cheers, led by Newt Hawkins, who ran the pool-hall in the lowest part of the Hollow. Then he continued, while Theodore gawked from above, speechless:

"Proud to call them my people, sir. And I go there, to visit among them, as a good mayor should do, and to collect the modest rents from my houses, by which I attempt to make the world lighter and brighter, giving to them a living-place at a living cost. That's my answer. Now, as to your charges, you prove 'em! Hear me? You prove 'em!"

AFTER that, things went rather badly. Every time Theodore tried to warm up again about the powers of darkness, Newt Hawkins stood on his chair and led in the hooting, or the Mayor yelled for Mr. Bainbridge to prove it. Theodore suddenly discarded the rest of his Broadside. He walked to the edge of the platform and shook a fist downward.

"All right," he roared, "I will prove it. Janitor! Janitor! Give me another date on this hall. Then, before you all, man and woman and child, I shall prove my charges and—and—"

A craning of necks followed, then silence, until a squeaky voice came from the rear of the hall.

"Aint no time open 'cept the night before election. What with the Odd Fellows Hall bein' out of commission—"

"I'll take it! Do you hear that? I'll take it! And I'll prove my charges!"

Then, while the band played from stock the "Ben Hur Chariot Race," the meeting broke up, and Theodore accompanied Margaret home. Neither spoke, until they had reached the hallway, and with a forced straightness to his shoulders Mr. Bainbridge told her that it was nothing, merely the price of being a servant of the people. Then he bent to kiss her.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "You're—you're crying!"

"Oh—oh, Theodore!" She put her arms about his neck and sobbed on his shoulder. After a long time the whole horrible story of Mrs. Bowman's insults and their results came out. Theodore, pushing the Shrimp away with one foot, swallowed gulpy.

"The incident is closed," he said in a hollow voice. "I wont withdraw. This is a matter of honor. And I'll—I'll win. For you!"

Following which he went home, and studied his books until three o'clock. But nowhere could he find what to do when the opposing candidate dared somebody to prove it. So he went to bed; and the next

## HAROLD MAC GRATH

has written a great short story for an early issue of this magazine. It is such a story as one is rarely privileged to read. Be sure to remember its title—

"MAZURKA"

# EVERY NIGHT— *the rejuvenating cleansing*

# EVERY MORNING— *the delicate protective finish*



HERE are a great many women who simply *must* be lovely. They are not satisfied to watch their once exquisite skin losing its freshness, its lustre, its fragile charm.

They know that the insidious enemies of the skin—dust, sun, wind and cold—must be fought not just once in a while but every day if one is to keep a youthful complexion. And that late parties and post-midnight dancing will show the next day in tiny lines of fatigue around the mouth and eyes.

These are the women who have turned to the Pond's method, based on the two principles of skin perfection—a Rejuvenating Cleansing and a Delicate Protective Finish—which Pond's two famous creams supply.

#### *How exquisite women keep their youth*

**EVERY NIGHT**—apply Pond's Cold Cream liberally on the face and neck. Rub it in gently with the tips of the fingers, or apply it with a piece of moistened cotton. It cannot pull or stretch the tissues but works deep into the pores, ridding them of all the dirt, powder, excess oil that choke those tiny cells. Wipe the cream off with a soft cloth. You will gasp at the amount of dust and dirt that comes with it. Now apply the cream a second time and wipe it off again. How clean and fresh your skin is, how soft and velvety!

If your skin is very dry, after you have cleansed it at night pat in a little more cold cream about the mouth, eyes and nose, where wrinkles begin to form.

**IN THE MORNING**—before you powder, always before going out, smooth on a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—just enough for the skin to absorb. Instantly you see a clear fresh tone, a new delicacy of texture, that prepares your skin perfectly for the necessary finish of powder. Notice how *evenly* the powder goes on. And it will cling for hours. Moreover this cream forms a delicate yet sure protection against every sort of exposure.

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Begin today to give your skin this exquisite cleansing and protection. Follow the example of the wise and charming women who will not permit their complexions to lose their youth and freshness. Get Pond's Two Creams in any store but if you'd like to try them first, cut the coupon at the right and mail it with 10c. Pond's Extract Company.



*A few moments each day for the bright beauty  
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POND'S TWO CREAMS—USED BY THE  
WOMEN WHO MUST BE EXQUISITE

morning, hollow-eyed and grim, he collared the town marshal on the way to the office.

"See here, Jake," he said, "I want the truth from you. Isn't there bootlegging going on in Belvedere Hollow?"

Jake, the marshal, swung his club.

"I know just what you're gettin' at, Mr. Bainbridge. Yes sir, givin' you a plain answer, there is bootleggin' in Belvedere."

"Why isn't it stopped?"

"Yes sir," said the marshal, adopting a heel-and-toe movement, with his club held behind him, "that's just the question: why aint it? I can't tell you. They know me over there; I aint a chance in the world to catch 'em. And they found out awful quick who was the three revenuers that came up here from the Government. That's just it—they aint catchable. Of course," he continued with a frown, "my scheme might've worked, of bringing in some foreign spies, but Mayor Bowman didn't see his way clear to spendin' the money. P'raps he was right. I aint sayin' no. But I'd like to catch 'em!"

**M**R. BAINBRIDGE went onward, another bubble burst; evidently there was no collusion, with the marshal at least. At the factory he sought Gran'ma and in jaunty fashion handed him a ten-dollar bill.

"Trot over to Belvedere Hollow and get me a couple of pints of booze," he ordered with the air of a confirmed rounder. But it was hopeless. That evening Gran'ma reported that he had personally wept upon the neck of every drinking man he knew—to no avail.

"I guess the word's went out," he said. "No more sellin', until after election."

A bit disconcerting, that information. After a great deal of thought, Theodore called up a detective agency by long distance, talked enthusiastically for a moment, listened for ten—then gloomily paid the toll-charges. In the first place, it would cost twenty-five dollars a day and expenses for a plain-clothes man, and nothing guaranteed short of a month. The situation, as "How to Run for Public Office" would put it, was becoming calamitous.

It grew to be steadily more of the same thing. Two weeks passed, in which the Honorable Bill Bowman kissed babies, patted fathers and mothers on the back, had his picture taken with every bride and groom and their family, and rolled up votes. Theodore attempted something of the same sort, only to find that he invariably called the baby "she" when it was something opposite, and got the names mixed. Margaret went doggedly about her task of door-to-door visitation, arguing, expostulating, while her eyes gained more of a glazed expression, her cheeks became more gaunt, and name after name went on a private list of women that *she* certainly never intended to speak to again. The sprinkling-cart did figure-eights up and down the main street; the gas inspector dropped in casually to see how the stove was working and incidentally saying a good word for Mayor Bowman. And Lord Kilkenny Marston Conqueror I, otherwise Toodles, otherwise His Majesty the Shrimp, possessed himself of a secret.

He was under the kitchen cabinet when he found it out. Five minutes later, Mar-

garet came downstairs and looked out the back door. But no one was there.

"Isn't that funny?" she asked, and walked into the yard. "I was sure I heard somebody knock."

Then she went forth to her visitations, while under the kitchen cabinet His Majesty squirmed, tried to look behind his left ear, failed, pulled his catfish mouth at the corners, and raising one hind leg, let fly in another series of scratchings, while his joint-bone whanged rhythmically and disregarded against the floor. It was this which Margaret had heard. But the Shrimp didn't know. He only realized that this was a private affair, that to scratch in the presence of anybody in the family meant an immediate bath. His Majesty owned a flea!

But, to a degree, he was safe in his possession. These were lonely days in the Lannington household. Even Mrs. Lannington, Margaret's mother, had been pressed into service, and was spending most of her time calling upon friends. The Shrimp was left alone, to stare out the window, to whine and howl and dance, then to rush for the protection of that kitchen cabinet and attend to his flea. Thus three more days went by; then came an important rumor.

"Why?" said Gran'ma one morning as he waved his currycomb, "should this Bow-man person go home with Newt Hawkins ever night?"

"Why?" asked Mr. Bainbridge. "I suppose because Newt's his campaign manager over in Belvedere."

"Maybe so." Gran'ma swiped at the ample rump of a dappled charge and shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe so. I just happened to remember that when I first got her, a fellow gave me a drink an' called it Hawkins' Hair-remover. Now, I don't know. But—"

Mr. Bainbridge became goggle-eyed.

"You've seen him do this?"

"Ever' evenin' for the last three days, just after dark. Newt lives alone, don't he?"

"He's supposed to. Then," said Mr. Bainbridge, jerking forth a finger, "they're not going there to dinner, are they? No, they're not. I'll find out about this!"

**N**EVERTHELESS he realized his hopelessness. It was no crime for two men to meet in conference. Mr. Bainbridge took to wandering the streets of Belvedere, and saw for himself. They did it openly, and grinned as they passed him on the way to a square little boxlike place in which the curtains were drawn. Two more days galloped by, and with a sudden plumping of the heart, Theodore Bainbridge realized that in twenty-four hours more he must face the assembled multitude—with not one scintilla of evidence, as "How to Run for Public Office" put it. Theodore knew what that meant. In fact, he was being reminded of it several times an hour in his last-minute efforts at cigar-distribution, or interest in the basketball team, or when he dropped into the Elks Club, just to see how everybody was getting along. Twenty-four hours more, and not a sail in sight.

That night he sought the marshal, and with that gentleman beside him, made the rounds of Belvedere. They passed the boxlike home of Newt Hawkins, and observed nothing which could serve as an excuse for entrance, in spite of the fact that the marshal swore he'd do it if it was a matter of right an' wrong. As a result, Theodore went to the stable and dragged forth Gran'ma, helping him hitch up the eight Percherons for what had been reserved for a last-minute ensemble—a parade up and down the main street, each horse bearing an adjuration to Vote for Bainbridge, the People's Choice. However, the spectators appeared to be of a different opinion. Sounds which resembled cats quarreling

came from the silhouetted figures on the sidewalk. Theodore went slowly home, and forgot to whistle when he passed the house of Margaret Lannington. The debacle was almost upon him.

A glum and hopeless man was he. The next day passed in blurred, useless efforts. Gran'ma made frantic sallies with his ten-dollar bill, only to return after each sortie defeated and discouraged. Home-distilled whisky, it seemed, had dropped out of existence. The pool-halls were models of sobriety. Even the town drunkard mentioned casually that he hadn't taken any of the stuff for six months. Evening arrived, and Theodore, struggling fiercely for an appearance of gaiety, halted at the Lannington house, waved cheerfully to Margaret and asked for the Shrimp.

"Just thought I'd—I'd take him for a walk," he said. Margaret forced a smile.

"Oh, I wish you would, Theo. I don't know whatever's come over him. He stays under the kitchen cabinet all the time."

"Probably lonesome," said Theo, very nonchalantly. "But a walk'll brace him up. And, Margaret,"—he paused as the Shrimp bounded out the door,—"I may be a little late to that meeting, but I'll be there."

"And you'll have the evidence, Theo?"

"The evidence? Oh, yes, the evidence. Well, you just tell them that I'll be there! Maybe a little late you know—ha-ha! But better late than never!"

Then he swung very jauntily on, one hand traveling now and then to a hip pocket. Mr. Theodore Bainbridge was desperate. He wasn't taking His Majesty for a walk. He was taking him for company, and in his hip pocket rested a thirty-two-caliber, six-shot, nickel-plated, pearl-handled bulldog revolver. Theodore had reached the ultimate. He was going down to that square, boxlike house with the scanty front porch and find out for himself! Gran'ma had just reported by telephone. The Mayor was there again!

It grew dark as he traversed the district leading around the edge of town and veered over the slight hill which separated Belvedere Hollow from the town proper, but Theodore did not notice. His was the wormwood of failure, the realization of despondency that one must feel when a boom has swung high in the air, sailed valiantly, then come home, a boomerang. He even forgot to keep the Shrimp at heel, allowing him to wander into wide circles of investigation, long moments of scratching in which he pawed with the delightful knowledge that he was out in the open where a dog could do with a flea as he caninely liked, moments from which he emerged on the fly, to scoot between Theodore's legs, tack hard, swing about with a skidding motion, then angle off anew to strange and unexplored fields. It was a great trip for the Shrimp. Evidently the flea enjoyed it too. He bit far oftener than usual.

**H**OWEVER, for Theodore it was all a haze. If he failed now, he failed forever. And as he approached the place, there seemed nothing left but failure. He couldn't break in. Of course, if they should happen to open the door, that would be different. He could stick his foot in the aperture. Otherwise, he could only ring the bell and hope for the best.

The Shrimp watched him go to the house and then noticed a weed-patch. Theodore noticed nothing, except a tiny chink of light emerging from the edge of a tightly drawn curtain. He punched the bell, and waited. No response came, and he jabbed it anew.

"It rings, all right," he muttered. "I can hear it."

Then to be sure, he tried a series of short pokes, an electric rendition of "All Policemen Have Big Feet" and finally a prolonged

## "DIXIE"

That is the title of a race-track story with a thrill in almost every paragraph. It will appear in an early issue. Its author? Of course—

GERALD BEAUMONT

*Another case where  
Nothing can take the place  
of FELS-NAPTHA*



Clothes, linen and floor are apt to suffer from Baby's friendly attack at meals. But not for long!

With Fels-Naptha handy, mother knows that no permanent damage is done. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha quickly dissolves greasy milk stains when the linens are soaked in the sudsy water, or when a thick suds of Fels-Naptha is rubbed on the rugs to remove the spots.

Fels-Naptha is a very real help in cutting down the hard work of washing rompers, woolens and diapers. It gives them that deep Fels-Naptha Cleanliness. And thoroughly clean clothes are healthful. Fels-Naptha removes the cause of irritation to the tender skin.

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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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**In Summer your skin needs "Precious Moisture"**

These burning-up days your hot, parched skin needs the "precious moisture" of Frostilla Fragrant Lotion to keep it soft, smooth and cool.

The summer sun and wind dry your skin of its natural moisture—it becomes parched, rough and burned. Frostilla Fragrant Lotion is especially prepared to supply a "precious moisture" to soothe the skin and keep your face, neck and arms from coarsening.

Of course in Summer you powder very, very often, but each grain of powder is a tiny blotter, drying out the skin. Soon your face is rough and scaly. Frostilla Fragrant Lotion dissolves this scaliness and the dried skin falls away. Your face emerges clean, smooth and soft.

**In Housework**—Especially after the dishes the hands need the "precious moisture" of Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. It is instantly absorbed and the skin becomes once more smooth and white.

**For Men—Summer Shaving Joy**—So cooling and soothing on a soap-dried face. Sold everywhere. Regular price 15 cents. The Frostilla Company, Elmira, New York. Selling Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York, Toronto, London and Sydney.

**Frostilla**  
Fragrant Lotion

ringing. No one replied. Again he tried it, while out in the weed-patch the Shrimp followed the trails of vagrant chickens, other dogs and things which he couldn't decipher. Five minutes passed, in useless effort. The shoulders of Mr. Bainbridge sagged in defeat.

"They're either not here, or they won't answer," he muttered tragically. "It's hopeless!"

Slowly he turned from the porch, looked about with the vague air of having forgotten something, then moved slowly up the street. Gabriel's horn had blown. It was the end of the world. A block away he passed under the arc-light, heading toward the bulky form of the marshal across the street. But he did not talk of his investigations. Anything but that—all that Theodore Bainbridge desired now was surcease, and a momentary release from the knowledge that a meeting awaited. A meeting which he must face in failure!

SO Theodore talked of various things, while down at the weed-patch, His Majesty suddenly recalled that he owed a visit to his master, and with his sense of smell slightly disarrayed by contact with the contents of a sardine can, moved for the Hawkins porch. Mr. Bainbridge was not there. Therefore he must be inside. A faithful dog should sit down and wait. The weed-patch had paled anyway, and so the Shrimp sat—while a block and a half away Mr. Theodore Bainbridge tried to take his mind off his trouble by telling the marshal of the marvelous sales in Mississippi of Eight-horse Glue, a Percheron Pull and a Bulldog Grip. Five minutes passed. Mr. Bainbridge still talked, lightly and with gusto, and the Shrimp still sat. Then the flea, feeling perhaps the touch of night breezes and the need for food, moved to an especially tender spot behind His Majesty's ear, opened up for action and clamped hard.

Lord Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I swung about like a dog with an inspiration. His head cocked to one side and his ears drew back. His mouth dragged at the corners, and a hind leg went into fevered action. Within, chain tipped against the wall, shooes off to rest his feet, one hand full of coffee beans which he nibbled to kill his breath, the Honorable Bill Bowman slid his glass to a table and glanced hurriedly toward his comrade.

"That him back again?" he asked. Newt Hawkins shook his head.

"Him? No, he's clear up the street."

"Then who is it? Eddie?"

"Must be. Little early, though." He moved to a peep-hole in a front curtain. "Can't see him; probably standin' close to the door."

"Hammering hard enough, isn't he? Don't he know the knock?"

Newt Hawkins scratched his head.

"Come to think of it, don't believe he does. I just told him to come here as soon as he found out how things were goin' in Wop-town. I'll go see."

The Mayor sagged on his chair and took another bite of coffee.

"Don't open it wide—just the length of the chain."

He waited while Newt Hawkins went to the door. The guard-chain, gauged to allow the door to open only a few inches, rasped. Then Newt's voice:

"What d'you know about that? Nobody here—Hey, you! You! Come back here!"

The door slammed. Sounds came from the hall, of heavy steps, punctuated by the patter of tiny feet upon crinkly matting. The Mayor stared, then swung an excited arm.

"Get him out of here!" he gulped, over his coffee beans. "That's the Lannington dog!"

"Aint I been trying to get him out?"

protested the campaign manager. "Hey, you—out with you—out of here—"

But the Shrimp dodged. His master was in here, and he didn't intend to leave until he found him. The Mayor rose and poked a shoeless foot at him. The Shrimp dodged. Newt Hawkins bounded up and down several times and swung his arms. About that time His Majesty decided it must be some kind of a game.

He bent on his front legs and barked, while the two men moved to excited gyrations, which the Shrimp enjoyed thoroughly. Again and again he dodged; then, in an excess of joy, His Majesty sighted one of the Mayor's shoes, bounded forward, seized it in his mouth and raced about the room until he bumped into a chair and lost his grip. So he stood and barked again, wild, happy barking, with his head in the air. These were regular fellows!

A block away Mr. Theodore Bainbridge turned sharply, suddenly brought to earth by a familiar sound. He put a hand to his ear; then, followed by the marshal, moved excitedly forward.

"That was the Shrimp!" he exclaimed. "I'd forgotten him. Lost somewhere! Here, Shrimp—here, Shrimp! Here—here!" Then he whistled and began to run, while in the room of the little square house, Mayor Bill Bowman rescued first one shoe, then the other, then swirled for a command:

"When I tell you, open that door," he yelled. "Now—no, wait a minute—he you, out o' here—now—no, he's gone back again, now—now I've got him—now—no! No! Oh, my Gawd!"

For the Shrimp had made another dive, for anything that he could run with, seized something that hung out of the side of a large, sticky barrel, and shaking wildly at his wriggling prize, dodged past the long-legged Newt Hawkins and sped for the street, pirouetting and bounding, while from behind him, door wide open, Mayor Bill Bowman pushed his campaign manager into excited activity.

"Grab him!" he urged. "Grab him! He's got the siphon hose, out of the hooch barrel!"

Hawkins rushed to the door. Then swiftly he whirled, empty-handed and frantic, for the door. A form had loomed out of the darkness, followed by a second; Theodore Bainbridge stooped to an amazed examination of the wriggling thing in the jaws of the prancing Shrimp. He caught it and jerked it free. He sniffed. He handed it to the marshal, who sniffed also. Then they sniffed together, and Theodore's right hand went spasmodically to his hip pocket. "Open that door!" he bellowed. "Open that door!"

Then, without waiting for compliance, he lowered a shoulder, ducked his head, crashed forward, hesitated an instant—and went through!

Barrels! And foul-smelling, seething stuff that bubbled when they removed the covers from the various containers. Bottles. Copper coils. Wild thumpings and yellings of command which went unanswered. Then at last, far down in the basement, hiding behind a crate of gallon jugs, two persons who refused to come out. Theodore forgot his revolver. After all, fists were far more satisfactory.

UP at the Masonic Hall, the Blazing Arrow Band had played "Hail to the Chief." Then it had played "The Willow Grove March" and gone to past experience for "The Blue Danube Waltz," while the crowd grew restive, and up on the platform, Miss Margaret Lannington thanked heaven she'd brought her smelling-salts along. A few persons departed. Then a few more, quite a number, guffawing among themselves. On the front row a red geranium bobbed higher and higher, as with tri-

# Concentrated Energy

## in this fresh natural food



THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach, and general health are affected—

this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results. Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are billions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. Health is yours once more.

**"Our home is in Shanghai, China.**  
There, our eight-year-old Billy began having severe outbreaks of boils. The doctor's treatment there gave relief for a short time only. Then came a stay in America where we began a course of Fleischmann's Yeast, sandwiching the daily cake between layers of sugar cookies. Then did Fleischmann's prove itself, for the boils disappeared and after two years have never returned."

(Mrs. Julia W. Stafford of Shanghai, China)



**Dissolve one cake  
in a glass of water  
(just hot enough to drink)**

—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation.

Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

Fleischmann's Yeast for Health comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form.

*All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.*

Write us for further information or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. M-7, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



**"I had four children to provide for.** My work was laborious and one year's untiring efforts found me very much run-down. It was difficult for me to keep on my feet for more than an hour at a time. I was more than willing to do my utmost to provide for my loved ones, but my health interfered.

"I saw an advertisement about Fleischmann's Yeast. Eagerly, enthusiastically, I tried it. I religiously continued the treatment and soon began to feel strong. I am now in perfect health with the bloom of youth in my face. Fleischmann's Yeast has done all this for me."

(A letter from Mrs. H. Crookhorn of New York City)

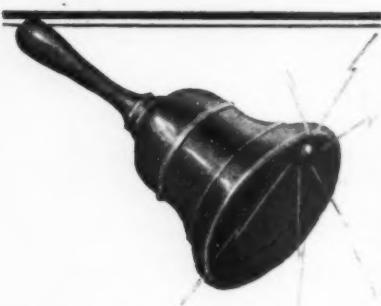
**"As Executive Officer** and Lieutenant U. S. Navy, I was relieved from active duty. Sick in mind with a pain-tortured body—stomach trouble was so acute I couldn't eat or sleep. My aunt recommended a Fleischmann's Yeast Cake dissolved in water, and I took it to please her. The pain ceased. I had slight return attacks for a few weeks, but each time 'little doctor yeast cake' knocked them out. I eat anything now and enjoy it. Old navy friends tell me I look like the Athletic Instructor of old."

(A letter from Mr. Charles C. Beach of Baltimore, Md.)



**"Born with an appetite for fats and sweets,** at 40 I was constipated and headache. I had long since adopted the pill habit as a temporary relief from the ills and discomforts that come with constipation. A casual hotel acquaintance advised that I take Fleischmann's Yeast. Today constipation and headaches are gone—vanished. I enjoy my food. I have greater zest for work—play—life itself." (Mr. E. R. Henderson of Hot Springs, Ark.)





## Wake up your gums!

*It will lengthen the life  
of your teeth*

THE IMPORTANCE of healthy gums in the preservation of your teeth cannot be over-estimated. The threat that the "pink toothbrush" brings cannot be made too clear.

Under a diet of soft food, our gums lack the stimulation which they need so much.

### Does your toothbrush "show pink"?

Dentists will tell you that the best thing you can do for your gums is to keep them healthy and hard. Today they are preaching and practising the care of the gums as well as the care of the teeth.

Thousands of dentists have written to tell us how they combat soft and spongy gums by the use of Ipana. Many prescribe a gum massage with Ipana after the ordinary brushing with Ipana, for Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of ziratol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and to keep them firm and healthy.

### Try a tube of Ipana today

If your gums have a tendency to be soft or to bleed, go to the drug store today and buy your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it you cannot fail to note the difference. You will be delighted with its grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste.

## IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

Bristol-  
Myers  
Co.  
Dept. G-8  
42 Rector St.  
New York,  
N.Y.

Kindly send me  
a trial tube of  
IPANA TOOTH PASTE  
without charge or  
obligation on my part.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_

In generous tubes, at all  
drug and department stores—50c.



umph. But suddenly everybody came flooding back again.

There had come from without the sounds of scuffling and of protest. A little brown-and-white dog, with bits of wreckage and corn mash clinging to his coat, bounded into the hall, and raced for the gasping Miss Lannington. Then came the marshal, dragging Newt Hawkins. And while the crowd knocked over the chairs and a red geranium rose, only that it might flutter weakly downward, there entered Mr. Theodore Bainbridge, rising young candidate for mayor, one arm full of copper coils and variegated tubes, the other occupied in dragging a fat, shoeless person with a black eye. Theodore paused at the threshold.

"There's your Mayor!" he shouted. "And here's his still! Take 'em away, Officer!"

After a long, long time, the crowd which had followed the marshal down the street returned to hear the pre-election speech of the sterling young crusader who on the morrow would be elected Mayor of Kenwood. It applauded vociferously. On the platform a young woman beamed, and beamed—and beamed, while a little dog sat snuggled against her. But withal, there was an element of pathos.

Somewhere, somehow, Lord Kilkenning Marston Conqueror I had lost his flea. While down in the dungeon deep, the former Honorable Bill Bowman sat in preoccupied fashion, scratching at an ankle.

## HALF PRICE

(Continued from page 97)

went around deciding what the living-wage was, and being outraged when you said that you couldn't live on it. A living-wage—oh, well!

She smiled at her mother and continued reading the dreary classified advertisements for female help. Most of the "help" was wanted in the kitchen or on the road selling something. If she was in New York! But you couldn't even move three people to New York on a hundred dollars.

Five days later Mr. Arthur Dean, manager of the Daylight Store, looked up from his broad and businesslike desk to see Marcella before him. She looked, he noted instantly, as if she hated him.

"How about that job you suggested?" she began.

Arthur hesitated.

"Why, Marcella, you were so definite I filled it. I took on Dolly Barber."

"Dolly Barber can't buy clothes! She's a wonderful looker, but she hasn't the head for buying."

"She'll learn, maybe. I'm awfully sorry, Marcella. But we're full to the brim in the Ladies' Wear."

Marcella's lips straightened. She turned to the door. Then suddenly, as if she could not face the pavement again, she flung herself back.

"Put me in somewhere, anyway, can't you? I'll sell aluminum if I have to. But I've got to have a job; that's all."

The little man looked at her commiseratingly and embarrassedly.

"Now, that's too bad," he said. "Of course I can place you, Marcella—somewhere."

She was rather unlike the Marcella of Hamilton's, smooth in manner, suave, wearing a faint imitative air of hauteur. Her mouth was sullen and tired. Arthur Dean got up.

"Sit down, Marcella, while I look around a bit, will you?"

SHE waited for him. It wasn't such a bad office. The stenographers were in an outer inclosure. The private office was a funny little glassed-in cage with only a desk and two chairs. The most comfortable one was the one left for callers. Through the windows of the office she could see the morning shoppers going through the store, fingering, handling, eying longingly the things displayed so artlessly for their admiration. There were all kinds of women, thin housewives in coats that looked like frail protectors against the wind outside—and so many, many black coats. Black coats like a uniform, shapeless black coats of cloth, with a wisp of fur sometimes at the throat. Hats that had been crushed together in packing boxes, perhaps. All the women looked as if they'd had a hard time living—as if they'd been worn thin by it.

"They don't try to dress themselves to

conceal it, but they could," thought Marcella. "They could do as well as Mother."

Mrs. Duncan always looked like an old lady of manner and taste. That was Marcella's shopping. Marcella remembered vaguely that her mother had once looked like these women who shopped in the Daylight Store.

Mr. Dean returned, beaming.

"Bit of luck, Miss Duncan." She guessed from his dropping of her Christian name, that she was employed. "I can place you in the ready-to-wear, all right. Nice girl in charge there. You and Miss Barber, with Mrs. Olson, head of the department. Do your best for us. We need a lot of the brains that made Hamilton's get by."

She looked at him straight.

"Wages?"

"Well, you come from Hamilton's, of course. You can help us a lot—if you're tactful. Twenty-five a week to start with—you must have had fifty at Hamilton's, but it's not fair to the others to put it higher. However, you can earn more, Miss Duncan, after a little."

She wanted to cry at his understanding and promises, and at the same time to slap him.

"Going to be good to work together again," he ventured.

Marcella drew herself up.

"Oh, I won't see much of my boss," she said. "Where do I go?"

Twenty-five was little enough, but by cutting all their expenses to the bone, they could live on it and still keep the flat. Her mother's delight in Marcella's working again was un concealed. Mrs. Duncan declared she had always liked the Daylight Store.

"You get real bargains there, Marcella. You just watch."

Marcella watched. It was hard not to show her open disdain of the management of the Ladies' Wear at the start, hard not to get off with Dolly Barber and reminisce. But there was a downright honesty in Marcella which kept her from that. She went grimly over the stock of toneless house-dresses, of silk dresses, of coats. "Now I know where those black coats grow," she told herself.

There were no wardrobe cases, only great circular racks, sheathed at night in white covers. But the stock was turned over very quickly at the Daylight Store, so that clothes did not have much chance to get shopworn.

The head of the department, Mrs. Olson, was inclined to be critical of Dolly and Marcella at first. But Marcella, after watching Mrs. Olson make one or two sales to nervous women with purses which must have been almost flat, noted her kindness, her tolerance with their nervous anxiety lest they make a mistake, her endless discussion, and began to admire her superior.

"You certainly are patient. That woman



*He knew he was lucky to have her for this last dance of the evening—she looked as sweet and fresh as when she arrived. She was one of those women who know how to retain their subtle charm of complexion.*

## Do you use the wrong shade of powder?

By MME. JEANNETTE

YOU wouldn't think of wearing two different shades of stockings at one time—yet how often we see women with one shade of skin wearing an entirely different shade of face powder!

This is one of the very important considerations in using powder effectively—it must match the tone of your skin. Pompeian Beauty Powder is found in four shades, one for each of the typical skins.

The following general description will be a guide in deciding your shade of skin:

**The Medium skin** is found with almost any shade of eyes or hair, but the actual tone of the skin makes the type!

These skins need the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. So many American women should use this particular shade, and it is so perfected in the Pompeian Beauty Powder that I would almost persuade any woman who hasn't a striking blonde or a brunette skin to try this powder in this shade!

**The White skin** appears in very blonde types, and occasionally in the very black-haired Irish type, but most frequently with red hair. If you are sure your skin is chalk-white, you may use White powder that is found in the Pompeian Beauty Powder.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO

*Also Made in Canada*

**Pompeian**  
Beauty Powder



© 1924. The Pompeian Co.

### The new POMPEIAN POWDER COMPACT —a thin model—

Every woman who uses Pompeian Beauty Powder and is a devotee of its superior qualities will welcome the fact that the new Pompeian Beauty Powder Compact is now available. It is the same powder, with the same fine adhesive quality, and it may



be had in the four shades—Naturelle, Rachel, Flesh, and White.

It comes in a gilt lacquered case with a tracery of violet-covered enamel in delicate design on the top.

This is an exceptionally thin model—the correct compact for the smart bags—and it fits easily in the pocket of suit or wrap. It is sufficiently large in circumference to permit of good expanse of powder—and has a generous mirror in the top. The compact itself is covered with a satin-backed puff.

Examine this new compact at the same store where you buy your Pompeian Beauty Powder—you will find it as de luxe as a model from an exclusive jeweler's. Be sure to get your correct shade of powder according to directions given on this page. Pompeian Beauty Powder Compact, \$1.00.

*Mme. Jeannette*

Specialiste en Beauté

MADAME JEANNETTE,  
Pompeian Laboratories,  
Dept. 610, Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Madame: Not being entirely certain which shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder is best suited to my skin tone, I wish to test the two shades checked below.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Please check the two shades desired for test  
 Naturelle  Rachel  Flesh  White

has been in here to look at that twenty-nine-fifty dress four times. She's had her sister and her daughter in to inspect it, too."

"She wants it," said Mrs. Olson, "but she doesn't dare buy it unless she's sure of it. It looks well on her, too, poor thing!"

Marrella eyed the dress. It was printed crêpe de chine, a tan background with a senseless blue figure crawling on it. It was too high in the neck and too wide in the sleeve to have any trace of fashion in it.

"Wouldn't these women buy smarter clothes, Mrs. Olson?"

Mrs. Olson herself was quite smart. She knew what Marrella meant, and smiled as Marrella waved a disparaging hand at the line of coats.

"The coats all look alike," Marrella complained; "surely they don't have to be all dark blue or black with a wisp of cat-fur or a square collar that never becomes anyone. And those spring suits you are thinking of ordering all are cut by a carpenter."

"The customers like blue serge or black serge, and they like a suit that will last a long while—or a serge or tricotine dress. But they sheer off from too much style. We run the fashion, the changing fashions, into our misses' department—not so much in the ladies' wear."

"The misses' clothes are too fashionable," sighed Marrella. "They've no restraint and they are too tawdry."

"But those girls don't like to wear dresses forever. However, I'll see if we can't try some of your ideas out this spring, Miss Duncan. You and Miss Barber get your heads together."

Mrs. Olson did most of her buying from the big Chicago jobbing houses. But when it was time for her spring trip, which came in early February, Mrs. Olson was ill with influenza. Marrella went to see her at the hospital, which had temporarily become her home.

"I want you to do the buying—not Miss Barber," said Mrs. Olson. "You've had experience. But you can't go to the same people you used to buy from. Try to remember what I told you about our trade, won't you, Marrella?"

"Indeed I will," Marrella promised, and unwrapped a pot of pink hyacinths for her superior. But her heart danced. Mrs. Olson wasn't awfully sick, just conveniently so, and to buy again was the breath of life to Marrella.

Before she left for Chicago, she went to Arthur Dean.

"How limited am I?" she asked.

Dean considered.

"Tell me what you plan to do? Think you understand our customers, and their difference from Hamilton's?"

"I think they are different, but they deserve better than they're getting. Let me show you what I mean. You take an old woman of fifty who has once been good-looking, in here. You reduce her to the average. You could take five years off her age with a little more imagination. Then take the young girls. They never get good simple materials and lines, as the girls of

their age used to do at Hamilton's. Don't worry—I won't try to make Hamilton customers out of them. But I'm sure that with just a little more outlay you could do so much better by them—and increase your trade, and raise your prices. It would work out for everyone's benefit."

"Right," said Arthur Dean. "That's the spirit. Go to it. Hold the trade; that's all."

She rose, with gratitude shining in her eyes.

"Dolly Barber doesn't really want to buy. She's afraid. You're awfully decent to me, Mr. Dean, to let me do it."

"I like trying to be decent to you."

He stood behind his desk and smiled at her, his half-gay, altogether friendly smile with a hint of wistfulness in it. He was absurd in his desire to please her.

Over the desk he made his declaration.

"I've always thought a lot of you, Marrella. If you really are pleased about this, won't you let me see something of you before you go?"

Marrella's face sharpened a little.

"So there's a catch in it."

He reddened.

"No. I've always liked you, from the old Hamilton days. When people talked of girls and—of marrying, my mind always slid over to you. Maybe, when we get to know each other better?"

Because he was for a minute at her mercy, and Marrella had formerly been at his, she could not resist the chance to hurt him.

"I didn't know you expected more than service," she said coolly. "Must everything be discounted? I don't go at half-price, whatever else does. No matter how clever a buyer and a bargainer you are! I've one fixed price and you would never pay it."

He flushed. She rejoiced and yet trembled a little, knowing in what jeopardy she had put her job. Then, as he abruptly sat down at his desk, with his mouth set in the familiar fighting line, Marrella repented. But it was too late.

"You misunderstand me, Miss Duncan. Now as to the point of how much I can allow you to spend, I can tell you in a minute. At Mayfield and Horne's our account is especially useful."

The rest was business. She couldn't possibly break through it. When he was through with her, she left the office because she had to. She had no opening to smooth out her rudeness, and her temporary triumph oozed away. Before she left the office, she was ashamed, and her shame was rapidly turning, as it cooled, to resentment.

Still, she forgot him, when she went on her trip. It was such great fun, and she found her horizon expanding. She saw great possibilities. Before her eyes she kept the memory of the women with slim purses. But she found things for them, soft grays and taupes, silk and wool dresses, without adornments, in the new models and at low prices.

"One of our best and always sure sellers," said Mr. Davison of Davison and Levy, showing her a blue serge coat with a square collar. "There's a little garment you can always sell. Mrs. Olson always buys that model. This year we've added scarf-ends, you see—a touch of the new style."

"That is the kind of suit I want our customers to get away from," said Marrella coolly.

Mr. Davison made a faint expressive gesture with his hands which relinquished judgment after sound advice. He showed her a gay little party frock of cheap silvery lace which flaunted its skirts boastingly.

"For the miss. They like it—the *bouffant*."

But Marrella shook her head.

"No—I like those tan crêpes, with the tiny lace sleeves."

Odd, how she began to love her customers as she bought for them. She had always felt that way at Hamilton's. She could "see" a dress—prophecy its appearance in imagination—know just how it would look on Mrs. Herbert Luddington, or young Grace Ferry. She liked to buy such clothes as those she secured for the Harrison twins' first season at Palm Beach. Now she found her interest just as great in planning a dress for Mrs. J. E. Evans, the woman who had struggled so long over the twenty-nine-fifty dress. The gray silk taffeta was specially designed for her—with its fluted jabot at the neck. And she remembered a certain young girl with bobbed hair and black eyes and an elfin face who had avidly looked at the stock of party dresses under Marrella's guidance. For her a beige crêpe de chine was obtained.

**S**HE went back to the Daylight with a feeling like that of a missionary on the verge of making converts. Mrs. Olson was still in the hospital. She was not coming back to the store for six months, so badly had the influenza affected her heart. Marrella was placed in charge.

She planned her spring announcements with the advertising manager as if the fate of nations depended on the stroke of his pen. She arranged her displays, chafing at the limitations of models with funny wax faces and backgrounds of pink cretonnes in the show-windows. Coming to her department one day, Arthur Dean found her with her eyes shining, having the racks moved back as far as possible into the corners.

"What's the idea? How are your customers going to see the clothes?"

"They sit down on the benches and have clothes shown them."

"Sure they wouldn't sooner push the rack around themselves?" he asked. He looked at her now without smiling.

"Yes, I'm sure," she told him.

But for all that, she was nervous. Being nervous, she began to try to charm her customers. It was a thing Marrella could do well. Once or twice middle-aged women looked at her as if she were trying to fool them, and asked for Mrs. Olson. Mrs. Olson had a fine solid air of understanding the worth of a dollar, that her customers liked.

In the department now were Marrella, Dolly Barber, of equal wages but too lazy to push herself, and two younger girls who admired Marrella and helped her. They agreed that the Daylight never had an ounce of style.

The day announced as the first of the spring showings came. Seats had been placed for the customers—rows of chairs. At two o'clock Dolly Barber and the prettier of the two younger girls began to act as models. Marrella looked over the rows of seats, all filled, and dressed Dolly in the prettiest of the women's clothes. The young girl wore the misses' things.

It was a very scant display compared to the old parades at Hamilton's, but it had an idea. Marrella saw Arthur Dean come up to look at the crowd, then vanish.

When the showings were over, the women hung around for a little, hesitantly. Some of the young girls came up to look closer, asking for dresses. They did not buy, but they looked interested. They talked styles.

"But haven't you any gold and silver lace?"

"These are better values," said Marrella, indicating her crêpe de chines with lace caps over the arms. "Silver lace is extremely expensive if it's good."

"At Meyer's I saw one for nineteen-fifty," said a girl to another, loud enough for Marrella to hear.

The older women were likewise reluctant to buy. Unlike the girls, they seemed determined to find quality.

## ARNOLD BENNETT

is one of the most famous of living novelists and short-story writers. A remarkable story by him will appear in an early issue. Its title is—

"HOUSE TO LET"

"Abnormal conditions of the intestines are largely responsible for the common headache malady, and for the general lowered resistance, resulting in colds and even more serious ailments."

"HOW TO LIVE" by Fisher and Fisk of the Life Extension Institute.



## Is success worth the price so many pay?

Remember,—“An ounce of prevention . . .”

To the cities they come, from university, farm and town—clean-limbed lads with hard bodies and determined minds to enter the lists of business. With the hot energy of youth that cannot be denied they climb swiftly, rung-by-rung up the ladder of success.

Executives before forty; slightly grey at the temples, a little wider at the girth, muscles flabby, tired lines about the eyes, slaves to their desks—these men are drawing on the reserve. How long can it hold out?

### The Penalty of Neglect

Sooner or later all sedentary men and women must “Pay the Piper” unless they call a halt to unnatural habits and take an “Ounce of Prevention” against auto-intoxication. Over-eating and under-exercise cause sluggishness and faulty elimination. Accumulated digestive waste creates slow poisons that seep throughout the system, undermining health, sapping strength and energy, paving the way for

sickness and disease. Post's Bran Flakes provide bulk which the intestines need, if they are to function properly. Crisp flakes of bran (with other nutritious parts of wheat) here is a laxative food, ready to eat.

### A Simple Formula for Keeping Well

Make this a habit: eat an ounce of Post's Bran Flakes in some form or other *every day* just as an “Ounce of Prevention” against faulty elimination and auto-intoxication.

At breakfast in the morning, or before you go to bed at night, eat a bowlful of Post's Bran Flakes with milk or cream. You will find these flakes are really delicious. Ask friend wife to serve Post's Bran Muffins every now and then. At hotels, restaurants, clubs and on the Pullman diner you can get Post's Bran Flakes in the convenient, “Ounce of Prevention” packages.

Get the habit, it's a good one. Now you'll like bran.

### NOTE TO WIVES:

Perhaps John will never send this coupon so it's up to you. Snip it out now and mail it to Battle Creek. By return mail we'll send you an individual “Ounce of Prevention” package free and give you some new bran recipes just for good measure.

### Mail This Coupon

Postum Cereal Company, Inc.  
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me your “Ounce of Prevention,” a free package of Post's Bran Flakes and your booklet showing many different ways to serve bran.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
8-109 Canadians, write to—  
Canadian Postum Cereal Company,  
Ltd.

6 Front Street E. Toronto, Ont.  
© P. C. Co.

At hotels, clubs,  
restaurants and  
on Pullman  
dinners Post's  
Bran Flakes are  
served in in-  
dividual Ounce  
of Prevention  
Packages.



"Looks a little bit freaky to me—so many greens," said one to Marcella.

"But the greens and tans are just what you want this year—and you'd look much younger than in blue or black."

"But how about next year?"

"Why, they haven't any belts!"

"Style or no style, I've got to have a belt!"

"I wish I had that rack over here. I like to look things over myself. They just show you the most expensive ones, this way."

They talked freely but not unkindly. Marcella felt her ears burn. She couldn't explain that she wanted to be a missionary to them. She was glad when the store closed. The first day was the worst. They'd tell their friends and come back. Overnight they'd realize what bargains these were.

At the end of a month the sales in the women's ready-to-wear had fallen off badly. Marcella tried to bolster them up with advertisements, little chummy advertisements about style and quality. But she knew after a month that she was missing. She was falling between two stools. The people who liked that kind of ad, didn't buy at the Daylight, and the Daylight customers didn't care for advertisements that sought to beguile them. They wanted to know "how much off," when they bought.

The word spread through the store that the girl from Hamilton's wasn't much of a success in the ladies' wear. Marcella got the hints in the words and manners of her fellow-employees. But Arthur Dean said never a word for five long weeks. Then one evening just at closing-time he appeared in the department. Marcella's helpers had gone. She was covering a rack of dresses she had come particularly to hate—a rack of tan and green crépes. She could see them in her sleep.

Dean walked up to them.

"Pretty," he said, holding the fabric between his fingers as he took one dress from the rack. "Why don't they sell?"

"Your customers don't want them," said Marcella harshly.

"Well, we'd better get our heads together and see what the trouble is."

"Don't make fun of me. You have every right to. But I tried to please your trade. I bought for them, deliberately. I know what fun they make of me all over the store. But I tried to buy the right things."

"Well, what would you suggest now to move this spring stock?"

"Oh, put them on at half-price," she mocked him.

"Exactly," said Arthur Dean, and walked away.

On Sunday, Marcella stayed in bed. She was too tired to get up. It had to be done sooner or later, and also she must break the news to her mother that she was probably going to be fired. Frank would have to leave school and go to work. She hadn't slept much, and the thoughts stuck like burrs to her brain.

Mrs. Duncan brought her some coffee at nine o'clock, tapping gingerly at the door. Her face was beaming.

"I didn't want to disturb you, dearie, but I knew you'd want to see your fine ad."

"My fine ad?"

"They give you much more notice at the Daylight than Hamilton's ever did."

Marcella took the big Sunday newspaper already creased so her eye would fall on the Daylight advertisement. It stretched across a page.

MISS MARCELLA DUNCAN, BUYER FOR THE DAYLIGHT, FORMERLY OF HAMILTON'S, ANNOUNCES TO HER NEW PATRONS AND HER MANY OLD ONES THAT SHE WILL FEATURE A SALE OF SPRING GOWNS AND DRESSES ON WEDNESDAY.

#### GREAT REDUCTIONS.

MISS DUNCAN'S WIDE EXPERIENCE IN BUYING, AND FAMILIARITY WITH THE STYLES IN PARIS AND NEW YORK, ALLOW HER TO JUDGE AUTHENTICALLY OF WHAT WILL BE

WORN.

#### HAMILTON JUDGMENT AT DAYLIGHT PRICES.

Sketches followed, sketches done by some one who was evidently not on the advertising staff and yet was familiar with the stock. Marcella lay back on her pillows and laughed and found she was crying instead of laughing. It was so decent of Arthur.

She was almost embarrassed to appear at the store next morning, but she caught no glimpse of her employer. She had a great deal to do to make ready for Wednesday. A slip from the office told her just how far to reduce prices, and she noticed with amazement how skillfully it was done.

Wednesday came. The girls were there early, but no earlier than the women who came to buy. Accustomed to the gaps in purchasing in the last month, Marcella expected little. But she hoped. Suddenly she found she was busy, that customers were claiming her one from another. Across the shoulders of a woman in a blue coat, a shapeless coat, she caught sight of the swathed toque of Mrs. Homer Dunning smiling at her eagerly. She saw Mrs. Creighton, Miss Martin—incredibly there they all were, to get Hamilton judgment at Daylight prices.

Marcella leaped to action. She had no idea that Arthur Dean was watching her from his corner on the stairs, and noting how she kept the Dunning and Creightons and Martins from gaining precedence over the anonymous women, the eager, cheaply dressed girls. Marcella played fair. She sold to the old trade of Hamilton's and their friends, but the bona fide customers of the Daylight came first. And as she sold, Marcella's old confidence came back again. The sales were constant, and Marcella found herself saying to more than one former customer from Hamilton's: "I like it here immensely."

At the very end of the afternoon she saw the young girl with the elfin face.

"I suppose everything is picked over, but I couldn't get away," she said discouragedly. "Pretty much," said Miss Duncan, "but I've a few things left. Evening or afternoon?"

"Just one dress—can't I get one to do for both?"

"Of course," said Marcella. "Here, let's try on this mauve georgette. It's just like one I sold to Miss Alice Davis this afternoon."

And as she fitted it, she thought that Miss Alice Davis with her own half-million hadn't looked as lovely as this wisp from nowhere.

"It's marked thirty-seven," said Marcella. The girl's face fell, and Marcella saw it without seeming to see.

"It's the last one. You can have it for thirty." She knew it had cost twenty-nine dollars.

She did not want to leave the store that night. She and her clerks sat gossiping over it.

"Those sketches helped."

"Mr. Dean did those, didn't he?" asked one of the girls.

Marcella turned quickly. "Who?"

"Mr. Dean did them. I'm sure. He sometimes does the sketches for the display ads. He's much better than young Jenkins. His stenog' borrowed three or four models from the dresses and coats, and they are the ones in the pictures."

The old fury at Arthur Dean's patronage rose in Marcella. She had been thinking of this day as her triumph; during the day she had regarded it as hers, and now she was jerked back to a consciousness that it was not hers—that it was Dean's advertising of her, his sketches, that had turned the trick.

"He interferes a lot," said Marcella.

"You don't like him, do you?" one of the girls answered casually. "He's a funny little crab, isn't he?"

"He's going to be the leading merchant in town," Marcella heard herself say unexpectedly.

"Marcella, you're so contrary," said Dolly Barber. "One minute you're knocking him, and the next boosting him."

"Well, he's been good to me, and I nearly ruined his department for him."

"Nonsense! He used you for a decoy, that bird did! Trying to get Hamilton's trade."

"Stop it!" cried Marcella.

THE others went off, leaving her because she told them that she must check over the sales carefully. But work did not come easily. Instead, as she sat at her small desk in the corner of the department, she thought of the queerness of women, customers and clerks, of her own anger and her hatred, and wondered what it was all about. Suddenly it came to her that there was only one person whom she knew who seemed always to see straight and to try to play fair. She ought to thank him, she decided.

Downstairs through the darkened store she made her way. In the stillness the swish of the scrub-women's mops could be heard. But through the windows of the little glass office, electric lights still shone.

For a minute Marcella watched her employer through the glass windows with his absurd head bent over his papers. Then she opened the door and backed against it.

"Well, your sale went fine, didn't it?" he asked, looking up at her. "Still working?"

"My sale? It was your sale."

"Oh, well, I traded on your prestige." She laughed. "Prestige! I haven't an ounce of it. If I had, why didn't you pull the sale when I came to you? It wasn't my prestige. It was the mark-downs that did it. What prestige I have, you've given back to me. But I think I can hold some of that trade I got today. I wanted to tell you. And I'm sorry I've been so nasty all along. I ought to be grateful. I am."

Her voice trembled a little. Dean rose.

"That's all right, Miss Duncan. That's all right. We'll work up a fine department there, I'm sure."

He seemed to want her to go, but she couldn't.

"You know," pressed Marcella, "that I do appreciate all you've done for me."

"Once you told me that I tried to take advantage of your place here to force my feeling on you," said Arthur Dean, "but you were wrong. You know how I felt. I haven't changed. But I don't want you to get mixed up, Marcella. It's not appreciation I'm asking. I can't have the feeling I want from you marked down to gratitude. I don't want gratitude from you."

"But it's not what I'm trying to give you," said Marcella desperately.

Then Arthur Dean smiled, his kindly, clear, unmalicious smile, and came around the desk to her.

## John Galsworthy

is writing a new group of stories for The Red Book Magazine. The first will be published in an early issue, and readers of this greatest living English novelist will find in each of them his most mature thought on life as it proceeds today.

# Goodrich Balloon Cords for any car

You can equip your car with Goodrich Balloon Cords, because Goodrich makes them for 20 and 21 inch wheels (the new equipment) and also for existing wheels and rims. Whatever problem the car presents, Goodrich can equip it with Balloon Cords.

Here is a chance to obtain the greater comfort, added safety, and pleasure of Balloon Cords for any car, new or old; and get it in the Quality Balloon Cords. . . . The name,

Goodrich, on a Balloon Cord assures you of the quality, vital to a tire. It tells you that it is the product of the same tire manufacturing which fathered cord tires.

Consult the Goodrich dealer for expert and reliable facts and suggestions on Balloon Cords. He will advise you on the proper size for your car. Ask him to show you our Balloon Cord Information Chart, and get from him our up-to-date Bulletin, "Goodrich Balloon Cords."

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

In Canada: The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Limited, Toronto

 -And with *Silvertown Cords* . . . *Commander Cords* . . . and *Goodrich "55's"*  Goodrich offers a quality tire for every need and service

OUR RESEARCH DEPARTMENT INVITES SUGGESTIONS FOR NEW USES OF RUBBER



# When did you find your ideal tobacco?

Sooner or later we all  
choose the perfect  
smoke partner—

Here is an interesting letter from Mr. Charles H. Bishop of Chicago. It confirms the truth of an old proverb—"better late than never."

We hope that reading it may show some misguided pipe smoker the path to smoke satisfaction.

Chicago, Ill.

Larus & Bro. Co.,  
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I am glad to write you that I have convinced a man of fifty years' smoking experience that "it's never too late to change." The new convert to Edgeworth is my father-in-law, now approaching seventy. Year after year at Christmas I had bought him, among other things, a large jar of tobacco; but until this year my heart was never wholly in the selection.

But this Christmas I purchased Edgeworth, which he had tried after constant urging on my part—and he's satisfied!

Yours sincerely,

Charles H. Bishop

We are glad Mr. Bishop induced his father-in-law to try Edgeworth, and we hope that the old gentleman will derive much pleasure and comfort from his pipe for many years to come.

But it seems to us a shame that he didn't become acquainted with Edgeworth many years ago.

We try to make Edgeworth a tobacco that most men will like regardless of age, and the evidence would seem to show that we do.

Of course, we don't hope to suit every man's taste, but a great many smokers have found Edgeworth "just right."

Why not let us send you a free sample of Edgeworth? Maybe it's just the

smoke you've been looking for.

Your name and address on a postal to Larus & Brother Company, 42 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va., will bring you generous samples of Edgeworth with our compliments.

If you care to include your dealer's name and whereabouts we will appreciate the courtesy.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.



## THE RUNAWAY

(Continued from page 71)

I'm getting old, but I've hardly had a sick day, and I have strength in me still—and there must be some place in this great town where I can work quietly, close to that youth. I'm speaking, of course, you understand, of the youth that has no age in years, the youth my husband used to call the *Wings of the Morning*."

Again she stopped short. The silence at the table, then, lasted until with a quiet smile the girl called Jane MacRennells rose, and laying her hand almost in caress on the visitor's quivering shoulder, asked her very softly:

"Will you help me wash the dishes now?"

"Oh, I'd love to!"

And in the small kitchenette, in the next ten minutes there ensued such a brisk and thoroughly businesslike and cheerful little domestic scene that the nervous excitement in the eyes of the *Banner's* former editor was very quickly soothed away. Then, when the other girls had come in and insisted on finishing the work, Jane MacRennells took their guest into her own room, and said:

"This is where I want you to sleep tonight. Why don't you just lie down right now, and get a little rest, if you can? Later on this evening, if you're not too tired then, there's a place I'd like to take you to."

"Thank you. You're very kind, I'm sure."

Leaving the old lady there, Miss MacRennells went to the telephone, talked briefly to some friend of hers, and was ready for her roommates when they came out from the kitchenette.

"Now, Ruth," she said in a low, stern voice, "go back to your travel-bureau job. I don't want to hear one single word of your justly famous lecture to runaway grandmothers tonight. I promise to keep her safe and sound—but I've got a little plan in my head—and whether it works or not, I mean that Mrs. Norman Buckley Dale shall ride on the *Wings of the Morning* tonight!"

THERE followed a little conference in animated voices. An agreement was apparently reached; for a few minutes later, when Miss Crane had gone back to her office, and Miss Allerton sat mending a glove while humming gayly to herself, Jane MacRennells went into the room where their visitor lay and asked:

"Well? Do you feel rested now?"

"Oh, yes, my dear—immensely!"

"You'd really like to go out tonight?"

"That's what I'm here for," was the reply; and a little later Mrs. Dale came into the living-room, ready and dressed to go out and see life.

"Now," said Jane MacRennells, "I think we know what you want in New York, and we propose to help you find it. We won't do enough to tire you now, but there's honestly so much youth in this town, youth of just the kind you mean, that I hate to have you lose a minute. Suppose we start with Amy, here?" Then with a casual gesture at the pretty young brunette, who was now putting on her hat, she added: "She's an actress, you know."

"Actress?" Their visitor gave a slight start, but the girl did not seem to notice it. "Yes, and in such a nice, clean play that I'm perfectly sure you'll enjoy it," she said, "some evening when we have the time. This evening, though, if you don't mind, I want to show you my job instead, for I think it may appeal to you. But I don't have to be there until nine, for I've just telephoned to a friend who has promised to wait until I come. So I suggest that we go first with Amy to the theater, and give

you just a little glimpse of how a play looks from behind the scenes."

"That sounds most interesting, my dear!" said Mrs. Dale, her uneasiness changing to anticipation.

"I'm glad you are coming," Miss Allerton said, "for from what you have told me, I'm perfectly sure you can give me points about my make-up for the part."

"I?" their startled visitor cried.

"Yes, indeed you can, Mrs. Dale—for this play is going to be so familiar that it may be quite a surprise," said Jane MacRennells.

SHE was right. For the play, as it happened, was an attempt to picture the life of some forty years back, in a lusty, vigorous town out West. And so, before she had time to shake off her bewilderment and slight dismay at the strange subdued confusion through which she was hurried behind the scenes, the little Westerner found herself in a tiny dressing-room, helping an excited young girl dress to go to a New Year's dance, in Daleton, in 1879, to celebrate the coming of the railroad.

But as the young actress, at wonderful speed, began deftly to transform herself into the girl of long ago, once as familiar to Mrs. Dale as though that girl were her very self, the bewildered old lady, pleased and surprised, responded to the appeals that were made, and energetically set to work to see that her costume was correct. Flushed and radiant, she not only admired and exclaimed, but frowned excitedly and cried:

"Oh, no, my dear, that's simply all wrong! Miss MacRennells, thread me a needle. That flounce needs gathering! And your hair is so *nearly* perfect, it's a shame not to have it just right! For heaven's sake, how much time have we left?"

She might almost have added: "There's Norman's cutter coming now—and he'll be simply frantic if we keep him waiting a minute!" She could almost hear the sleigh-bells, sniff the crackling frost outside the small frame house in which her mother, her young sister Jess and herself were working like creatures nearly mad. But a practical madness! Not a sound but occasional quiet commands.

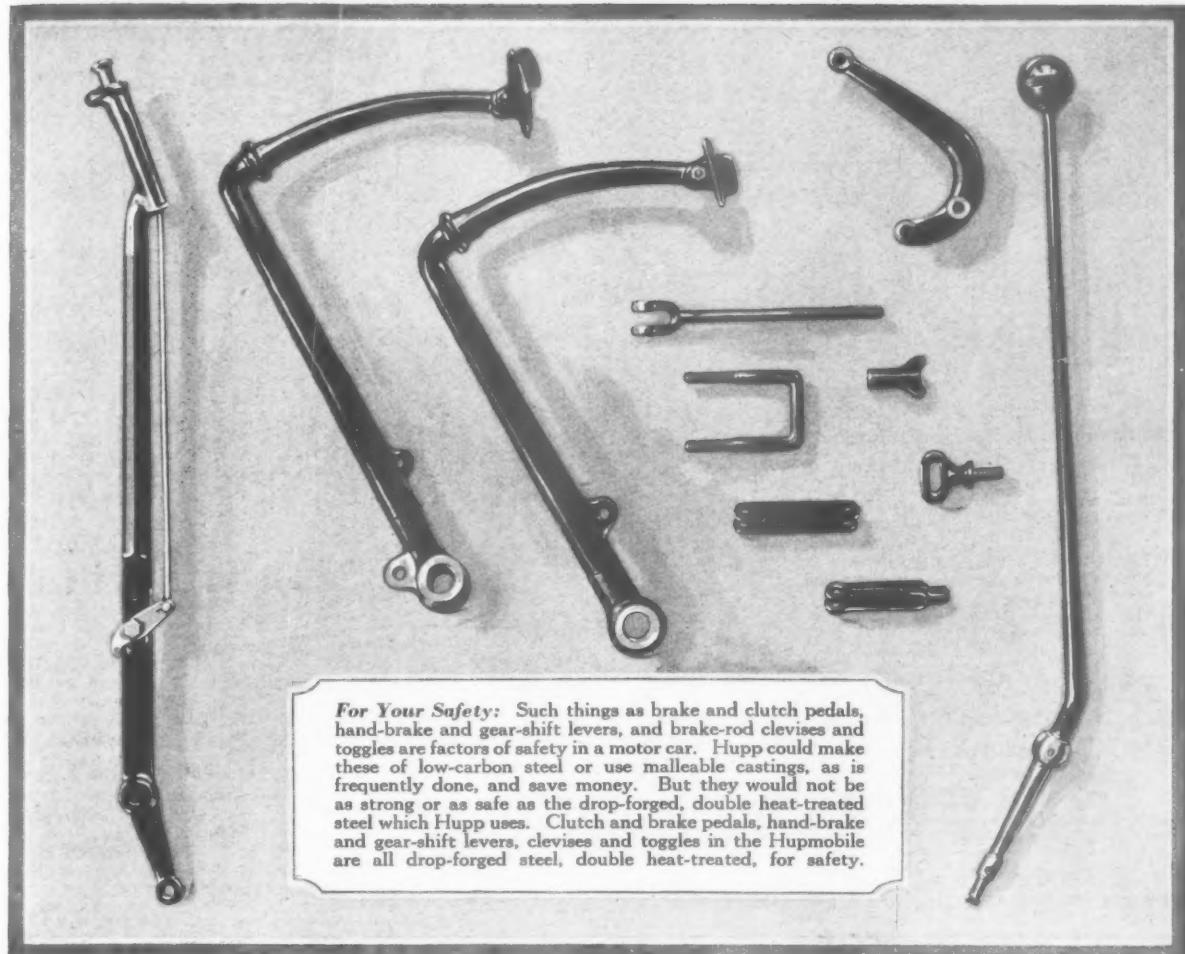
But in half an hour or so the call-boy knocked on the door and said: "Curtain in five minutes now." And after a few final touches, a last close inspection from Mrs. Dale, a hug and a kiss of gratitude from this new girl of long ago, Miss Allerton cried impulsively:

"Oh, please do come tomorrow night—and every night you possibly can! You must meet the manager, Mrs. Dale! You'd be simply invaluable to us here!"

And then the old lady from the West gave a start so sharp and strange that it showed how abrupt was the coming back to this room in a theater in New York. The young actress left then; and waiting in silence, they grew aware of a vibrant hum of voices from the packed theater below. Abruptly it ceased. A low bell was heard—and, "Curtain," said some one outside their door. Mrs. Dale sat tensely straining her ears to hear the voices from the stage, or rather from Daleton, Iowa, in 1879. But they were little more than phantoms of sounds, a mere murmur, low and confused; and the effort seemed to tire her. Her hands began to tremble now. With a wistful look she said:

"I should so like to see this play. It sounds very interesting, I'm sure." Miss MacRennells shot an observant glance.

"Don't you think we've had enough for tonight? We'll come here again some evening, of course, and see it from start



**For Your Safety:** Such things as brake and clutch pedals, hand-brake and gear-shift levers, and brake-rod clevises and toggles are factors of safety in a motor car. Hupp could make these of low-carbon steel or use malleable castings, as is frequently done, and save money. But they would not be as strong or as safe as the drop-forged, double heat-treated steel which Hupp uses. Clutch and brake pedals, hand-brake and gear-shift levers, clevises and toggles in the Hupmobile are all drop-forged steel, double heat-treated, for safety.

## Buy a Hupmobile— None Surpasses it in Value

Presumably you want a car for personal transportation. You do not want to have to tinker with it. You want it to be good for thousands of miles—and at the end to be worth a fair price toward a new car.

That implies, as the first and most important consideration, that the car be strong and rugged, made of good materials and finely fabricated.

Here, then, are the essentials—and they are the very features for which you have always admired the Hupmobile.

### Hupmobile Excels in Mechanical Value

Parts displays have been placed in our dealers' hands. In these displays are the major units of Hupmobile construction.

So that there, before your own eyes, are the facts. Hupmobile asks you to check these parts. They constitute the first and only practical, cold-steel basis for comparison.

They prove, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that value is as finely built into the Hupmobile as in any car, regardless of price.

We say this—that until and unless you find a car that equals the Hup-

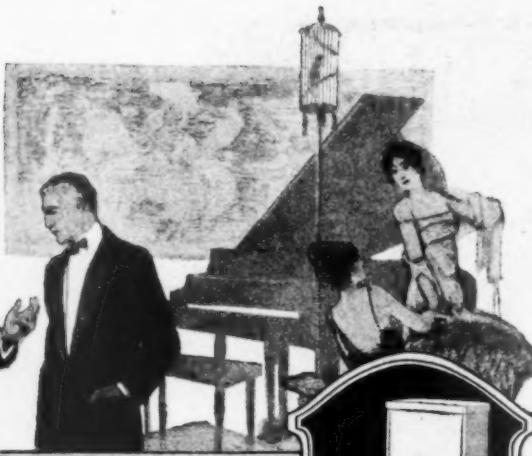
mobile in quality of materials and fineness of workmanship, you are getting less than your money's worth in automobile value, however pretty the other car may look.

### Prove the Facts For Yourself

Go to the Hupmobile dealer and make your own check. What you see there will convince you that no other car equals Hupmobile in the essentials that go to make a car good. These parts displays will prove that the Hupmobile is the car for you.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation  
Detroit, Michigan

# Hupmobile



THOSE who know the perfect privacy of the quiet closet must consider the obsolete loud-flushing toilet an offense against good taste.

The "Si-wel-clo" reduces the noise of flushing to the minimum. It suppresses a noise you do not want heard and do not want to hear. It incorporates all the good mechanical features a water closet should possess and adds that of extraordinary quiet operation.

The price quoted is F. O. B. Trenton, N. J.  
Send for our free book—"Bathrooms of Character", \$7

THE TRENTON POTTERIES CO.

TRENTON, N. J., U. S. A.

New York Boston San Francisco



TEPECO Water Closets  
FOR EVERY PLACE AND PURSE



to finish," she said. "But just now I do think you had better rest—after that long, hard journey, you know—"

A queer little flash came from Mrs. Dale's eyes. "Rest, my dear?" they seemed to ask. "When the dance has just begun?" Aloud, she said, in a low, flat voice: "I didn't use to get tired like this. At a dance like that, we never thought we were having any fun at all if we got home before six in the morning!" She drew a quivering breath of fatigue. "We didn't dance often, but when we did, we stayed right at it!" she remarked. And she added in a moment: "This has got me so stirred up, I doubt if I'll sleep a wink tonight!" Her young companion smiled and said:

"I think I can take you to a place that will act on your nerves and quiet you down. It's the place where I work," she added. "And it's so different from this—so dull and prosy to look at, and yet so nice and quiet and deep—that I really think it will rest you to be there for an hour with me."

SHE took Mrs. Dale in a taxi to a branch of the Public Library. Dull and prosy indeed, it appeared. When they entered the lofty, silent room, with its stacks and stacks of books, and its long heavy tables with people reading or writing there, it did at first seem far from exciting. With a little sigh of relief Mrs. Dale settled back in a comfortable chair, in a corner by the librarian's desk. For a short time she closed her eyes, and even took a little nap. Meanwhile the silent people around her went steadily on with their reading and writing. Now and then a newcomer would appear, or some one would rise and go away. A large stout man of middle age kept yawning hard from time to time—and many others in the room seemed to be yawning inwardly. Where were the Wings of the

Morning here? But perhaps because in her brief nap Mrs. Dale had felt again in dreams the hunger to find youth once more, when presently she opened her eyes and began to look about, little by little her attention centered on certain figures here.

A youthful little old gentleman, with spectacles and a shock of white hair, sat eagerly reading a huge book with highly colored pictures of the life in the Far East. He sat so close to Mrs. Dale that she could see every picture he turned to. Heathen temples, monstrous gods, camels and elephants, gorgeous robes—the slow processions wound along: and great vistas opened up, to snow-peaked mountains far away. On the table before him was a large map; and in this from time to time he marked with a finger the course of the adventurous trip he was making into Tibet tonight.

A little farther down the room sat a boy of nineteen or thereabouts, tall and ungainly and wearing old clothes. To the casual observer he would have seemed quiet as you please. But his lean, strong face, wide, sensitive lips and clear blue eyes fixed on a book, gave Mrs. Dale an inner start. For in one great leap her thoughts went back to another young man who had looked like this, and to those warm and fervent days when as a girl she had told herself that though Lincoln had begun as a lawyer, still, a newspaper editor's desk was a mighty promising start!

And so strong and clear was her memory now, that in less time than it takes to tell, the silent room had filled itself with two significant presences. One was that of Abraham Lincoln; the other, of Norman Buckley Dale, who on Decoration Day had always run the Gettysburg Speech on the front page of the *Banner*. Mrs. Dale could almost see the words—"a new nation, conceived in liberty."

"Would you like to see how we manage things here?" asked Miss MacRennels presently.

"Oh, very much!" was the reply. For some time then the girl explained the system that was here employed. And Mrs. Dale, who for seventeen years had run the Dalton Library, was a most eager listener. At the end she exclaimed in a low voice:

"What a wonderful job it is, my dear!" Miss MacRennels smiled back. "Would you like to help me?"

"Help you?"

"Yes. I'm sure you could. In these last few minutes, the questions you've asked have shown me how good you'd be at this. And we're short-handed just at present—"

The little woman stared at her.

"You mean," she asked, almost in a whisper, "that you are offering me a job?"

"Not a regular job," was the answer, "for this is a Civil Service affair. But I think I know a way of working you in, if you care to come, as a substitute helper for a while. The salary would be low, of course, but I think we could manage to pay enough at least to meet your share of the living-expenses in our apartment."

Her visitor gave a little start.

"You girls want me to live with you?"

"Oh, yes, we agreed about that this evening, while you were in having your nap." And Miss MacRennels went steadily on: "I doubt if you'll stay very long, you know. I shouldn't wonder in the least if in a few weeks or months you'll have found what you were looking for, and have filled yourself with it to the brim. And then you'll want to go home, perhaps, to give new life to the library there. But meanwhile, if you care to try it, I'd love to have you here for a while. And I'm quite sure you'd like it, too. It's so nice and quiet here; and yet, as you stay here night after night, you do get a chance to see, and even to know, such wonderful people—hungry people—and some so young, that when they come here every night and start at once to read or write, you can almost feel them ride away—on the Wings of the Morning. Mrs. Dale. Suppose you think it over now. I'll have to be busy for a few minutes; it's ten o'clock, and we're closing."

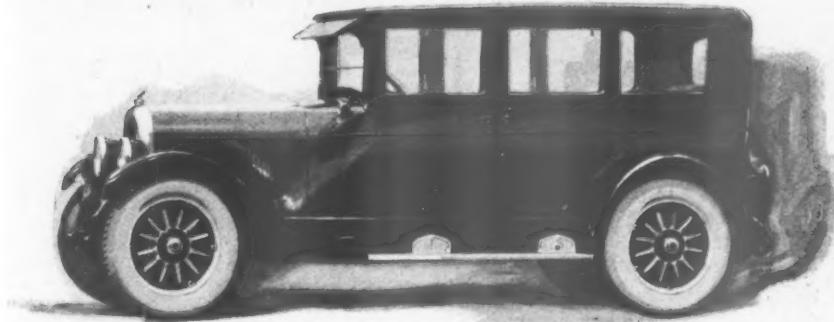
IN the moments that followed, while one by one the readers left the library, Mrs. Dale sat very still. Her lips quivered in spite of her, now and then, but there was not so much as a sign of any moisture in her eyes. When Miss MacRennels came back to her, the old lady quietly took her hand, and spoke in a carefully sensible tone.

"All right, my dear, and God bless you!" she said. "I thank you for giving me this fresh start. The whole plan is quite practical, as you say. I do like this work, and I'll try very hard to be of some real value here. If you can get me some small pay, of course I'll be pleased, for at my age it does feel good to be independent. But if you find that inconvenient, I won't let money stand in my way. There's that check which has come from my son John—which is really a part of my money, you know. And if need be, I can write him to send some more in a month or two."

A cloud came over the face of her friend. "I'd forgotten about your son," she said. "I do hope he won't be too disturbed about this, and come here and try to take you home. Wouldn't it be a good idea to write him and make your wishes clear?"

"It most certainly would!" was the reply. "The sooner John is attended to, the better for everyone concerned! May I use your typewriter?"

And a few minutes later the silent empty lofty room echoed to the sharp click of the keys—as Mrs. Dale of the Dalton *Banner* firmly made her wishes clear to her prosperous, "stodgy" son at home.



The Imperial

# Chrysler Six Results Mean A New Measure For All Cars

It is apparent to all who study the new Chrysler Six that it has turned a leaf in the automotive calendar.

Automotive experts and experienced motorists recognize at once that here is a car unlike anything that has gone before.

The new Chrysler Six adheres strictly to tried and true automotive principles. But

The measure of difference between the Chrysler Six and all other cars is fully revealed in the performance.

To tell you the size of the motor would mean nothing. It is only 3-inch bore by 4½-inch stroke. It is the amazing nature of Chrysler performance in its every phase that is rapidly revising all previous standards.

For this power plant, with a piston displacement of 201 cubic inches, develops 68 brake horsepower. It has a high speed range from 2 to well over 70 miles an hour, produced without appreciable effort, without vibration "periods" at any point.

It delivers safely over 20 miles of service to a gallon of gasoline. The Chrysler oil-filter not only assures extraordinary oil economy but also, by cleansing and purifying all motor oil every 25 miles, adds

greatly to operating smoothness and long life.

It has a flashing pick-up that is electrifying. Through the perfect hydraulic equalization of its Chrysler-Lockheed four-wheel brakes, it has a deceleration comparable to its unprecedented acceleration.

A new type of combustion chamber that burns all the gas, a new way of distributing the gas equally to all cylinders, a uniformity of power impulses, an air-cleaner for the carburetor and a score of other reasons explain the marvelous power, pull, speed and snap.

For the first time, space and length have been truly engineered so that with a surprisingly modest overall length (160 inches) there is an amazing amount of room and an ease in handling and parking that is a constant delight.

There are a hundred and one other

an intensive application of those principles produces such far-reaching results that the whole course of automotive design is destined to be changed.

The profound impression thus created has led motor wise people to say that the Chrysler Six makes the possession of any other car seem a useless and costly habit.

features that explain what Walter P. Chrysler and his associates did when they turned the leaf of the automotive calendar—many years forward, as those who know the car believe.

Consequently, the Chrysler Six has justly been described as the foot-rule by which all other cars must be measured.

Chrysler Six speed is the measure of efficient motor design, its smoothness is the measure of vibration, its light weight is the measure of riding ease, its compactness is the measure of roominess, its simplicity establishes the standard of comparative complication.

All of which, of course, you will understand better when you have examined the Chrysler Six and had a thorough demonstration of both its extraordinary performance and its supreme quality of materials and workmanship.

All Chrysler Six dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of Maxwell Motor Corporation

MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

# The Chrysler Six

Pronounced as though spelled, *Chrysler*

*Health for Happy Holidays*

*Start the day right with ENO's!*

**A** "DASH" of pleasant, refreshing ENO's "Fruit Salt" — Derivative Compound sparkling in water, cold or hot, makes the early morning drink that invigorates digestion and keeps constipation away. For 50 years thoughtful people everywhere have kept ENO's always at hand to insure that immaculate inner cleanliness so vital to the maintenance of happy health.

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**At all Druggists**

75c and \$1.25

*The words "Fruit Salt" and ENO, and the design on the label, are protected by registration in U. S. A.*



## FANCY TURNS

(Continued from page 61)

young man smoked his own cigarettes in utter detachment and spoke to no one. If a gloomy but driving sense of adventure colored his quick and darting thoughts, none knew. He sat alone, sketching in pencil on a pad—always the head of a delicately charming girl, with a straight nose and a finely curving forehead.

**HOLLYWOOD!** A flat valley under abrupt hanging hills. A long and wide avenue. Buildings only two and three stories high. Trolley-cars. Crowds of automobiles. A camera-man on the curb grinding out a scene for a comedy, while a fat director in puttees shouted through a megaphone and a few idle boys looked on. Real-estate offices. Drug-stores. Men's furnishings. Drygoods. Automobile showrooms. Photographers. Shining banks, all glass and mahogany. Great quiet studio inclosures on side-streets with scaffolding and tawdry painted scenery rising above tight fences. Long studio buildings with glass roofs on steel frames. Everywhere glaring sunshine, but a chill in the shaded places. Everywhere quiet and order. Surprising!

A hotel of Spanish shape, set away from the avenue behind a crescent drive and fat, short palms. A long veranda, all rocking-chairs. Old ladies placidly knitting. Young men reading the afternoon papers. Children playing. Within the wide doors a spacious but unpretentious lounge. More old ladies knitting. It might have been Iowa, a Spanish-tinged Iowa with palms. Extraordinary! Tibby's broken heart quickened with interest. So the wicked Hollywood was a paradox! Fine! He liked paradoxes. And the zest of a quaint and secret game was in him. But his face was blank as he signed the register and followed a uniformed Filipino student to his room—a simple room with plainly calcimined walls. Amusing to decorate those walls.

The Filipino accepted a quarter and went out. Might as well begin the decorating now. He threw coat and hat on the bed, opened his suitcase and rummaged for some crayons. Wished he had a man to pack his things; he always just threw them in. The box of crayons lay between his dress shoes. He selected a spot on the wall beside the mirror and nearly opposite the head of the bed, and there swiftly sketched the head of that girl. He could have done it with his eyes shut. The lines and planes of the face were as clear in his mind's eye as if she stood before him.

He wandered, a solitary figure, about Hollywood. Noons he stood outside the Gorky-Lane studio, for there the picture was made that had drawn him across a continent. That picture! He had forgotten the name of it. No matter. The cowboys had arrived in time. He watched the picture folk coming out on their way to lunch—striding heroes of empty but haughty mien, trained animals, directors (you could always tell a director; "but not much," he mentally added), sinuous, exquisite actresses, child actors, continuity writers, all sorts, swarms of them. Their automobiles, parked closely nose to curb under the pepper trees, were amazing creations, hung about with extra glass and shining with silver, and gay in upholstery of colored leathers.

He found that the select lunched at Frank's, over on the Boulevard, and went there. Another quiet place with flowers and fish in the windows, and the huge crayfish they called lobsters in California lying in ice. They crowded in there, heroes, writers and stars, many in costume and make-up:

Charlie Chaplin in his wide trousers and cherishes old shoes, sometimes Douglas Fairbanks, but never the queenly little Mary, Lila Lee and Constance Binney and May McAvoy, Conrad Nagel and Jack Holt, a hundred of them. He sat alone in a corner and observed. There was chatter and banter and visiting from table to table. The vivid, alert Chaplin told stories with quick mimicry to eager listeners. Did a pair of pretty eyes stray now and then toward the solitary unknown in a corner? He didn't know or care. For She never appeared. And nobody dreamed that he was playing chess with life.

A young man opened conversation, late one afternoon on the hotel veranda. An institution, that veranda. And he was quaintly, now, of the rocking-chair brigade. The man lent him a paper. His name was Huntington Swift. He wrote scenarios. Another day he suggested sharing a table in the dining-room. Tibby, with the casual thought, "I'll make him work for me. Why not?" acquiesced. One evening Swift happened into his room, saw the drawing and remarked.

"Hello! Betty Anson, eh! Didn't know you knew her."

"I don't." And then as Swift gave him a quick look, he added: "But she has a nice head."

"Rather. A remarkable child, Betty. She doesn't mix, you know. Just lives with her mother, and works. I'd say she has a future. But can't say I'm strong for the mother."

"Stage mother, eh!"

"Rather. The girl's her meal-ticket. Want to meet her? They come now and then to the Thursday night dances."

"Oh, I don't know. Rather off women."

On Thursday evening they came flocking into the hotel. The dining-room had been gay with flowers and girls at dinner. The lounge was cleared for dancing. Swift stood at Tibby's elbow and pointed out the light-hearted celebrities. In his mind lurked no smallest doubt of the world-greatness of these folk. "Life in the padded celluloid," murmured Tibby. He usually spoke as if only vaguely aware of his auditor, and in the absent manner of one who is about to wander casually to other spheres.

"What?" asked the scenarist.

"Oh, nothing."

"There's Betty Anson and her mother. I'll introduce you."

IT was as easy as that. Diffidently Tibby bowed before the exquisite slim figure of the girl. Strange how perfectly he seemed to know her—that lovely forehead, the faintly unhappy hazel eyes, the dainty pretty hands, the wistful personal quality. She didn't dream that he was going to marry her. Should he tell? Perhaps not just yet. "Probably have to fight a bit with Mother," he thought. "She's a police dog."

They danced together. She moved as lightly as a leaf in autumn. Again they danced, and again. They sat on the dim veranda and looked through the palms at the colored lights of the drug-store across the way. "Drug-stores are beautiful," he murmured. She leaned nearer, like a child, to catch what he was saying. His elusiveness was charming. He spoke only in little broken sentences.

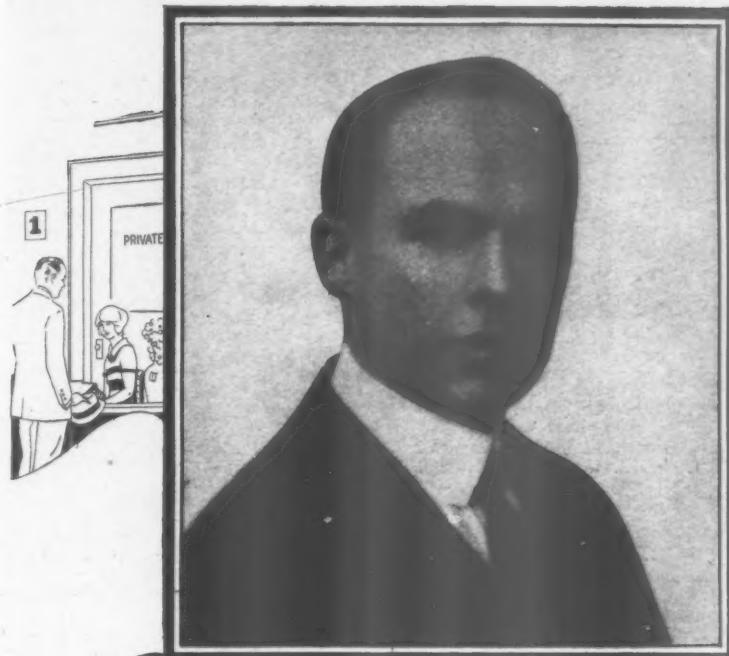
"How do you ever stand it?" he asked gently.

She started and looked up at him. "How did you know I'm unhappy?"

"It's in your eyes."

"You see into people."

"I've known you for centuries. You don't like the pictures."



Mr. C. S. A. Williams, whose experience proves to you what a man can do with the guidance of the Alexander Hamilton Institute. Read his story on this page.

## The story of a man who started at scratch

THIS IS A STORY for any man who hopes ever to be in business for himself.

In December, 1916, C. S. A. Williams had been in business four years.

Graduating from Williams College, he had started in a humble capacity with the Thomas A. Edison industries, and worked himself up thru the grades of assistant foreman, department head, and production manager. Finally he was appointed Chief Storekeeper for the Phonograph Division.

It was good progress. It proved that Mr. Williams would eventually attain to large success.

But Mr. Williams was not satisfied to attain to large success *eventually*. He wanted to find the shortest possible path to the top. And looking about him for a means of hastening his progress, he found the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

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"I want to get a thoro knowledge of manufacturing along all lines, with the idea of sometime going into business on my own account."

### Then he moved faster

Soon there were more promotions; before long he became assistant to the Chairman

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From Storekeeper to President in six years! It is a fine record; and yet it is what any earnest man can accomplish who knows how to push hard, and how to take advantage of every outside agency that can hasten his advancement.

Mr. Williams would have succeeded without the Alexander Hamilton Institute. The Institute cannot make failures into successes overnight, nor turn weak men into strong.

The Institute exists to aid men who are already on their way to success, to bring them the joy of succeeding while they are still young. By means of reading, problems and personal advice, it gives men that working knowledge of all departments of business which otherwise would be theirs only after years of practical experience. With its help, thousands of men have made in *two* years the progress which otherwise they would have made in *ten*.

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Send me at once the booklet, "A Definite Plan for Your Business Progress," which I may keep without obligation.

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TIME is necessary for the creation of tradition. In this institution the practices, precepts and experiences of sixty years form the tradition which inspires the conduct of its staff. There has been no crystallization of experiences to hamper progress but rather the building of a background which gives guidance and freedom in meeting new situations.

Tradition calls the Continental and Commercial Banks to constructive service to business, to the upbuilding and protection of the forces of production and trade. It permeates the organization, gives vigor to the personality, influences the policy and fires the spirit—all to contribute to the extra measure of banking service normal to the institution.

## The CONTINENTAL and COMMERCIAL BANKS

CHICAGO

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## These Charming Pirates

**I**N certain stores, and particularly in toilet article departments, a clerk, secretly in the employ and pay of a competing manufacturer whose moral education has been neglected, will attempt to divert you from the purchase of an article you like, in which you have confidence and which your intelligence impels you to buy. Such a clerk is what is known as a "hidden demonstrator"—an underground borer placed there by an unscrupulous manufacturer to "head off" sales that a legitimate manufacturer has earned. If you wish to assist the hidden demonstrator and unscrupulous manufacturer to so filch what belongs to an honest manufacturer who has won your confidence, you will, of course, buy the substituted inferior article. But if you frown on such business methods, you'll say something—loud, and leave the store without buying anything.

*Then may these beguiling pirates mend their ways*

"I hate them. I love to sew."

"Of course."

Swift's voice broke in on their warm solitude.

"Oh, here you are, Tibby!" Mother was with him. "She's a sparrow-hawk," thought our wanderer.

"I want to take these folks up to your room," chuckled Swift. "May I?"

"It isn't picked up. Socks and everything."

Betty laughed softly. "Like mine," she murmured, at his ear, and then looked demurely toward the drug-store.

"All right," said Tibby, remembering to rise. Must be conventional. Hollywood was, absurdly. "Delighted, I'm sure."

So they went up. "It's a terrible place," explained Tibby politely as he unlocked the door.

They stood within. Swift, a Cook's guide in spirit, pointed out the delicately crayoned head on the wall.

"Why," breathed Betty, "it isn't—me?"

"Of course," explained Tibby, still the courteous host. Mother had stepped back to study the drawing at a small distance. She had seen knowing people do that in museums.

"But how did you—" This from the faltering Betty.

"Seemed to me the best place. Where I can see it when my eyes open in the morning. And it's handy when I'm brushing my hair and things."

"But—" was all Betty could say to that.

The party was breaking up. Swift and the nonchalant Tibby saw mother and daughter out to their motor. Tibby casually pushed the car ahead out of the way. He was strong. Betty hesitated, and glanced at Mother. "We'd love to have you drop in for tea on Sunday," she said.

"How nice! We'll come," said Tibby.

"It's been a pleasure to meet you, Mr.—Tibby."

Mother glared.

"Tibbin," casually corrected the owner of the name.

"Oh, of course. Mr. Tibbin."

After which Mother drove her firmly away.

**T**HE tea led to a little dinner. Luncheons followed at Frank's, without Mother. A delicious guilt enveloped them. And then, on a Sunday they drove, flatly without Mother, over the pass to the shore, past a flimsy picture village.

"I was rescued from a ship out there," said Betty. "And nearly caught pneumonia. That was in 'Weak Wives.'"

"Titles are awful."

"Terrible."

They drove on to Santa Monica and sat on the crowded beach. The warm sun glowed on the sand. An airplane swooped and circled overhead. Tibby sketched a slimy pretty bathing-girl in a one-piece suit who was playing ball with an athletic hero. Betty looked on admiringly.

"You haven't told me a word about yourself, Tibby."

"Not interesting. Surf-diving's fun. Want to go in?"

"No, I think I'd rather sit here." She was digging into the sand with her little hands and molding it into a mound. "It's warm on your hands," she said. And then: "I know you're an artist."

"Not a real one. Advertising stuff."

"But some of that is fine. The Cubic Tire girl, for instance."

"I made her."

"Oh! Really?"

"In one morning. Comic business."

"I can't make out what you're doing in Hollywood. Hunty Swift says you'll probably work in art director somewhere."

"Wouldn't dream of it."

She dug deeper into the sand. Every-



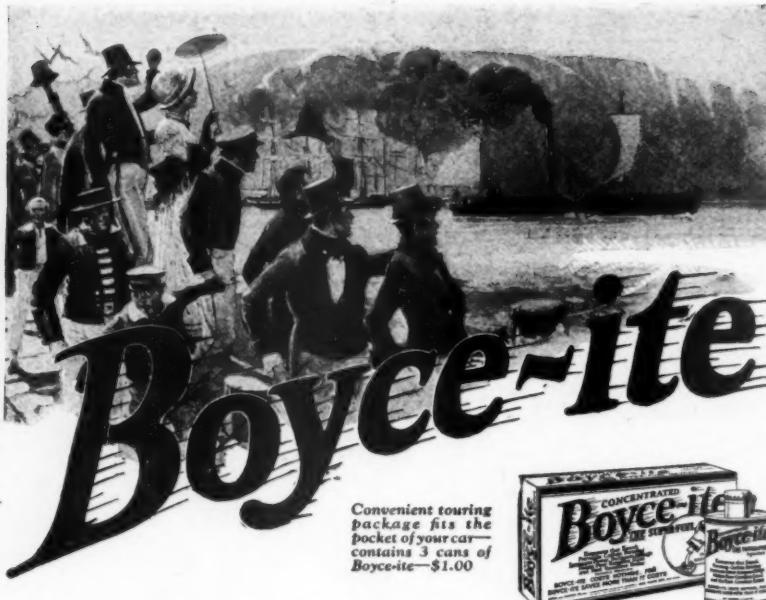
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## Yesterday we laughed, but to-day—

THE first great American invention was the steam-boat, Fulton's Folly they called it. And from Fulton's time on every worth-while discovery has been laughed at—at first.

The automobile was no exception—pneumatic tires, demountable rims, the self-starter, the Boyce Moto-Meter, all have been laughed at, then accepted because they have proven to be necessities.

Therefore, when I announced that Boyce-ite poured into any gasoline created a carbonless fuel, I expected to be laughed at—yesterday I was. Today experienced motorists demand it.

Hundreds of thousands of them have proven by actual use that Boyce-ite treated gasoline kills the carbon pest, and eliminates for all time the expense of grinding valves and removing carbon which yesterday we thought was a necessary evil.

Today users of Boyce-ite, drivers of old and new cars alike, are obtaining more power, quieter motors, increased gas mileage.

If you will read the evidence you will realize that you are not pioneering when you use Boyce-ite but are lagging behind the times until you do.

*Harrison Boyce*

### Report of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University

Remark No. 1—Engine was full of carbon and knocked badly but otherwise was in good condition. This test shows the effect of carbon in reducing engine horse power from normal value of 18 to about 13 b. h. p. Remark No. 2—The car was driven 400 miles, Feb. 29—Mar. 23

using Boyce-ite in fuel as per directions. Engine knocking disappeared after 200 miles and increased power was noted on hills. The fuel economy increased during the second 200 miles. The Dynamometer test showed a power increase of 30%.

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BOYCE & VEEDER CO., Inc., Manufacturers of Boyce-ite exclusively  
LONG ISLAND CITY, NEW YORK

This advertisement copyright 1924 by Harrison Boyce.

body in the world seemed to turn up at one time or another in Hollywood, in an effort to break into the pictures. Out here no other occupation seemed wholly real. "But then why are you here? Just a vacation?"

"Oh, no. I came on definite business. Have to go back pretty soon."

SHE glanced up, then down again. Then, shyly, she said this: "I spoke to Mr. Lane about you. Our art director's leaving in April. He said to ask you to come around and see him."

"Oh, I couldn't do that."

"I was only thinking," she faltered, "that it might be sort of nice."

"But you don't like the pictures."

She didn't quite catch the drift of this. And he, who loathed explanations, explained.

"You'll be quitting it."

"How can I? Mother—"

"Oh, the money."

"Of course. They don't pay as big salaries as they did. But it's a good deal even now. And we live so simply. Mother has put a lot away. Thousands."

"Hmm!"

"What did you say?"

"Nothing."

"Mother thinks she can tie me up for five years more with Gorky-Lane. My contract's up with them the end of this month. We finished my last picture yesterday." Something she didn't understand, or at least hadn't faced, made her tell him that. He never asked about her work. She was somewhat piqued about it. "The reports on me have been better lately at the studio. Some of the exhibitors have written things. I had four hundred fan letters last month."

"I have a new job in New York."

She glanced up again.

"It's with a big advertising firm handling a two-hundred-thousand-dollar account. Art director. Pretty interesting. Two hundred thousand dollars doesn't sound like much out here—especially when you don't get it yourself."

"I don't know. It's a good deal."

"The boss sent me this—at the train." He produced the cigarette-case.

"It's pretty. I'm sort of old-fashioned about those things, though. I haven't ever smoked."

"I came out here to marry you."

The sand slid slowly between her fingers.

"That airplane fellow's going to kill somebody besides his fool self if he doesn't head away from this beach. They oughtn't to allow it."

She picked up, in a bewildered way, another handful of the warm sand. What on earth had he said? Or had she dreamed it? And what could she say now? If he had really said it, what was all this nonsense about the airplane man? And now why was he silent altogether?

"You said a funny thing that first evening. It was a relief to get that out."

"Wonder what."

"That you'd known me for centuries."

"Of course. Saw you in a picture in New York. So I came out." He actually made it seem natural. It seemed to her that she could hardly breathe.

"What was the picture?" She got that out too.

"Don't remember the name. Silly thing."

"A Western?"

"Yes."

"They've kept me in those lately."

"You shouldn't have been in it."

"Was I as bad as that?"

"No. Too good. Breeding, you know. Thing to do was to take you out of it."

"How could you leave your new job and come so far?"

"Oh, they don't care. This, you know." He tapped the cigarette-case. "Your mother wouldn't want you to marry."

"Oh, no! She's terribly afraid I'll get interested in somebody."

"Suppose that's why she doesn't like me around."

Betty was silent again.

"I couldn't go back without you. Knew it the minute I saw you in the picture."

"Of course it's awfully nice of you to feel that way."

"Best thing to get reservations to New York and be married quick in Los Angeles before the train starts."

"But of course that's silly."

"Not at all—sense! Why not tomorrow?"

"Oh, I couldn't do anything like that."

"Best for Mother. Just a wire. Then she couldn't worry herself. Far as I can see, we're helpless. Fate. That picture settled my life. Here I am. Here you are. Well?"

"But—how could I? Such a thing!"

"Might wait another day. Time to think."

"But—"

"Lunch tomorrow. Sleep on it."

"Of course I'd enjoy lunch with you—"

"I'll have the ring."

"You mustn't talk like this."

"Anybody else?"

"No, but—Tibby, you simply mustn't kiss me here! What will people—"

"In the car. Let's go."

"No. Please! I can't have my breath taken away like this."

Tibby sent the following laconic night message: "Job still open, Jimmy?" At eleven in the morning he had the answer: "Sure." To which he replied: "We're coming East. Wire money at once."

Betty went to lunch a little angry and much confused. Her idea was to explain the impossibility of so wild a step, while expressing timidly the hope that they might remain friends. Before two o'clock, however, she had agreed to leave on the Limited the next day. But on that day she met him forlornly with: "Tibby, I can't. I'm all mixed up. But I simply can't. I could never have got my things out of the house. Mother'd never let me—never!"

"Here are the tickets. And I've arranged the wedding. Tell you what: buy a suitcase and some things in town."

They did that.

**J**IMMY met them in respectful amazement and took them to the Biltmore for breakfast, an extravagantly radiant bride and groom.

"Tibby said he'd marry you," said Jimmy, over the melon. "I thought he'd gone nutty. Right after we'd come out of the Rialto. Simply saw you on the screen, and said: 'I'm going to marry her!' Just like that! In a one-arm restaurant!"

"Well" breathed the starry-eyed Betty, "he did it. What was the picture—er—Mr. —"

"Jimmy."

"Jimmy. I've got to know that."

"'Hickory Heart.' With Bill Hamlin."

"Of course," repeated the beaming Tibby. "Hickory Heart." Funny I couldn't remember. But I remembered you."

Betty's brow puckered. Her eyes sobered.

"What is it, dear?"

Her under lip quivered. "Tibby—it's awful!"

"Why—dearest—what?"

"You've married the wrong girl. I wasn't in 'Hickory Heart.' I've never played with Bill Hamlin."

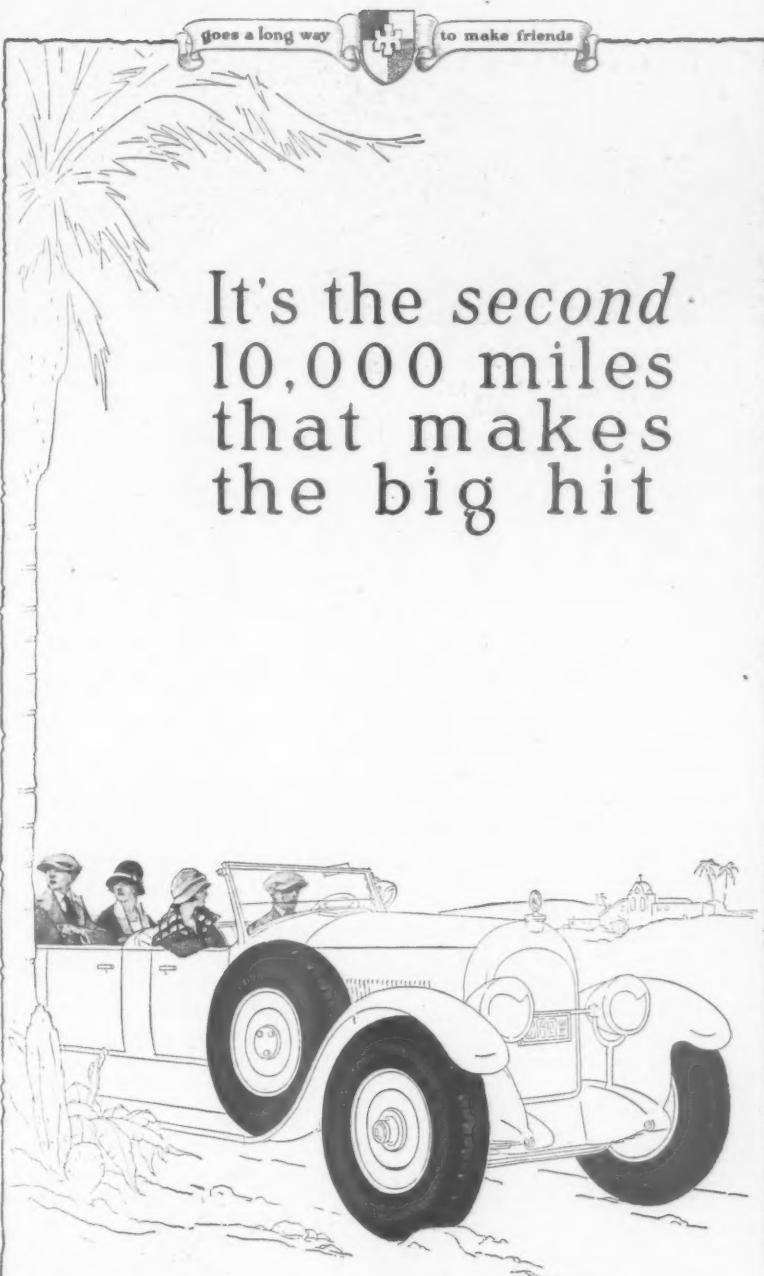
"But—yournger sister?" faltered Jimmy.

"That was Alice Daniels. We do look alike. But—how awful!"

"Quite all right!" said Tibby, promptly and cheerfully. "Quite all right! We don't like the pictures, anyway."

"But—Tibby!"

He silenced her with a kiss, in the Biltmore. And they have lived happily, to date.



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**M**R WILLIAMS called me into his office to-day and told me he was going to raise my salary \$50 a month.

"I am glad to give you this opportunity," he said, "for the best reason in the world. You deserve it."

"You may not know it, but I've been watching your work ever since the International Correspondence Schools wrote me that you had enrolled for a course of home study. Keep it up, young man, and you'll go far. I wish we had more men like you."

"And to think, Mary, I owe it all to you! I might still be drudging along in the same old job at the same old salary if you hadn't urged me to send in that I.C.S. coupon!"

How about you? Are you always going to work for a small salary? Are you going to waste your natural ability all your life? Or are you going to get ahead in a big way? It all depends on what you do with your spare time.

More than 130,000 men are getting ready for promotion right now in the I.C.S. way. Let us tell you what we are doing for them and what we can do for you.

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**L-W-SWEET INC.** 1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Sept. 54-N

## THE MONKEY RIDER

(Continued from page 57)

bandages and wearing two suits of clothes, Marty did his road-work under the intense heat of a Mexican sun. Five miles in the morning and another five in the afternoon. There were other jockeys, condemned to similar labor; but Hippo's boy was the road-hound of them all.

"Get in the limit, Marty!" they called to him, as he jogged past.

"Don't worry!" he laughed. "Another ten days, and I'll be showing you birds the way to the wire."

Twice daily old Doggie Brown, who had once been a star rider and was now a valet, undressed the boy, while Marty stood swaying weakly in a pool of his own sweat. The rubber bandage was unwound, yard after yard. The heavy flannels were peeled. Nude, he lay prone on a table, while Doggie rubbed away more poundage. His weight dropped to a hundred and fifteen—a hundred and twelve—eleven—ten—nine and a half!

Then Jake put him up, and the boy brought Secret Silver home by two open lengths, looking over his shoulder at his nearest pursuer. Presiding Judge Nealon complimented him.

"Nice ride, my boy. Glad to see you on top again."

Marty touched his cap respectfully and replied:

"Thanks, Judge. Sure feels good to get the old tack under me again."

The Judge nodded. "Well, don't get down too low."

But that was a matter for Hippo Devlin to decide, and the trainer demanded and received two more pounds of flesh. The boy went without liquids—"drying out," they called it. He spat off the last half-pound, and the saliva was like shredded cotton.

Only the knowledge that a little waitress three thousand miles away was watching the Tia Juana form-charts, made the ordeal possible. He was no longer riding for Jake Devlin, but for Kitty Keller and a stake. The boy went without liquids—"drying out," they called it. He spat off the last half-pound, and the saliva was like shredded cotton.

DEVLIN was satisfied at last. Marty Kreuger was riding at one hundred and seven pounds and doing all that was asked of him.

"See that you stay at the weight!" Hippo told him. "I'm gonna take a chance on you in the Belmont."

Faint color crept into the boy's hollow cheeks. His eyes grew large. The Belmont! Why, that meant New York, with Kitty Keller watching in the stands! Devlin saw the impression he had created.

"Sure! The Belmont Stakes, biggest of 'em all! Fifty-thousand-dollar purse! Make a rep for life! What's more, I'll put you on the winner, and there'll be a thousand bucks in it! Doin' right by you, aint I?"

The boy nodded eagerly. "What horse, boss?"

"Lady in Lavender," said Jake. "Ten Tupper's mare. She was fifty to one in the winter books, and I got him to lay five thousand on her nose. Took some more myself. Twelve to one now. By post time, she'll be favorite. Mile an' three-eighths is her distance. Ought to walk in!"

The boy saw nothing incongruous in the fact that he was to get only a thousand dollars for bringing in a quarter of a million. But there was one matter Devlin had not yet mentioned. A shade of anxiety darkened Marty's features.

"Weights been announced yet, Mr. Devlin?"

Jake moved his head up and down in a ponderous affirmative.

"Ye-ah, that's what brought the price down. Only bit of luck I've had all year. We're in at a hundred an' five."

"A hundred an' five!" said the little money rider. "A hundred an'—gee, boss! You don't figure that I can—"

Devlin's fat hands fluttered in annoyance. "Now, don't get started belly-achin'! You're doin' a hundred an' seven, aint you? What's two pounds, when you've only got to make it for a day? You jocks give me a pain! All ya wanna ride is a parlor car. I oughta give you the leg-up on a brake-beam."

Marty bit his lip. He studied the ground, tracing mystic lines in the dust with the toe of a small boot. Hearts and crosses! The Belmont and Kitty Keller! Presently he looked up.

"Best kids in the country will be hookin' up in that race. I'll need all my strength. How 'bout allowin' me a few pounds overweight? Mexican sun helps me here, but it may not be very hot back there."

Devlin shook his head. "No overweight—that's final! You kids only think of yourselves; I've got to figure what the horse can do. That mare will do her best for a mile an' three-eighths with one hundred an' five on her back, but she'll quit under a pound more. That's the flunking point, so there's no use arguin'. Either you make it, or you can stay on the ground and watch some other kid grab the dough."

Marty touched his cap. "I'll ride her," he promised. "Thanks for the chance."

Devlin waddled off, satisfied that the boy would keep his word. The little money rider stared at the blue line of distant Mexican mountains. Some things were difficult to understand.

"Wish I was a horse!" he muttered. "Maybe then they'd figure my crackin'-point!"

Old Doggie Brown blubbered like a baby when he heard the news.

"No, no, kid! I like you too well. I aint got the heart to rub you no more. I can't do it! Stake me to a gun, and I'll blow the head off that fat—"

"Shut up!" said the boy. "This aint nobody's funeral but mine. All you got to do is lay me out an' put a lily in my hand. Come on, now—get busy with the winding sheet!"

Doggie, whimpering his protests, brought out the rubber bandages and wound them about the boy's emaciated frame. The other jockeys shook their heads.

"Marty, you're a damn' fool," they told him. "Once a guy starts reducin', his riding days are numbered."

This was true, for it is part of a jockey's troubles that Nature seeks to add two pounds for every one that he takes off. The farther he drops below his normal weight, the heavier he will grow the minute he lets up on the constant battle.

**J**UNE, the month of romance and roses!

It was ten days before the Belmont Stakes, and Marty was down to one hundred and six pounds, with still another pound to go. He was smiling across the lunch-counter into the eyes of little Kitty Keller—Kitty, whose business in life was to pass out food, the one thing that Marty needed most and could not touch! Don't ask how he managed to stick it out! Some things are beyond the powers of a fictionist.

Far better to consider the troubles of Billy Ten Tupper, who had been caught short on the stock-market, with the result that nothing stood between the family fortune and beggary save the dainty nostrils of Lady in Lavender. If Marty Kreuger landed that mare in front, it meant a quarter of a million in cash; and that in turn meant

everything, including the hand of Miss Marilyn Vanderbek, to whom Ten Tupper was now engaged. The young clubman faced the crisis gamely. "Rather a sporty sort of race," he admitted. "I think I shall have to go down and watch it!"

There were others to whom the race meant a great deal, notably a clique of New York operators who stood to pay out a fortune if Ten Tupper's mare captured the Belmont. They had laid fifty to one against her during the winter, believing that she would never start. But the mare had responded nicely to training, and here she was, fit as a fiddle, and with the best money rider in the country imported for the occasion. From their viewpoint, it was necessary to look for the weak spot, and they found it the night before the race when they "put the works" on a starving boy.

RESPONDING to a summons he thought **R** was from Devlin, Marty found himself in the back room of a downtown café. But instead of his owner, the man who rose from the table proved to be Silk Conlin, whose occupation was to outwit the Pinkertons.

"Sit down," said Silk. "Jake will be here after a while. We're havin' a little dinner. What can I order for you?"

Marty shook his head. "Ridin' light tomorrow," he explained. "Thanks just the same."

The other smiled. "Well, excuse me, if I go right ahead. Hippo phoned that he'd be late, and I'm kinda hungry."

It was a wonderful dinner. Silk Conlin had seen to that. The diamonds sparkled on his fingers as he sat there toying with every delicacy calculated to tempt the most jaded appetite. He knew that the boy had not eaten in twenty-four hours, had not permitted himself a square meal in months. Wherefore he passed the steaming dishes under Marty's nose, commented on their excellence, and smacked his lips over each mouthful. The torture told.

Suddenly the boy half rose, clutching at the tablecloth. "What's the idea?" he croaked. "What the hell you tryin' to pull? Where's Devlin?"

Conlin got up, locked the door and returned to the table. "Don't get excited," he cautioned. "Jake ain't comin'. He's in a poker game uptown, and what he don't know won't hurt him. This is just between you and me. Now, listen, my boy: I've got a hunch that you're too weak for a winning effort on Lady in Lavender."

"The hell I am!"

"Well," said Silk, "I may be wrong, of course—in which case you'll win a thousand bucks and some glory that don't mean nothin'. But if I should happen to be right, if Devlin has compelled you to ride so low that you haven't got the strength to win, whose fault is it? Nobody'll blame you. My boy, you're alibi is *perfect!* And now look here."

Conlin reached under the table, produced a bundle done up in an old newspaper, opened it and counted out thirty packages of bills. In each was a thousand dollars.

"Nice little stake for a fellow that wants to get married," commented Silk, "for a jock that's about through ridin'. Hippo wouldn't help you. Nobody would, but a gambler who's willing to split his winnings."

The boy dropped back in his chair, eyes closed, and his head moving back and forth in a pleading negative.

"Lay off!" he muttered. "Lay off me! I never pulled a horse in my life, and I ain't gonna begin now."

"Who's askin' you to pull a horse?" Conlin demanded. "You got me wrong. I'm merely bettin' that you ain't strong enough to put it over in a nose-and-nose finish. If I should happen to be right, you can quit the turf, eat all you want, and have thirty thousand bucks with which to set yourself



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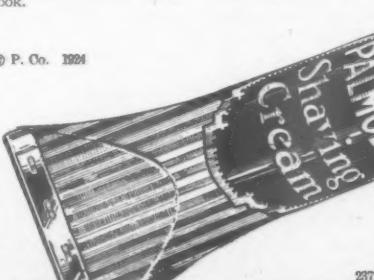
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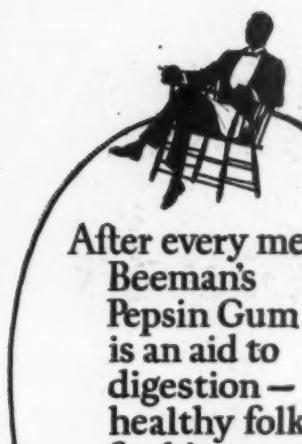
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up in a nice business. Money rider, aint you? Well, here's a chance to ride for your own dough. What could be fairer?"

He rewrapped the money, tucked the bundle carelessly under one arm and unlocked the door.

"Better sit there a few minutes and think it over, kid. No use us being seen coming out of here together. If you're beaten tomorrow, I'll find a way to get in touch with you—and this dough is yours."

He nodded genially and left the room. Marty Kreuger sat there, dazed and breathing heavily. Into the boy's mind came the memory of what Danny Hogan had said to him in the jockey-room, years before.

"Some day you may find out what beat me, but for your own sake, *I hope to God you don't!*"

Poor little Hogan! He was ruled off now, and his wife had left him.

Marty Kreuger felt himself slipping. By a supreme effort he achieved his feet and lurched out of the room, bumping blindly against customers as he made his way into the clean night air of the street. He had but one idea: to seek refuge with Kitty Keller. Kitty would understand. She loved him and would pull him through!

Kitty roomed with an old widow who owned a cottage near Belmont Park. It was ten o'clock when the girl heard some one hammering desperately on the front door. She hurried to open it. Marty collapsed in the hallway.

"Babe," he panted, "they put the works on me! Thirty thousand, and a chance to eat! Aw, honey, they sure know how to do it! Help me, or I'm done for!"

The little waitress dropped to her knees and put both arms around her sweetheart. "What's the dope, Marty? What did they do to you, honey?"

He told the story between gasps, sketched it in rough language that she understood. "Babe, I can't make weight no more. I gotta eat. You gotta get me somethin' right now! Silk's right! Thirty thousand cash and perfectly safe! Nobody'll suspect. . . . They'll blame Hippo—"

"Hush!" pleaded the girl. "Your stomach's talkin' now, and not your head! You're going to stay here tonight, dear. I'll make you up a bed in the parlor. Whisky and raw egg is what you need. You wait here, and I'll run down to the corner. I know the bird who runs the drugstore."

HE was gone only a few minutes, but in her absence the little money rider lost all control of himself. When the girl returned, she found him in the kitchen with his teeth sunk in a leg of lamb that he had located in the icebox. He was gnawing at the meat, tearing at it with the savage fury of a starving dog— gulping down whole mouthfuls. Kitty flung herself on the boy, using all her strength to pry the meat from his hands.

"Marty!" she pleaded. "Marty, for God's sake, listen! There's three Pinkertons outside—track dicks! They've probably been shadowing you all evening. They always watch you kids before a big race. Gimme that grub, honey! You dassen't be beaten now, even on the square! Don't you see that you've gotta win?"

The boy stared at her stupidly. "I can't win," he mumbled. "I'm licked!"

"You aint licked!" she flared, and her small fists were doubled. "Look at me, honey! You simply gotta salute them judges tomorrow from the winner's circle. It's the only chance you got!"

"Why?"

"Cause if you don't land that mare in front, Silk will figure his dough turned the trick! He'll boast of it. They all do! If the cops aint wise now, they'll tumble when Silk tries to pay you off! If you lose, how

The Red Book Magazine

can you prove you was doin' your best? Nobody'll believe you! Aw, honey, it kills me to take the food right out of your mouth, when I know how you need it, but it's for your own sake. I love you, dear, and I want the whole world to remember you as a good square kid and a winner. Trust your girl, Marty. Here, take this whisky and egg. I'll go make up a bed in the front room."

"Gimme a kiss first," he pleaded.

"You can have thirty thousand," she told him, "one for every dirty dollar that Conlin put up. Here's a couple on account, and I'll pay you the rest tomorrow. Now, you go to sleep. I got a tough hour ahead o' me."

"What you gonna do?"

The little waitress smiled bravely. "Me? I'll tell the cockeyed world I'm gonna pray!"

IT was post-time in the Belmont. Here was color, confusion, gaiety—all that makes for the eternal appeal of the sport of kings! A bugle sounded, and eighty thousand people rose en masse to cheer that bravest of all spectacles—a string of thoroughbreds parading toward the post, with fame and fortune hanging in the balance.

Lady in Lavender was no longer a favorite in the betting. A mysterious plunge had developed at the last moment on Torpedo, the wonder colt of the White-hall stables. Torpedo looked every inch a champion, trembling and fervent-eyed, tip-toeing into the sunshine under the guidance of Johnny Doyle, winner of the Derby.

Lady in Lavender, exquisite as the girl for whom she was named, was the last to emerge from the paddock. Marty Kreuger was up, clad in the silks of Billy Ten Tupper. The mare sidled along coquettishly, tossing her head, and dancing daintily on bandaged legs. The boy half stood in the stirrups, taking every ounce of weight off her back, yet moving in perfect harmony with the nervous animal beneath him.

Marty Kreuger was now oblivious to hunger, oblivious to the crowd, oblivious to everything. His owner's dough was down, and the little money rider was out to win.

The field was at post five minutes before the starter straightened them out. Then, the last instructions from the man at the barrier:

"Don't get tied in again, Tommy! Spread out more. . . . Get that Number Seven horse up to the ribbon! Get him up! What the hell you doin', Mickey? Try that again, and I'll hand you thirty days. . . . Don't talk back to me! Pull out of it. Now, come up easy. Swing Number Seven—swing him! You're off! Ride 'em, you little devils!"

Marty got the mare off winging, but he was on the outside, and there was much too early speed in the race for him to cut across and take the rail. He worked in gradually, and as they passed the grandstand for the first time, he was fourth. Alongside of him raced Johnny Doyle on Torpedo. The colt was under stout restraint. The two boys appraised each other with a swift glance, and each knew where the contest lay. The crowd knew, too, but only after the first half-mile had been run, for then the leaders weakened, Torpedo shot to the front, and Lady in Lavender went right out with him, measuring stride for stride. From then on, it was a two-horse race, such a race as Belmont Park had never seen. The field fell back, hopelessly out of it. The flying leaders raced on, apparently lashed together. Up in the judges' stand, gray-haired officials leveled their glasses on the blur of color. The presiding judge cried:

"My God, that's beautiful! All by themselves, and the two best riders in America! Wait until you see this stretch duel. I think Hippo's boy will hang it on the other."

"Not if what I heard this morning's true," said his associate. "Marty hasn't eaten in three days. Damn that fellow Devlin! I'll have his license revoked, if it's the last act of my life! Kid will be lucky to stick in the saddle."

Up in the grandstand Billy Ten Tupper, watching the race from a private box, became aware of a girl in a white apron who stood on the crowded stairs close by, screaming above the roar of the crowd. "Come on, you Lady in Lavender! Bring her in, Marty! Show 'em up, dear! Marty! Marty!"

She was a little thing, crushed in the crowd, and striving vainly to get a look at the race.

"I say!" called Ten Tupper. "Come up here with me!"

He leaned over the railing, stretching forth two gloved hands. The girl caught them, and hanging limply, was drawn up to safety and a clear view of the stretch. Millionaire and waitress rooted together, one for money and sport, the other for honor and love. Their voices were drowned in the rising boom of the multitude: "Torpedo, all the way! Torpedo's in front!" "Like hell, he is! There goes the Lady now! She'll run him into the ground." "Atta boy, Marty! Come on, you money kid!" "Oh, you million-dollar jock!"

They were swinging into the stretch, and it is here that many a race is lost or won. Johnny Doyle, favored by the inside position, held Torpedo close to the rail and made the turn without losing an inch of ground. Marty tried his best to keep Lady in Lavender from running wide, but his strength was sapped. The mare bore out, giving her rival a length advantage. She closed quickly, nosing up to the saddle-girths of the flying leader, but there she hung, unable to do more. Nothing but horsemanship could save her now!

Down went the little money rider's head, and he doubled low in the saddle, prepared to give his owner all that was in him, and maybe a little bit more!

The crowd had gone crazy. Billy Ten Tupper, crushing his silk hat, screaming at the side of a little waitress, drank deep from the well of understanding. He knew now the value of a money rider. His happiness, his future, his fortune—everything was in the keeping of a boy who was coming down the stretch astride a bay mare, booting her on while his whip cut steady circles in the sunlight!

"Marty! Marty! Marty!"

The boy was in a trance, sustained only by the subconscious suggestion that he *must* win! By heartbreaking inches, he regained the lost ground in that terrific drive up the stretch. A hundred yards from the wire, Torpedo still led by a nose. Fifty yards, and there was no change. Twenty yards—out of some mysterious source, the boy drew upon a last reserve, to accomplish the unbelievable. It was a question of inches, and the wire was at hand!

"Gotta win!" he gasped, and gathering the tired mare under him for the last jump, he literally *threw* her into the lead!

THEN it was over! A strange numbness enveloped him, utter exhaustion. Lady in Lavender, slowed down of her own accord, turned and came cantering back to the winner's circle. She liked flowers and cameras and music. The money rider stared up at the winning post and saw, as through a fog, his own number displayed on top. He tried to raise his whip to the judges—tried twice and couldn't make it. He was floating above a sea of faces—smiling judges, press photographers, Billy Ten Tupper, Hippo Devlin. There was a dull roaring in his ears. Some one lifted up a huge floral horseshoe and put it around the winner's neck. He heard Jake's gruff com-



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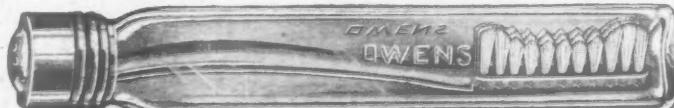
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The Director, Department of Education  
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE  
33 West 42nd Street New York City

mand: "Look pleasant, kid. Take your cap off!"

"Yes sir!" he answered—and came toppling out of the saddle, pitching headlong into the arms of Billy Ten Tupper. Even then the young millionaire did not divine the truth, but his education was completed a few moments later in the scales-room when they were weighing out a half-unconscious boy. Kitty Keller, guarding as best she could a bowl of hot soup, edged her way through the track police.

"Outta my way!" she shrieked. "Lemme do my stuff! Comin' up, Marty! Here it is, honey! Right off the old arm!"

She held the bowl up to his lips. He drank greedily, gulping down the nourishment in a way that left nothing to the imagination. Ten Tupper turned pale. His eyes expanded.

"Good Lord!" he protested. "Is the boy hungry?"

The empty bowl fell from Kitty Keller's hands. She spun around. "Hungry?" she screamed. "Hungry? Oh, my Gawd, what a pip! What the hell do you know about hunger? What does Hippo know? The blood-suckin' murderer—look at him! Lemme alone, Marty—this is my race! I'm gonna tell these guys somethin' they'll never forget!"

And tell them she did—screching out the truth so that all might hear, and shaking her fists in the face of Jake Devlin. The fat man tried to shut her up, tried vainly to stem the torrent of denunciation. Finally, purple with wrath, he struck at her with a savage hand; but the blow never landed. A young millionaire, very white of face, shot out a gloved fist, and hit Devlin flush on the fat of his triple chin.

"That's your discharge paper," said Billy Ten Tupper. "And don't get up, or I shall have to knock you down again."

He turned to Kitty Keller, and his eyes

pleaded wistfully for forgiveness. "I wonder," said he, "if you and Marty would honor me at a quiet dinner tonight? You see, I need a new trainer now, and something tells me we're all going to be very good friends."

**I**T was a marvelous repast, far better than the one Silk Conlin had ordered, and this time Marty Kreuger had no reason to hold back, for his host, with both hands on the boy's shoulders as he sat him down, whispered: "Go to it, son! If it will give you any better appetite, you'll find under your plate a trainer's contract, along with a little wedding present." The "present" proved to be a check for fifty thousand dollars, the entire purse of the Belmont Stakes!

Something had touched match to the tinder of Ten Tupper's soul. The young millionaire made a charming host, laughing boyishly as he served his delighted guests—one a little waitress who had never been so honored before, the other a youth reveling in his first square meal in months.

Marty Kreuger looked up from his third helping of mashed potatoes. "Boss," he gurgled, "w-what's the matter? You aint eatin' a thing!"

"Gee," protested Kitty, "that's right. You aint even started. I've been so deep in the nose-bag, I never noticed it. Play the turkey, mister; it's a winning bet!"

But young Ten Tupper shook his head disconsolately. From the pocket of a silk waistcoat he produced a small pillbox, extracted two black pellets, gulped them down with a mouthful of water, and then smiled ruefully at his guests.

"That's my dinner!" he moaned. "Doctor's orders. I've got dyspepsia, you know! Had it for a month! Too many banquets! But go ahead, children—go ahead and eat! I'd give a million dollars, if I could join you!"

## FOR THE SAKE OF THE WOMAN

(Continued from page 83)

pay off what's owing on the place, she told me."

"Yes, I was, Mis' Turner." The man ignored the speaker. "Yes, I was. And I'd agreed to pay it off before I left for California tonight. Now—you see—what has happened, of course that makes it a lot different."

"How?"

Although it was the man who had asked the question, it was only the woman whom he regarded.

"You see, I was paying that money to Bert. It was inconvenient to do it—my going to California and all. Now I'll have to pay it to Bert's estate. I guess I got a year or two to do that in, aint I? Bein' as he's dead, course I can't pay it to him. I'll take care of it later, when his estate's settled up."

"I guess he aint got much estate 'cept what you owe him."

**H**ENRY turned his eyes for the first time to Phil.

"Well, he might have had, and not having don't make any difference. The law's the law. It don't depend upon the size of the estate. I'll pay what I owe to Bert's executor, and I guess I got a couple years to do it in."

Phil's voice lifted a note.

"Now, Henry, look here: You'd have paid that money before the train left tonight, if this hadn't happened. Mrs. Turner needs it. She's got to get away from here, too. She's got to get down to her folks, where they can see to her. You aint got no right to hold back. It's hard enough on her—this thing—thout you takin' advantage

of it. She needs the money mighty bad, an' you know it."

The man grinned slightly.

"Well, fact is, I need the money right now myself. I'm going to California for my health, and my health is just as valuable to me as hers is to her. Seems a providence that it's put off. 'Sides, I gotta stay with the law. I aint no right to pay to nobody but his executor now."

Philip Gregg's face darkened.

"Mrs. Turner is bad off for the money," he declared. "She's been bad off for it for a long time, but was too proud to say so. I'm saying it for her now. She don't like me to, neither. But you'd ought to pay her before you go. You know 'taint no more'n right. You can't leave her like this is."

"I guess maybe you'll look after her," replied the man with a sneer.

Then he recoiled as Phil advanced upon him.

"You apologize for that, or I'll break every bone in your body!"

"Oh, I didn't mean nothing—nothing at all. But you can't make me pay now. I'll take the time the law allows me. I've got a right to."

"You mean that?"

"I'm going tonight, and I've got the right to let the money wait."

None of the three in the store spoke again for a time, and presently the visitor went silently out and closed the door gently behind him.

Phil stood beside the woman and patted her shoulder.

"There, there, Janey," he said. And again: "There, there, Janey."

She got up slowly and clutched her shawl about her.

"Thank you, Phil. I'll go home. You'll bring him?"

"Here to the shop first."

There was much curiosity that afternoon throughout the mountain village. The news had spread that Bert Turner had died in the disreputable Sullivan place. Mrs. Turner's house, on the edge of the gulch, had visitors eager to sympathize. They all watched for the wagon in which he would be brought down through the drifts.

But what the watchers saw that late afternoon before the dusk had quite become dark, was a familiar one-seated sleigh, beside the driver of which sat Bert Turner, his cap pulled down over his ears and low on his forehead, and his coat-collar turned up—Bert Turner riding as usual beside Phil Gregg, who turned the horse into the open door of the stable with gay swiftness.

Henry Truesdell, watching, saw too, and his jaw dropped as Phil drove past him with a nod.

"It was a lie! He wa'n't dead!" He swore profoundly.

But he made no objection when Phil Gregg came almost at once to his house.

"It's pretty near your train-time, Henry," he said cheerfully. "You saw me drive Bert down. I'll take his money over to him for you."

"Let him come himself!" muttered Henry wrathfully.

"He's been up to Sullivan's a week. You know what that does for a man. He wouldn't know money today if he saw it. Better make no more fuss, Henry. You've got to come back here to live, you know. Folks won't stand for anything that looks crooked or like taking advantage. Folks is on her side. Better pay up before your train leaves—"

"How'd that report get out that he was dead?"

"Don't ask me."

THE daily train had gone through for the west, when a roll of bills was counted in the little cold house on the edge of the gulch.

Janey Turner had heard the news. She was eager—wanting to know—a little foreboding, yet still hopeful.

"Where's Bert?" she asked. "Thank you, Phil, for bringing the money—we need it so much. Where is Bert? Is he—can he get home? Will you help him? Maybe—I always hope, Phil, that it won't happen again. Mebbe he won't do it again."

"Bert is dead, Janey," Phil Gregg told her bluntly.

She stared at him, blanching.

"But he drove back with you! They told me. Everybody saw him!"

"Yes. Forgive me, Janey. It was a way. I took it. The snow—the roads—and—all. I put his coat on him—and his cap. Janey—I was very gentle—Janey—Bring him home like that seemed a way out—for you."

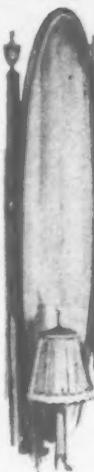
Her hands tightened together across her breast.

"Forgive me, Janey. It seemed best. Just to put him on the seat beside me was no more than to bring him any other way. And here's the money, and Henry's gone. Janey—it aint as bad as it seems, and I didn't know how else to manage it—"

There was a silence before his voice came again:

"Now you take the money and go home to your folks—and be taken care of like you should be, and get strong like the girl you used to be. It's all around, the best way. We'll do everything for poor Bert. Then will you go home to your folks and get warm, Janey? Will ye? Promise."

She nodded, and he smiled at her across the table.



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**THE SHOE TREE**

(Continued from page 77)

for the slipper to be tried on her eager and yet bashful foot.

It was all Hubert could do to keep from saying: "What style, Madam?"

He was going to say it! He was irresistibly impelled to say it! There was no escape—

And then he caught sight of Jediah Buterfield, the man in overalls, coming through the entrance door with *Cinderella's* kitchen in his arms. At least, he was struggling with a length of wall-board. A butler in a beautiful afternoon-coat was helping him.

"Lean 'em and brace 'em!" blurted out Hubert, somewhat incoherently, and pointed to the advancing Jediah.

"Oh, here's the set!" exclaimed Adelaide. "Let's put it up!"

Immediately the rehearsal broke off; the stage was cleared, and Hubert was saved—miraculously and temporarily.

Jediah explained.

"I couldn't figger out how to brace 'em without the braces showin', so I lugged 'em up here to try 'em," he said tersely.

"I'm glad you did!" breathed Hubert. "I mean, we're all glad—"

"Naow, if one of yew gent'men'll step up and take holt with that there gent'man," (pointing to the butler), "I'll jest see if I can't figger out a way to lean 'em and brace 'em."

"You help, Jasper!" commanded Adelaide.

The fat youth grunted, and leaving Miss Tooting's side, ascended to the stage.

"Whaddaya want me to do?"

"Jest hold onto that there length of wall-board," directed Jediah.

Jasper embraced the wall-board—the one that was to compose the rear wall of *Cinderella's* kitchen. He stood behind it, grasping it in his plump fingers. The butler, and a youth named Checks, supported the other two walls. Jediah remained at the foot of the steps.

"Naow lean 'em!"

Cheeks and the butler inclined their respective lengths of wall-board.

"More," said Jediah. "Bring 'em nigher together at the top, so as to make a kind of tent, like."

They did so.

"Naow, will the gent'man at the back lean his'n a mite further for'ard?"

"I can't!"

"Go on, Jasper!"

"I can't. I'll loose my balance and—ow-w-ooo-hell!" roared the unfortunate Jasper. The next instant he came crashing down on top of the butler and Checks.

Samson destroying the temple of the Philistines could not have done a more thorough job. As Jasper fell, still clinging to his length of wall-board, he carried the other two walls, and their living supports, with him. All three rolled down the steps, with fragments of *Cinderella's* kitchen scattered about and among them. Even Jediah did not escape. Jasper had gained momentum coming down the steps; his large form struck Jediah below the knees, knocking his feet from under him. Jediah fell, but he fell forward, up the steps, so that when the action was concluded, there was

Jasper lying with his head on the butler's chest, and Checks under him; and there was Jediah curved above the three, with his arms thrust out straight against the steps, and his feet among the lowly.

There were no casualties. However, it was apparent to everyone that the rehearsal was over. Hubert thanked heaven for the catastrophe.

THAT evening Hubert sat a long time in his room, engaged in the most painful of human occupations. He was thinking. He thought and thought, and finally reached this conclusion: something must happen to prevent him from playing the *Prince*.

He would have to suffer an accident.

From a list of possible misfortunes he picked out the simplest, and went to bed with a sense of duty well performed. The next morning, about nine o'clock, he called at the Carpenter cottage and suggested to Adelaide that they go over their parts together.

"I thought we might go out to that place in the woods—where I met you that day—and run through our lines. It'll be quiet there."

"I'd adore to! I think it's perfectly sweet of you to take such an interest in my play!"

Adelaide got the script and her red pillow, and they walked away into the woods. Hubert was all business. He talked only about the play, registering great enthusiasm. When they reached the pool under the pines, he saw Adelaide comfortably seated, and then plunged at once into his part.

She interrupted him once to ask for a light for her cigarette, and when he knelt to hold the match, she pointed out to him a bluebird flitting among the pines.

"For happiness!" she said, and then she went on to pity Maeterlinck, whom once she had adored, but who now seemed to her to be nothing but a hollow shell. "Maeterlinck isn't an artist. He's synthetic," she murmured.

Hubert felt that there was nothing left for Maeterlinck (whoever he was) to do but to go off and die.

"Let's run through that first scene again—er—shall we?"

"Gracious! You are a hard worker, aren't you?"

They rehearsed almost till noon. As they started home, Hubert said confidently: "I feel that it's going to be a great success!"

"So do I," admitted Adelaide; then she smiled, and tapped a convenient pine-tree with the back of her hand. "Knock wood! I always do. Are you superstitious, Mr. Dean?"

"Not at all," said Hubert—and at that very moment he sprained his ankle.

He had stepped on a round log that was lying in the path, and it had turned with him. He sank down on the pine-needles, groaning and clasping his foot. Adelaide knelt beside him.

"Oh, Mr. Dean—Hubert! Are you hurt?"

"It's nothing, Miss Marvin!" gasped Hubert bravely.

"Don't call me Miss Marvin. . . . Call me Adelaide! Oh, you are suffering! I know you are." (He was, at that!) "Isn't there anything I can do?"

"No, I—I think the best thing for me to do is to get home—before it begins to swell."

"Can you walk?"

"I'll try." He looked at her tragically. "I'm afraid this is going to lay me up for some time. I won't be able to rehearse this afternoon. Perhaps I won't be able to play the *Prince*, at all."

"We won't think about that now," said

**Coming:**

**"THE BEAUTY PRIZE"**  
By Nina Wilcox Putnam

*In an early issue.*

Adelaide. "Here! Put your arm around my shoulders—"

"No, really, I—"

"Don't be silly! It's just silly of you not to want to—I mean—Put it around. . . . There! Now, do be careful!"

They went on slowly along the path in this manner, Hubert with his arm around the girl's shoulders, and she with her arm around his waist. Well—why not? It would have been silly not to.

They came to the open field with the cow in it, and started to cross it—the field, not the cow. But in the sweet agony of his spirit Hubert forgot to conceal the red pillow. He heard suddenly a loud and terrifying snort. Looking around, he found himself face to face with a horned beast that he identified, with difficulty, as the cow.

Except that it wasn't a cow! By some unpleasant miracle, it was a bull, and apparently a bull well grounded in bovine tradition. For it hated that red pillow Hubert held clutched against his breast. You could tell it just *hated* it.

"Grrwff!" went the bull.

"Eeeeeh!" shrieked Adelaide, and, picking up her skirts, she ran full tilt for the gate at the far side of the field. She had reached it and was fumbling for the catch when she remembered Hubert's sprained ankle. She gave a cry and turned around.

Well, Hubert's ankle was doing nobly; that's all there was to it. Adelaide could hardly believe her eyes. Here was a man she had seen only a moment ago limping along, hardly able to put his foot to the ground. And now, here came that same man all hale and hearty and putting his foot to the ground about once every half-second—doing it regular and often. It was a miracle, and a mighty fortunate one at that—for Hubert.

"Hurry!" cried the girl. "Oh, hurry!"

Hubert was hurrying. Behind him hurried the bull. It was a close race, and Hubert might have lost, but for a stratagem. As he swung into the home stretch, he dropped the red pillow. The bull went "Grrwff!" and dashed its horns into it; the horns caught in the soft ground, and the impasioned animal turned a complete somersault, landing on its back, where it lay idly waving its legs at the sky.

ADLAIDE opened the gate, and Hubert passed through on his way east. He was going so fast that he had to run into a tree to stop himself. Adelaide rushed up to him.

"Oh, Hubert!" she exclaimed. "Your ankle."

"My—my ankle?"

"Yes, it's well!"

"Hoo-hoo-hoo-what?" panted Hubert.

"I say, your ankle's well! It's cured!"

He gave a distorted smile.

"Hoo-hoo-why, yes! So it is!"

"I don't see how you could run like that!"

"N-neither do I."

"Look! It isn't even swollen!"

Hubert clutched at the most obvious explanation.

"It just goes to show," he said, "the power of mind over matter."

"Yes! That must be it!" agreed Adelaide. "It just goes to show—Oh, I'm so glad. Because now you can play the Prince and—and everything."

"And everything!" echoed Hubert, feebly. To himself he said: "Damn, oh damn that bull!"

All the way home Adelaide chattered happily about the miracle.

"You must be a terribly psychic person, Hubert."

"Well, I—I'm lucky."

Maybe he was, but he didn't rely on luck that afternoon at rehearsal. He relied on



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good management—and his prestige as an actor. When it came to the treacherous business of trying on the slipper in the last act, he just slid over it. He remembered the bull, and hurried. "Now I try on the slipper," he said rapidly. "Er—that's done. Enter *Cinderella*."

After the rehearsal he cleverly drew Mrs. Carpenter into a long lecture on the Carpenter family tree. Mr. Carpenter hovered about, looking crushed. Hubert was outwardly attentive, though his thoughts were on the sun-porch, where Adelaide sat talking to Jasper Whitlock.

"He's awfully fat, isn't he?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Dean?"

"I—I mean Henry the VIII," stammered Hubert. "I say, Henry the VIII was awfully fat."

"Oh, yes! Very. As the first Lord Carpenter wrote in his diary—"

**T**HAT night, at supper in the Sea View dining-room, Miss Gibbs said to Hubert: "Well, I guess you know all about the Carpenter family history by this time. Fanny Carpenter's a snob, though I guess she's no worse than lots of others. She spent a whole year in England collecting Plympton's coat-of-arms, and getting herself presented at Court. I'd like to've seen Plympton in black-satin knee-breeches. I'll bet he was miserable. I had an aunt who was presented in '69. She died of heart failure."

The next few days passed safely, if rather precariously, for Hubert. Every afternoon he rehearsed, and every afternoon he had to think up some new dodge to avoid trying the slipper on Mrs. Carpenter's foot. Once or twice she looked at him, standing there with the incriminating pump in his hand, and into her eyes came the familiar, puzzled, reminiscent gleam. It was obvious that she was still trying to place him.

"I must get out of this somehow," he told himself desperately. "I don't care what happens; I'm not going to be branded as a faker in front of them all—especially in front of Adelaide."

Poor Hubert! He was caught, as many another man has been caught before him, between the millstones of love and vanity. He dreamed wildly of Adelaide, yet he dared not tell her of his love; for such a declaration would involve a confession, and while one may confess to the girl one loves that one has just murdered one's grandmother, and be rapturously kissed for the crime, nevertheless one simply cannot confess a pose. One cannot murmur into fond feminine ears: "I have something to say to you, my darling: I am not what I appear to be. I am the shoe-clerk who sold to your adored mother the gray suede slipper, Number Five-C, which she will hurl after us on our wedding day!"

No, no! Better to renounce hope and suffer the wound than to endure the look of righteous contempt that is ever the reward of him who has been compelled to step down from his pedestal. The heroes of this world are those who, by hook or crook, have stuck to their pedestals.

**O**NE night, when the moon was shining, Hubert went down to the beach to be alone with his sorrow. He was in a reckless mood. He thought of drowning himself, but the water looked chilly in the moonlight. Then he thought of something else.

"Suppose I caught cold! I might develop laryngitis, or even bronchitis. That would incapacitate me, and prevent me from playing the *Prince*."

Hubert was a man of action. He walked up the beach, which apparently was deserted, climbed a sand-dune and deliberately removed all his clothes.

Then he wandered about nude, inviting laryngitis. There was a cool breeze blowing

off the ocean, and he shivered. The goose-flesh came out on his body. He was glad. Now and then he tested his voice to discover whether he was growing hoarse. He made noises in his throat: "Ah—bah—bey! Grrr!"

Yes, he felt that he was growing hoarse. He felt that he was catching something—perhaps pneumonia.

Pneumonia! Good Lord! He hadn't thought of that. It might be serious. He might get awfully sick and die!

A moment since, he had wanted to die. Now death had lost its appeal. It would be sad to die in Maine; he had always thought that when the time came he would die in Brooklyn. Brooklyn seemed so much more appropriate.

He turned and stumbled back across the sand-dunes toward the spot where he had left his clothes. To his dismay, when he came within sight of the place, he saw two figures camped on the sand. He flung himself down on all fours, and creeping up the side of a protecting dune, peeped cautiously over the crest.

In the moonlight he recognized Adelaide and Jasper Whitlock. They were sitting with their backs toward the little hollow where his clothes were parked. He could hear their voices quite plainly.

Hubert disliked eavesdropping, but under the circumstances he was helpless. He lay prone on the cold, cold sand, wondering how long it would be before he died of pneumonia. He might dash down, snatch up his trousers (at least!) and run for shelter; but he would almost certainly be seen.

Then he heard Jasper—the fat tick!—say pleadingly: "Aw, just one, Adelaide!" At the same time the fat tick put his arm around the girl's waist. He was trying to kiss her. He had kissed her!

Hubert clutched the sand. It trickled out between his fingers. He felt utterly helpless and, in a word, foiled.

But Adelaide wasn't foiled. She got up, with perfect self-possession, and said to Jasper: "That's enough. I didn't come out here to be petted, Jaz. It's a bore, and you're a bore. Go home!"

"Aw, say! Adelaide—"

"Go home; I mean it. I want to be left alone."

"Oh, all right! If that's how you feel about it," blurted the unsuccessful lover. "If you wanna be poetic, why, sit here all night, for all I care. I got a date with Elsie Tooting, anyway." And he gallantly but quite naturally got up and strode away.

**H**UBERT waited till the bulky figure had faded into the night. Then he called softly: "Hello! Hey! Adelaide?"

The girl started and looked around.

"Hubert? Where are you?"

"I'm lying up here on the sand-dune. . . . No! Don't come up! Go away! I haven't got any clothes on."

Adelaide stopped short at the foot of the dune.

"You've got no clothes on? Have you been bathing?"

"N—yes! Yes, I've been bathing. In the m-moonlight. My clothes are right down there—"

"Oh, yes! I see them!"

"Well, p-please go away. I mean, go up the b-b-beach a little, and wait for me. I'll get d-d-dressed as soon as I c-can."

"All right!" called the girl, and moved off up the beach, out of sight.

Hubert pounced on his clothes. He was shivering so that he could hardly dress, but he finally managed the necessary metamorphosis. Putting on his coat, he hastened to join the girl.

"Hubert! Isn't this nice? Were you really bathing in the moonlight? I mean, in the—"

"Er—yes, in the moonlight," said Hubert.

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"I always love to—er—that is, you can get so much closer to nature—"

"You love nature just as I do, don't you, Hubert?"

"Just exactly. I c-c-certainly do."

"Why, you're shivering! I hope you haven't taken cold?"

"Oh, no! At least, I hope not. But you s-see, I was lying up there a g-good while. I—I couldn't help seeing you—and Jasper. But I didn't want to call out, while he was there—"

"You saw him kiss me?" asked Adelaide calmly.

"Yes. I'm sorry. I wouldn't have intruded for the w-world!"

"Oh, that's all right. I mean, Jaz was just moonstruck. He always gets that way."

"Does he?" growled Hubert. Then he coughed. "I—I'm afraid I have caught a little cold," he said. "I'm getting hoarse."

"Let's go home," suggested Adelaide. "I've some wonderful throat lozenges. You mustn't lose your voice, you know. The play's next Friday, the thirteenth."

"Friday the thirteenth!" repeated Hubert, hoarsely.

"Yes. But I'm not superstitious, are you?"

"Oh, no! No! Not at all."

Friday the thirteenth! Great Jehoshaphat!

THEY walked along the beach in the moonlight. Hubert's passion had never been so insistent. He wanted every moment to stop and throw his arms about this lovely dark-haired girl, and cry into her ear: "I love you, Adelaide." The worst of it was that intuition had told him he might do so. She walked close to him; her shoulder brushed his; her voice had a curious languor, tender and—inviting. But he restrained himself and concentrated on losing his voice.

By the time they reached the bathing pavilion, he could talk only in a whisper.

"Oh, Hubert!" she exclaimed. "Do you think it's serious?"

"I don't know," he whispered.

Involuntarily Adelaide also lowered her voice.

"You shouldn't have done it, Hubert. You shouldn't have gone bathing by moonlight."

"I love nature," whispered Hubert apologetically. They were standing in the shadow of the pavilion, directly under the porch railing. She put her hand on his arm.

"Hubert!"

"Adelaide—" he breathed, in a still, small voice. Then he gave a hoarse groan and took her in his arms. They kissed.

"Yah!" jeered an unexpected voice, directly over their heads.

They jumped apart, looked up and saw Jasper Whitlock leaning over the porch railing.

"Yah! You don't want to be petted, don't you? Oh, no!"

"Jasper!" said Adelaide with admirable calm. "What are you doing here?"

"Sat down here to smoke a cigarette," retorted the other. "Why not? Glad I did. Now I know why you sent me home. You had a date with him!"

All the pent-up emotion in Hubert's breast broke loose. It positively exploded. "You're a liar!" he roared in tones of thunder.

Adelaide gave a glad cry.

"Hubert! Your voice! It's come back."

There was a brief silence. Then Hubert answered faintly: "Yes, it has, hasn't it?" He again addressed himself to Jasper. "If you say a word about this night, I'll punch your fat head." To Adelaide he said, with dignity: "May I see you home?"

They walked on, followed by a belated, derisive, "Yah!" from the unrepentant Jasper.

"I'm sorry," said Hubert, pressing her arm.



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"It doesn't matter. I'm glad it happened, because it brought back your voice. You certainly are the most psychic person, Hubert."

"I guess I am," he sighed.

THE first thing he did the next morning was to try his voice. It was perfectly sound. It wasn't even hoarse! He had nothing to remind him of the previous night's adventure, except a demoralizing memory of Adelaide's kiss, and a slight stiffness in one shoulder. Perhaps it was lumbago.

Lumbago! There was a thought. No—he had tried twice to incapacitate himself; he hadn't the nerve to try again. Apparently Fate was against him.

Then he had an inspiration, a dark and shameless one! It meant striking at a woman; but Hubert was desperate.

On the beach that morning he sought out Mrs. Carpenter and suggested casually that it might be fun to have a moonlight bathing-party.

"Yes! How clever!" replied that lady. "Adelaide tells me," she added, "that you often go in at night."

"I do. It's so much more—er—thrilling. You sort of feel that you're getting back to nature."

"Do you, really?"

"Yes, you certainly do. I thought we'd get up a little party. Er—the younger set. That includes you, Mrs. Carpenter," said Hubert with his most disarming smile.

"Do you hear that, Plympton?" demanded the lady of the little man crouched beside her in the shadow of her umbrella.

"Yes, my dear! But I'm sure you'd have an attack of lumbago."

Lumbago! She was subject to lumbago. Thank God, thought Hubert.

"Nonsense! I never have—I am never ill," snapped Mrs. Carpenter.

"No, my love," murmured her husband, gazing out to sea.

"I'll get up the party myself, Mr. Dean. When shall we have it?"

"Well, the dress rehearsal is Thursday," said Hubert. "I mean, it will be good for our nerves. . . . Suppose we have it Wednesday night."

"Splendid!" approved Mrs. Carpenter.

HUBERT excused himself and went down to the ocean feeling like a villain in a play. It was extraordinary, he thought, how in real life one continually changed roles. One moment a hero, the next a villain, and lucky the man who escaped his moment of folly!

Adelaide, when he mentioned it to her, was at first doubtful about the moonlight bathing-party. She was afraid he might lose his voice again! But he reassured her.

"I'll have on my bathing-suit this time," he said.

"It will be fun!" admitted the girl, and gave him a smile that intoxicated him. Hubert, like most persons of sensitive nature, was easily intoxicated.

On Wednesday night, as the local newspaper had it, Mrs. Plympton Carpenter entertained at a moonlight bathing-party. Among those present were the members of the cast of "Cinderella" except Miss Gibbs (who said that it was just plain flying in the face of Providence) and Mr. Plympton Carpenter. The latter wandered about in a gray polo-coat, looking like a ghost and warning his wife against a chill. But that lady was on her mettle. She would be young if it killed her.

Hubert personally conducted her into the ocean and introduced her to the largest, coldest wave he could find. She ducked, and came up gasping.

"Isn't it glorious!" she chattered.

"I knew you'd enjoy it," said Hubert, boosting her over a second wave.

After a while he left her, to join Adelaide. These two ran up the beach, their wet suits glistening in the moonlight, till they were warm and glowing. Hubert put his arm around her. She looked up at him and laughed.

"This is getting to be quite a habit with you, young man!"

"Oh, Adelaide, Adelaide!" he cried. "If only I were a prince!"

She took his head in her hands and kissed him.

"I think you are!"

He felt riotously happy, and utterly wretched. They ran back to join the others, splashing about in a cold silver ocean.

The next morning Hubert had a telephone-call from Adelaide.

"Please come over at once," she begged. "I don't know what I'm going to do. Mother's got lumbago!"

"Great—er—heavens!" exclaimed Hubert.

"The dress rehearsal's tonight, and—"

"I'll be right over!"

He put on his best-looking pair of white flannel trousers, his white sport-shoes with the black tips, and a blue serge coat. He walked over to the Carpenter cottage and was ushered into the living-room, where Adelaide sat gazing tragically at the stage, already set with the leaning walls of *Cinderella's* kitchen.

"The doctor's been here," she informed Hubert. "He says Mother can't possibly get up today."

"Is he sure?"

"Oh, yes. And—she may not be able to play at all! What are we going to do?"

"Get somebody else to read the part," suggested Hubert. "Miss Tooting could do it. She's only atmosphere."

"Yes, I guess I'll have to do that, though we need atmosphere, and Mother'll be so disappointed—"

"I hope she doesn't blame me?" inquired Hubert nervously.

"No. She blames Father," said Adelaide. "She says he wished it on her. Poor Father!"

Hubert glanced out into the sun-porch and saw Mr. Carpenter huddled in a chair smoking a cigar. Somehow his heart ached for the little man. Also, he felt profoundly grateful to him.

Mrs. Carpenter did not appear at the dress rehearsal that night. Miss Tooting read her part; and Hubert, for the first time, actually went through the business of trying on the slipper. Even then he was nervous; his hands trembled, and he tickled Miss Tooting's foot, quite unintentionally, so that she giggled out loud and said, "Stop!" She told him afterward, playfully, that he would never make a successful shoe-clerk.

"Thanks!" said Hubert, wincing.

That night he prayed. He was not particularly religious, Hubert wasn't, but when he got back to his hotel room, he prayed. "O God," he implored, "don't let anything serious happen to Mrs. Carpenter. But if her lumbago could last over tomorrow, I'd be eternally thankful, and I'll never pretend to be an actor again, never as long as I live. Amen."

WELL, tomorrow arrived, as tomorrow always does, and Hubert's prayer was not answered, as such prayers seldom are. Mrs. Carpenter, it seemed, had made up her mind to defeat the lumbago. Her pride was aroused. She said to her meek little husband: "It's utterly absurd that a woman who has been presented at Court should be humiliated by the lumbago. Give me another aspirin tablet."

At seven o'clock that evening she was up and dressed for the play. Mr. Carpenter followed her about the house with a box of aspirin tablets in one hand and a cocktail-



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shaker in the other. Between the two, Mrs. Carpenter was sustained.

The elect of Thankful Harbor had been invited to witness Adelaide's play. The living-room was full of ladies and gentlemen exuding elegance. Listening to their gay, artless chatter, Hubert Dean felt the cold shivers run up and down his spine. He stood concealed behind the rear wall of *Cinderella's* kitchen, gorgeously costumed as the Prince, and tried to keep his knees from knocking together. "Day by day, in every way—" he muttered, between his clenched teeth. "There is no sensation in matter! Nothing succeeds like success! Handsome is as handsome does—"

Adelaide came up to him hiding behind the kitchen.

"Hubert! I'm so nervous!"

"D-don't be," said Hubert bravely. "D-don't b-be!" Then he caught her in his arms and kissed her madly. "My darling!"

"Oh, Hubert! You do look wonderful! You're terribly handsome in those trousers, and—your profile—"

"I love you, I love you, Adelaide!"

"Be careful of my make-up. No, you needn't do it again," whispered the girl with a carmine smile. "I'm not nervous any more."

In another niche back-stage, Jasper Whitlock kissed Miss Tooting and then pulled the silk cord that drew aside the curtains.

The play was on.

Jediah Butterfield, seated by special invitation in the sun-porch, heard the startled



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snicker that accompanied the audience's first glimpse of *Cinderella's* expressionistic kitchen, and exclaimed to the butler standing beside him: "There, b'golly! Them folks knows 'taint right to build a kitchen out o' plumb! And b'golly 'taint! It's daownright unreligious, same as them there leanin' towers of Babbylun! I'm a-goin' home!"

But after that first brief shock of surprise, the audience became politely attentive. They began to realize that Adelaide's "Cinderella" was psychological and serious, and they tried hard to be serious too. They sat back in their seats with a single, fixed, collective smile—the same smile that one sees on the faces of persons waiting in a dentist's anteroom. Miss Gibbs, as the *Fairy-Godmother*, was popular. She had memorized all the author's stage-directions, along with her lines, and insisted upon reciting them, with excellent effect.

There was an extravagant outburst of applause at the end of the first act.

Then came the ballroom scene, and Hubert. To his complete astonishment, he found that as soon as he stepped out upon the stage, his nervousness left him, his knees quieted down, and his feet diminished both in size and in number. The audience, catching sight of his profile, applauded. They were convinced that he was some one they should have known about.

When he danced with Adelaide, to the muffled strains of a phonograph jazz record, there was not an unmelted heart in the house. It was just lovely, that dance! It reminded one of Youth, and Love, and Romance, and Springtime, and David Belasco. One forgot that Adelaide's play was a work of art, and rather enjoyed it.

Well, it got along toward nine-fifty-five, and the final act was on. Hubert had been hoping against hope that the lumbago would rise up at the last moment and smite Mrs. Carpenter, but Plympton was there with the aspirin and the cocktail-shaker, and nothing happened of interest. *Cinderella* and her two sisters were talking in the kitchen; the serious-minded Miss Clatterhouse was trying to look seductive (it was too bad she had such prominent teeth!) and Mrs. Carpenter was looking coy. Hubert entered, the glass slipper in his hand. Instantly his panic returned. He felt his legs dissolving under him. But he plunged into it.

"I come," he declaimed hoarsely, "bringing the symbol of gayety, the symbol of Life lived to the full. Whom shall I find worthy to wear this slipper?" In his nervousness he almost added: "One of our latest styles!"

Miss Clatterhouse stuck out her foot. But it was no go. The *Prince* shook his head. "Not you, my dear! Your nature is too small, your foot too large. No, it is not you who shall wear the symbol of Life!"

IT was strange how clearly he saw the interior of Minton Brothers' Fifth Avenue Shoe-shop! He could see the customers sitting about, and almost hear the manager call suavely: "Mr. Dean."

He advanced toward Mrs. Carpenter, who laughed gayly. "Try me, good Prince. I'm sure the slipper will prove to be just my size." Yes, she laughed, but her eyes were bright with dawning revelation.

Hubert's blood froze. His hands turned to lumps of ice. He knelt down, shivering, and tried the slipper on Mrs. Carpenter's foot.

As he did so, he knew that the inevitable had happened. He felt her stiffen, glanced up guiltily, and saw her awful look upon him. Her penciled eyebrows were lifted; her jaw had dropped down; her mouth was a red-ringed "O" of accusation.

"The shoe-clerk!" cried Mrs. Carpenter.

Her voice carried to the far end of the living-room. Hubert cast a fearful glance

around. To his immense relief, he saw that while the people in the audience looked slightly puzzled, they still wore their permanent collective smile. He realized that they thought it was all a part of the play.

Then *Cinderella* entered. She too looked puzzled, and decidedly apprehensive. She had written nothing about a shoe-clerk!

Hubert gave her a reassuring smile. Then he rose and faced Mrs. Carpenter. He was bound the play should not fail, though he died for it. In that moment Hubert was every inch an actor. He said: "Your untimely witticism, madam, is beside the point. I cannot alter the laws of nature! The fact is that you take a Number Five-C-er, that is, the slipper belongs to *Cinderella*—Here Hubert made a magnificent gesture. "*Cinderella*, whom I recognize as the beautiful Unknown with whom I danced last night at the ball. She, yes, she shall wear the symbolic slipper, for though I am a shoe-cl-er—a prince, I am none the less a man. Come, *Cinderella*, let us leave this house, so full of inhibitions and repressions. My coach is waiting to conduct us to the land of Gratified Desires!"

"My Prince!" murmured *Cinderella*, and the play was done.

IT was done, that is, for the audience, who applauded vigorously and departed hastily; it was done for the other members of the cast, who raced off, most of them, to dress for a dance at the pavilion. But it wasn't over for Hubert.

After taking a single curtain-call, he ran out of the house, and going around by way of the veranda, concealed himself in the sun-porch. There he waited, behind a potted plant, till the room was empty of everyone except Adelaide, her mother and Mr. Carpenter.

Mrs. Carpenter was talking. He could hear what she said. Her voice was shrill with indignation.

"I tell you the man's an impostor! I recognized him the moment he knelt in front of me. Haven't I always said I seemed to see him kneeling? He's one of Minton Brothers' salesmen. He's nothing but a shoe-clerk!"

Then Hubert walked in. He was smiling; but there was grim determination in his manner. He still had on his *Prince's* costume, and his profile was never so noticeable.

They all stared at him, and Adelaide gave a faint cry: "Hubert! It isn't true!"

"Yes," said Hubert slowly, "it's true. But there are a lot of other things that are true. I'd like you to hear some of them."

"You needn't try to explain!" snapped Mrs. Carpenter. But her husband said: "Wait. Give him a chance. It isn't often we get around to truth-telling."

Hubert bowed to the little man.

"Thank you, Mr. Carpenter." He was silent a moment. Then he said, with a kind of boyish mournfulness: "The first thing that's true is that I love Adelaide."

"Oh!" breathed the girl.

"What impudence!" exclaimed her mother.

"Why is it impudence?" asked Hubert. "I'm a shoe-clerk, all right enough, but even in a democracy like this a shoe-clerk isn't poison!"

"Good!" muttered Mr. Carpenter.

"No, I can't believe that you're such a snob, Mrs. Carpenter, as to despise me for working in a shoe-store. What you resent, and I don't blame you, is that I've pretended to be something I wasn't. I did pretend, and just to show you how depraved I am, I'll say that I'm not ashamed of it—except where *Cinderella's* concerned."

"Kindly leave my daughter out of this!"

"I can't. I love her. But as for my pretending to be what I wasn't—well, am I any different from other people, I'd like to know? Am I any different from those

people who came here tonight? They're all pretending. They pretend to be superior and exclusive, and they're only rich. They pretend to be elegant, and they're only bored. Am I any different from you? You pretend to be an American, but you boast about your family coat-of-arms and kissing a queen's hand. You pretend to be young, but you can't go in bathing without getting lumbago!"

"Plympton!" gasped Mrs. Carpenter. "Are you going to stand there and listen to such insults? Are you going to let him go on?"

"I am, my love!" replied Mr. Carpenter with remarkable serenity.

"I don't mean to be insulting," apologized Hubert. "But I may as well say what I think, now that it's all up with me. I love Adelaide, but I—I'm going in the morning—"

"No!" cried Adelaide.

"Yes!" said Mrs. Carpenter. She turned to Hubert. "Since you've been so truthful," she purred, "I'll take my turn at it. You say you love Adelaide. Doubtless you'd like to marry her. And you think it's impossible simply because we've discovered that you're an impostor. Well, let me tell you you're wrong. It's impossible because you're a shoe-clerk! That, and nothing else. I am a snob. I admit it. I'd rather see my daughter dead than married to a shoe-clerk!"

"In that case," concluded Hubert quietly, "I've nothing more to say."

"I have," spoke up Mr. Carpenter.

"Plympton!"

"Yes, my dear, I have something to say—something I owe to this young man, to myself, and last, but not least, to that spirit of veracity which seems to animate this occasion." Mr. Carpenter's tone was mild, but his eyes glittered strangely. "Mr. Dean, my wife is not such a snob, such an incredibly cruel snob, as she appears to be. She has an obsession regarding shoe-clerks, which, when all the facts are known, is thoroughly understandable. I was a shoe-clerk when she married me—"

"Plympton!"

"Worse yet, I was a shoe-clerk in Peoria. I met her there. She was far above me socially, and all her life she has been afraid that her friends in the East would discover my humble origin. She has spent years concealing it, veneering it, glossing it over with a fabulous and fictitious legend. It was a foolish business, but I agreed to it, because in my humble way I adored her. I still adore her. But I have never been able to convince myself, as she has, that I am a descendant of that Lord Carpenter who was chief bottle-opener to a debauched and murderous king. I still remained, in the secret recesses of my soul, a shoe-clerk. I have made all my money in shoes. I have made a fortune in shoes, and spent some of it—more than you'd suppose—on the coat-of-arms you see hanging over the fireplace. But the fact remains, Mr. Dean, that my family tree is—if I may put it so—a shoe tree."

MRS. CARPENTER had fainted. At least, she had sunk into a chair, where she sat motionless, her hands gripping the arms of it and her eyes tightly closed.

"Shall I telephone for the doctor?" anxiously inquired Adelaide.

"No. I'll attend to your mother," said Mr. Carpenter, smiling a little and reaching for the cocktail-shaker. "You two young people go out on the porch. I know you've got a good deal to say to each other."

But strangely enough, when Hubert and Adelaide had gone out on the porch, they discovered the late moon just rising, huge and red, from a vast enkindled ocean.

And really, they had very little to say to each other.

THE END.

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# Travel

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"A rolling stone gathers no moss" is an old saw of the unwise. Well, who should wish to be a "mossback" from inertia? Sitting still in one place is generally due to a lack of courage to explore, to adventure, to see the world and the beauty that it holds.

Who are the interesting people in this world? Not the specialist who has boxed up his life's activity in an office, or factory, or laboratory. He may be an expert banker, a successful manufacturer, an inventive chemical or electrical wizard; but as a human being he is as dull as a lobster if he has not seen something of God's greatest handiwork, the world all around. A colorful, interesting, human and responsive personality is made by wide-awake and observant travel. Travel constantly engages and entertains the eye and ear. It stimulates all the senses, and creates what is more than knowledge; namely, *understanding*.

This old world was never so alluring to the traveler as in this day and generation. Old nations are being remade by new notions of nationality. Kings are tumbling off their thrones, and the thrones are being scrapped. Even old Tut-Ankh-Amen, after the longest and profoundest sleep on record—3400 years—has been dug from the womb of Mother Earth in Egypt and reborn to history and the persistence of man's thirst for the knowledge and the truth of earlier civilizations.

## THE BIG MOMENT

(Continued from page 45)

angrily. "If he wasn't your father," he fumed, "I'd knock his block off."

"It must have been thinking of the *Delia Ann* that made him get so angry," reasoned Jeannette ruefully. "He's always so jealous about her. She was the first ship of his own, he ever had. He follows her every move. He'd rather be on her deck right now as captain, than president of the Dilmot Lumber & Shipping Company. She's—she's named after Mother, you know."

"Oh, your mother!"

Freddy bent his head in humble tribute to one he had never seen, but who must have been a truly wonderful woman, since Jeannette—well, Jeannette had to get her wonders from somewhere. After a moment he added bitterly: "I suppose it is sacrifice for a mutt like me to aspire to work on any of *his* boats."

JEANNETTE was stroking Freddy's sleeve soothingly and saying: "I'm sorry Dad was so rough, but he meant it for you!"

"He didn't mean it for anything but just to express his thistle-tempered old soul," flared Freddy. "I don't see how you stand him, Jeannette. Honestly, I don't. But say! I'll show him! I'll get a berth on that boat tonight if I have to throw somebody overboard. I'll do the work, too. I'll make good. I'll make the captain want to keep me. And then I'll go to your dad and tell him—"

It seemed to Freddy all at once unimportant to specify just what he would tell Captain James Harrison Dilmot. "Oh, I'll show him!" he challenged, chest swelling. "I'll show you, too!" he boasted, then snatched a hasty, impetuous kiss off the wistful, wondering lips of Jeannette—a kiss that didn't belong to him at all, now that their engagement was off—and plunged away into the night.

That old fish-hawk! If Freddy had to be hard and mean and overreaching like him, just to satisfy Jeannette that he could take care of her, that he was trustable enough to tie to, why, he was going to be it; that was all. He slammed a heavy toe upon the starter. Obediently the eight cylinders beneath the hood of the Gray Ghost roused, coughed and began to purr. Freddy backed, turned, honked the horn twice as wafting good-by to Jeannette and tooting defiance to her father, and was away like a comet.

One hundred and forty miles to the side of the *Delia Ann*! Would he make that boat? Well, you'd just better believe. That old hedgehog! Talking that way to him—before Jeannette too—and just when he had her sold on him again. He'd show him!

But alas for the bumptious pride of youth, and alack for the pernicious obstinacy of inanimate things! The Gray Ghost, dependable as time—the Gray Ghost began to miss. At first Freddy was merely annoyed. Hum! Must have got pretty cold back there, fog in her throat or something. He manipulated the spark; he experimented with the gas; but she grew more absent-minded with every mile. Climbing the San Juan grade toward eleven o'clock, the speed began to slow alarmingly, and Freddy's heart to sink like lead. For the first time the possibility of defeat loomed—a double defeat, for the Ghost and he both had to be in San Francisco in the morning—both.

Anxiously Freddy played again with gas and spark; no use—the momentum was slowing every second. He literally prayed her up the last five hundred feet; panting and choking, she barely wheezed over the crest, and with a sigh passed out.

"Darned old pile of junk!" exploded Frederick angrily, testing the throttle, jamming at the starter; but no spark would

leap. However, he nursed her round the curves upon her own momentum, and by skillful maneuvering kept her rolling the full seven miles downhill to Herb Robinson's garage in San Juan; and there, with the help of Floyd, the all-night man, he feverishly tore the ignition system to pieces and laboriously put it together again, believing that he had found the trouble. Evidently—for the engine started with an exultant roar! And exultation was in Freddy's heart, too, though it was now two o'clock in the morning.

That withered old prune! Maybe he wouldn't fool him—what? But just out of Gilroy, the Gray Ghost began to talk to herself—alarmingly, in strange, disgruntled tones. Presently she was muttering and murmuring in whispers only. Six miles out she was dead—a dead ghost.

Again Freddy worked feverishly, all alone this time, with only such illumination as his spotlights afforded. As he worked, he talked to the car, reproachfully, coaxingly, flatteringly, imploringly, and finally most outrageously; but not a wheeze out of her.

"I'll make that dock if I have to walk and push this old teakettle!" perspired Freddy, manipulating wrenches, turning screwdrivers, testing out connections.

No results! And no cars passing at that lonely hour. Presently he was dog-trotting back to Barney's garage in Gilroy—six miles. "Oh, I'll get her there," he panted.

WHAT a night! Ultimately and ignominiously the Gray Ghost was towed into San Francisco, arriving just as the clock in St. Mary's was striking the hour of seven. And the *Delia Ann* sailed at eight! Freddy slipped out from behind the steering-wheel, tousled, soiled, utterly weary, heavy-eyed and profoundly exasperated but—gloriously determined still. Mournfully he paid an enormous towage bill, with a few tired monosyllables indicated disposition of the Gray Ghost, then suddenly quickened all his actions as he hailed a taxi-cab.

Once delivered at the shoreward end of the Dilmot pier, strategy required a brief reconnaissance; but in a surprisingly short time Mr. F. Belding was negotiating with a man in dungarees whom he had found idling in front of where the *Delia Ann* chafed at her lines.

"Give you fifty! Give you a hundred!" he tempted in reckless whispers.

"A hundred? Spot?" demanded a surprised voice. "Gimme de dough!"

The transaction was completed quickly, and as a result of parting with his last sizable piece of change, Freddy, lingering in the background, with a cheap suitcase full of cheap sailor's gear acquired at a store on the Embarcadero, saw one engine-room helper of the good ship *Delia Ann* wander away and get lost, after which he himself came careening hopefully over the rail just as the schooner was slipping her bridles.

Not having stopped yet to wash up from his tussle with the Ghost, Freddy looked enough like an engine-room helper to pass muster in that hurried moment when his guarded explanations had resulted in a hasty inventory of personnel and the discovery that the verifiable part of what he told was true.

"You'll sign on this afternoon," said the mate brusquely. "It's no time for paper work now. Pack your cylinder and stand by."

Freddy interpreted this as an invitation to breakfast, and never was such invitation so welcome; yet his visit to the mess-room was brief. He gobbled and guzzled in his



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hunger, and, nobody giving him immediate orders, returned to the deck and set out to identify himself with his surroundings. At first that seemed difficult.

All Freddy could see of the *Delia Ann*, as the gray, house-clad hills of San Francisco slid by him, was that she was a black-hulled, white-housed craft, entirely given over to lumber, holds stuffed with it, her decks tiered with it, till she looked like a lumber-pile afloat, with three sticks in her, and smoke belching from somewhere in the center of the yellow mass—a queer craft. And for the time being he felt himself a queer craft also; yet as the *Delia Ann* began to lift to the swells of the open sea, his soul began to lift with a rare feeling of exaltation. He had such a ridiculously pleasurable feeling of triumph over that crotchet old crab down there in Penobscot Villa in that he was actually on the ship. What a joke on Captain Dilmot, if he only knew it!

Freddy got a chuckle out of thinking of that, and this merged into a delicious thrill as he realized that his new life had actually begun; he was on his way, his own, independent self-made way to—to grasp, to characterize, and—to Jeannette. A fighting surge rose in him. It was really a glorious sensation. He felt a king—viking bold.

"Get below there!" barked a harsh voice.

"I beg pardon!" exclaimed Freddy, with gentle reproof in his tones.

A ROUGH but authoritative-looking person in blue flannel shirt and visored cap, with eyes that squinted into mere gleams of light, stood for a moment motionless, as if never to him out of dungarees had come a speech and a voice like that before. "Oh, hell, Percival!" he laughed with sweet sarcasm.

Freddy flushed and got below, where presently he found himself collaborator with three men wearing overalls to the waistline and nothing much above, all of whom, with huge wrenches, were wrestling with a mastodonic steel elbow which stubbornly refused to connect with a giant threaded nipple from which crude black oil had evidently just been oozing.

Sweat beaded the workers' brows; eyes popped with the sudden, desperate muscle strains; oaths were their sufficient means of communication. It was a ghastly eye-opener to Freddy Belding, yet he vibrated to the knowledge that that struggle was part of it. There came to him an odd sense of liking, of fellowship, of desire for teamwork with these struggling, sweating creatures—and along with that, consciousness of a certain inferiority on his part. It became a matter of pride to do his share.

To hold his position on that heaving floor, his leg had braced itself against a pipe. This pipe proved to be hot; and not merely hot—it burned him. For the first time in his life, Freddy felt his flesh scorch in the line of duty, yet held his place and would say nothing of the scorching. Call him Percival, would they?

It lasted full five minutes, this little wrestle with the contrary mechanical laws; and when it was over, Freddy hung to the foot of an iron ladder, quite exhausted but quite happy. He had won another victory; but there was no time to enjoy victory, no time to look at the burned spot—barely time to lift the clothing away from it tenderly, when:

"Come on, you!" snapped one who, he had learned by now, was second in command of the engine-room; and soon he was descending another iron ladder and following into a long narrow tunnel, lighted only by the electric torches they carried, and so low he had to crouch to move in it—and which he saw housed the shaft on which the screw was turning. He felt cooped in, stifled, at the very bottom of the world, and a floating, unstable world, at that. It was the very abyss to Freddy Belding, and

it smelled of death; yet here he was—in the line of duty. Above him, sixteen feet of hold, full of lumber; above that eight feet of lumber on the decks; above that, the open sky and fresh wind and—heaven! But down here, with only a thin skin of timber between him and fathomless leagues of strangling water—hell!

Duty smothered Freddy in the shaft-alley for an hour. For eighty dollars a month and found! Well, no wonder that old Yellown Eyes thought there was nothing in working with the hands. He would give something to know if the Second was doing nothing but plan one dirty, muscle-straining, evil-smelling job after another for him. It had never occurred to him that four hours could be so long; neither had he even faintly imagined that life in an engine-room could be a succession of such dismal, destroying tasks. But his teeth were gritted. He was going through—going to make every last one of them see that he—the rah-rah boy, they called him—could go through.

"She burns oil," he was told. "That's what makes things so easy."

So easy? Good Lord! Freddy was weak and panting. He had been steamed pink, then sweated white—ghostly white; and now, as the watch was ended, his stout young stomach gave up the battle. He was sick. One whiff from the galley, and he staggered toward his bunk, his fo'c'sle bunk. How pleasant, he speculated, to have been seasick in a white, cheery stateroom, with water and towels and fresh air, and a steward's boy to come at your call! How nice and comfortable to have had a long green deck-rail to lean over and wish you were dead from!

But this smelly bunk of his—bunks in three tiers, and his, by lot or the circumstance of his novitiate the lowest, six inches from the heaving floor, and in the farthest tier forward, where it got the extremest up-and-down movement—a mere shelf of misery in which to file himself away! Weary? Oh, but he was weary—utterly exhausted. Sick? Unto the very death of deaths! And so he gave up the fight. He forgot the world, and hoped he was by the world forgot.

"Coffee, mate?" inquired a voice at length.

"No, no! . . . Thanks, old man, but—bah!" rebelled Freddy through clenched teeth at the kindly bunkmate who had stooped to note his anguish.

"Burnt yer leg, didn't ya? Thought I smelled somebody a-fryin'. Youghta get some caron oil on it. Cook'll give it to ya."

"N-no, I don't think I did. At least, I don't feel it now," lied Freddy, who would not have attempted an upright position for any sum. He was seasick in the bowels of a single-fooding old scow. He knew only that after that toilsome night upon the highway quite without sleep, he was never so sleepy in all his life as now; but that he couldn't sleep because of this awful wretchedness within, that would neither kill him nor abate.

And steadily the lurching of the ship grew wilder, more abrupt.

"Run into the tail end of a blow. God, how she pitches!" said a voice. "Hark! Hear that!"

A crunching, grinding whine came down the hatchway. "Deck-load a-shifin'."

"All hands! Al-l-i hands!" bawled a stentorian voice down the hatch; and Freddy heard the rush of his watch deckward, all but himself. He heard ringing blows of wood on wood, and could guess that mighty mauls were driving giant wedges under the stay-chains to tighten them and hold the deck-loads in place. Cunningly he flattened in his berth. No effort was made to drag him out for duty. That was merciful, also wise. He would have sum-



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ing of yesterday in which he had borne no part. But aside from cargo, there rose upon his startled gaze the vision of an empty ship—a ghost ship! Rigging empty—deckways empty—not a man in view, nobody turning to, anywhere about. He peered in through the cabin window curiously. Nobody there! He sighted aft over the engine-room hatch to the wheel-house—empty; upward to the bridge—empty.

"Jumping beeswax!" gasped Freddy, tongue inclining to attach itself permanently to the roof of his mouth. "We must be wrecked!" He grasped at a stay-chain for support. "Why—why," he husked, "the ship's abandoned! They—they left me here alone."

The young man's Adam's-apple became the biggest part of his throat, yet insisted on being swallowed. His own words echoed dismally in his ears. He felt his head grow light. For a solemn moment he was inquiring of himself if it could be possible that those good fellows had just shoved off and abandoned him in his birth; and then the memory of the dream came to him. The dream? Why—it *wasn't* a dream! His shipmates had roused him and supposed that he followed into one of the boats. He, Freddy Belding, had slept right through a shipwreck! He stood blinking in the sunshine, then took occasion to note that this bright light really was sunshine—about nine-o'clock-in-the-morning sunshine, he judged. The fog that had trapped the *Delia Ann* had long since lifted and rolled itself away.

Freddy leaned weakly, speculatively, against the lumber. Where was he? Cast away on some Crusoe's isle, perhaps? But quickly he plucked up courage—and strength—to mount the bridge, the sacred bridge, and look out. It was not open sea that stretched away in front of him, but boiling surges; and these terminated after some three hundred yards or so upon a tiny shelf of beach with a fire burning upon it, with semicircles of people there, all facing toward him—with, on a bluff above the beach, as many as forty automobiles, and more arriving—with, beyond the turf on which the automobiles were turning out, a hill-crown of cypress trees resembling very much trees that he had always been told were unlike any other cypress trees in the world.

Freddy clutched the iron rail and swayed again, mouth falling open; but his eyes were fixed—he was looking at Point Moro. Wrecked on a fin of Moro! Well, if that wasn't an act of Providence! And if that wasn't Jeannette's sport-car, away out there on the point where no one else would have dared to drive, why, then he would eat it. Did she know he was on board, he speculated. The darling! Had she "made contact" with the crew who would have pulled their lifeboats around Moro Point to some quiet haven in Mazuma Bay? If so, excited, distraught, yet knowing his prowess in the water, she would be waiting even now for him to wake up and wave something at her, then fling himself boldly in for a stout swim to shore.

BUT before Freddy could have attempted this first demonstration of his presence to her or to any watchers on the beach, his eyes swept to seaward, and again he experienced a thrill of surprise. There were boats out there, a whole fleet of tubby fishing-launches, a couple of tugs and a pudgy-looking thing that he thought he recognized as a sardine-trawler—all waiting, he instantly inferred, till subsiding seas should enable them to approach the wreck and take him off. Truly, the radio was a wonderful thing.

"Gosh! I'm important!" laughed Freddy, and got a real healthy chuckle out of the thought of all these boats crowding round

for the chance to rescue him—who needed not to be rescued at all, since he could swim like a porpoise.

But while this chuckle was echoing pleasantly within, his attention was attracted by still another craft. It was rounding Moro from Mazuma Bay at great speed and, curving nervously within the barrier erected by a black-snouted rock, laid a course to sweep by within thirty yards of the rail of the *Delia Ann*.

"Ahoy, there!" Freddy shouted joyously, and swung his arms.

For answer, two faces, betraying great astonishment, stared at him out of the cockpit, both under sou'westers. With a start Freddy recognized them both—the moonlike features of Jopson, skipper of the *Delia Ann*, and the stone-hatchet face of James Harrison Dilmot, her owner—that old pill!

But Freddy had identified this spick-and-span speeder also. It was the *Lucia*; and suddenly he was ashamed of himself for the terms in which he had been thinking of Captain Dilmot. Why, he was sixty years old at least; yet in the pinch of danger he came charging out here in his own launch, the only craft anywhere round that could have dared the trick, risking his own life freely to pull Freddy off, just because he was—well, a human being. It showed Freddy that Captain Dilmot was also a human being; and the young man had a very humbling moment, gazing at the *Lucia* with crestfallen eyes. He saw himself as an insufferable upstart.

But all at once a memory came crashing into his mind. They—they had not expected to see him here. Their expression was total surprise. They—they must have supposed that he was off or—*drowned*. There came a choking sensation into Freddy's throat. After his humbling moment, the disillusion seemed cruel to so susceptible a young man. He tightened his grasp on the bridge-rail, staring a bit hardly at the *Lucia*, then shifted his glance more gratefully to the flotilla lying farther out, when suddenly another perception came crashing in. Why, it *wasn't* him they were after, either—not any of them. It was the ship! Abandoned at sea, the *Delia Ann* was a prize—*subject to salvage*.

Confirming this, Freddy leaned far over the side and noted her position critically. She was high and dry by the bow, but heels under at the stern, with two thirds of her length swinging free. Every comber teetered her, and every slashing swell tended to slough her round and pry her off; but so far, she had withstood these blows, tremendous as at first they seemed to Freddy, only quivering and whining under them like a whipped dog. Why, one needed but to haul the *Delia Ann* off, and while her engines might go through her riven bottom, hull and cargo must float like the wood they were.

Yes; the ship was a prize for whoever could get a line upon her first; and Freddy turned once more to mark where the *Lucia* was daringly putting about, and this time his glance was keenly knowing. Ah, now he understood. This was more like it. Captain Dilmot was strictly in character again. The old miser! At his time of life! With all his money—Jeannette's father, too—coming out here and risking his life in that little peanut-shell just to save a few paltry dollars, just to beat some poor fisherman or tugboat captain out of a little, or even a lot, of salvage money. The old nickel-nursur!

FREDDY burned at such littleness. In the heat of that burning those wounds which an arrogant, purse-proud old materialist had harpooned into a young man's soul in one of his most glowing moments began to rankle freshly. Freddy's fondest

hope at this instant was that some poor wop fisherman might swoop the *Delia Ann* away from under the owner's very nose and beach her; but all at once a totally different idea stuck like an arrow quivering in his brain—a most astonishing, exciting idea that made him bubble out his thoughts aloud to the empty bridge of the *Delia Ann* as if a jury were ranged upon it.

"Why isn't this one of those Big Moments that old dill pickle was blowing off to me about?" he demanded earnestly. "Why isn't this my opportunity? What's the matter with *me* claiming salvage rights on this old tub? I could," he argued. "I didn't sign on. Technically, I—" Freddy paused to consider, having adjustments to make with his conscience over something against which instantly his chivalrous nature had rebelled. "Would that old cuckoo out there take advantage of a technicality to do me out of salvage money?" he questioned. "Why, he tried to take advantage of the sailing schedule to keep me off this very ship, and I only wanted to work. He would—I know darn well he would. And will I do the same to pry him out of salvage money or towage or something?"

Freddy felt himself growing so excited that he paused again to get a check-rein upon himself; but there was no checking. Yes; here was a chance to even the score. Memories flamed, and youth is hot; Freddy was seeing red. Discretion, diplomacy, were cast into the sea. He had defied Jim Dilmot in the matter of sailing on his *Delia Ann*, and won out. He would defy him now in the matter of remaining on her and keeping him or any of his men off of her; and he would win again. "It's my chance. I'd be a coward not to take it," he flamed. "I'll give him his own kind of medicine," he decided boldly. "I'll make him like it. It certainly would serve that old devil right for coming it over me the way he did. Besides, I might get some of my sixty thousand back. It would be sweet to make him pay it. Have I got 'brains and courage?' Can I recognize my big moment when it comes along? Well, we'll see," reveled Freddy, feeling strangely stimulated, strangely equal to the combat as he saw the *Lucia* being jockeyed with daring seamanship into riding the swells, nose on to the beam of the *Delia Ann* at a distance that was apparently being reduced as much as compatible with safety to the small craft herself.

"Hey, take a line!" bellowed Captain Dilmot himself, through a speaking trumpet, and with no sort of preliminary greeting either—no words of grateful surprise at finding Freddy there, or of relief or congratulation at perceiving he was unharmed—just that bellowed command.

NOW, if anything had been lacking to confirm Freddy Belding's conviction that Jim Dilmot was a ruthless, grasping old highbinder, this impatient, heartless order supplied it; furthermore, the nature of it quickened a young adventurer's perceptions of just how he was to proceed to thwart that old man's will—perceptions necessarily vague up to now. "Hey, take a line!" Ah, that was the point. Freddy realized on the instant that the play was entirely in his hands, and felt a thrill of anticipatory triumph in perceiving just how.

What had kept the whole sea-pack at bay up to now was doubtless just that it had been impossible in the present state of the seas, to get a man aboard to make a line fast. But Freddy was already on board. He could receive a line and knot it high enough in the rigging for sailors who did not mind a wetting and imminent risk of life and limb, for, say, the feel of a twenty-dollar bill, to come in hand-over-hand and dragging a cable after them, do all that was necessary to make the *Delia Ann* a prize

of whatever lucky craft was at the other end of the tow-rope. Yes, Freddy's position was strategic. He could hand Captain Dilmot's lost *Delia Ann* right back to him. But should he—without adequate compensation? Freddy smiled.

"Hey!" came the warning voice of Dilmot, and here came the line, arching from the man on the *Lucia*'s bow in so perfect a cast that it sagged across the bridge-rail within a yard of Freddy. And there it hung—dramatically—appealingly.

BUT Freddy found himself pausing a third time to consider. So much more than just the five-eighths manila was hanging there. The first issues of his whole new life were hanging there. The hand of Jeannette was swaying there. Should he seek to placate that imperious old codger out yonder by bowing to his will, as most all who came in contact with him did? Or should he call him—challenge him—fight him for the *Delia Ann*? And then fight him again for Jeannette?

An instinct told Freddy that things were at such a pass between him and James Harrison Dilmot that they could be no worse, that the only way out was to fight him and beat him—or try to beat him with the last ounce of his wit and his strength. Resolutely he seized the weighted rope's-end and flung it into the sea.

A howl of astonishment came over the waves. "Hey, there! Whadda ya mean—throwing my lines off my own ship?" bawled Captain Dilmot.

There was a pivoted megaphone on the bridge of the *Delia Ann*, and Freddy leaped for it. "It's not your ship—it's mine!" he sang back in vigorous, defiant tones. "She's abandoned at sea!"

Captain Dilmot's manifestations of baffled rage were so beautiful to see that Freddy, instead of being frightened at his own audacity, got a laugh out of them—which, in itself, showed how high his daring had mounted; indeed, he began to feel quite nonchalant about the affair.

"You—young—pirate!" thundered Dilmot. "Pirate is not a nice word, Captain Dilmot, to apply to a young man who is merely trying to earn an honest penny out of his salvage rights," reproved Freddy boldly, delighted to find how simple the megaphones made conversation.

"You blithering idiot!" scoffed the Captain. "You haven't any salvage rights. You're my man. You're one of my crew." "Am I?" inquired Freddy sweetly. "I didn't sign anything that made me your man." This was the technicality. He saw Dilmot glance at Jopson in a puzzled way, and knew that the latter was explaining how it happened that he had not signed on.

"That's just a technicality," bellowed Dilmot. "It won't stand."

"It stands now," retorted Freddy, with a gesture of throwing off ropes as long as Captain Dilmot's men might heave them on; and then, as if helping the Captain to reconcile himself to the situation, he ventured to remind him of what, in the excitement of the occasion, he might have forgotten. "Chance or accident," you were remarking the other night, Captain Dilmot, "may have values that an alert man can cash in on." Well, this is your accident, but it's my chance—if you know what I mean."

But the only immediate answer to this impertinence was a bawl of rage; for a wave just then tossed the *Lucia* like a leaf in the wind, interrupting whatever may have been in the Captain's mind to retort. A few seconds later the *Delia Ann* was shuddering and groaning beneath the impact of that same sea; but Freddy was getting used to these lamentations of what seemed to him a stout old hulk. They told him nothing. Neither did the attitudes of Dilmot and Jopson as he saw them look at the



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*Delia Ann*, then turn and stare at one another and shake their heads.

"The *Delia Ann* is a derelict and my prize!" taunted Freddy boldly, craving action.

"Prize? You ass! You idiot!" stormed the voice of outraged wrath. "She's a wreck. She'll go to pieces in thirty minutes if she isn't hauled off."

**B**UT Freddy thought this last was pure bluff—still thought so, even, when a hundred tons of water had crowded and leaped upon the *Delia Ann*, swaying her masts far over so that he went to his knees under the impact, and there sounded from the ship's inwards a hollow, rending moan of awful travail that should have warned him if anything would. Instead, what he noted interestedly as he lifted himself to an upright position once more, was Skipper Jopson laying what looked like a pleading hand upon the arm of Captain Dilmot, after which the Captain lifted his megaphone again, though with a head-toss that was eloquent of reluctance and disgust.

"Well, how much do you want, you young bandit?" came whanging over the waves. "We've got to work too fast to reason with fools."

Freddy felt the surge of victory. He was winning—actually outgaming this miserly old eagle-strangler. "Ten thousand if we save the deckload only," he trumpeted truculently. "Thirty thousand more if we beach her. The ship and cargo must be worth a quarter of a million together, and you wouldn't be one to carry much insurance, you know." Freddy felt that last was rather neat.

"You jackass!" roared Captain Dilmot. "I can get her pulled off for five hundred dollars by either of those red-stackers out there."

"But you can't get the first line on her for less than ten thousand," exulted Freddy. "Thirty thousand if we save the hull! A man with brains and courage may, in a big moment, render service worth many thousands of dollars!" he volleyed.

Captain Jim's answer was like the bellow of a bull-seal; yet after a moment his voice was whanging across the waves again, with a note that was almost desperation in it.

"Young man, you don't seem to understand," he accused. "The ship is in danger. Your fool life is in danger. Another swell like that last, a little heavier one,—and they're getting heavier,—and she'll break in two. I don't give a tinker's dam for the cargo. It's the ship I want to save. I want to put men aboard to loose stay-chains and let the lumber go by the board. Then we can haul the ship off, maybe; and if we can, she'll float."

**F**REDDY, however, would not be cajoled any more than bluffed. "The successful men are the ones who recognized their big moment when it came," he reminded, seriously this time, not satirical. "This is my big moment. You'll never be able to accuse me of letting it slip. I intend to cash in on it." "I'll see you drowned first," barked Captain Jim.

"I won't be. I can swim," reminded Freddy, with a glance to shoreward. Then, remembering how the Captain's tone had for a moment become almost respectful, he thought he would try a milder one himself: "You ought to be a better sport, Captain Dilmot; really you ought," he urged, a polite young man to an older. "Your ship is lost. I can save her for you. My service is worth money. You ought—Oh, look!" He interrupted himself to heighten the force of his argument by a warning that was almost a threat. "Look! Here come the other boats."

Captain Dilmot shot a hurried glance over his shoulder.

Two or three of the fishing-boats, apparently noting that the *Lucia* held her advanced position with safety, were to be seen venturing inside the snoutlike rock, while the whole fleet seemed to have drawn in closer, especially the tugs.

"I'll give you a thousand dollars to take a line aboard," the Captain snapped.

"Apple sauce!" jeered Freddy in his disappointment, with lip-curlings of disdain. "Raspberries—all that sort of thing! Not worth lingering here a single minute for—especially with some one on shore getting pretty anxious to see me by now." That was his final defiance—this reference to Jeannette. It showed how daring Freddy had grown as the contest waged, how reckless. He felt strong enough right now, to demand, to command Jeannette, notwithstanding his poverty, and take her with him if he willed.

But suddenly he lifted a hand to clamor excitedly: "Oh, Captain Dilmot! Fore, there—fore! Look out behind!" For yonder were the tugs and smaller craft being tossed about like leaves in an autumn breeze, soaring and then disappearing before oncoming ranges and troughs of black water, the peak of the aftermath of yesterday's storm up coast, rolling in here to waste itself upon the gaunt front teeth of Moro—uplifting mountains of greasy liquid, one behind another, Sierras, Andes, Himalayas of water!

**L**IKE a sentient thing, the little *Lucia* turned and drove gallantly at the first of these advancing heights. For a moment she appeared to stand on her tail; the next she had entirely disappeared in the trough behind.

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear," Freddy tried to chant, but really he was frightened. Big waves usually came in sevens, he remembered from his bathing experience. Well, if there were seven of these! But the time for speculation was past. The onslaught of that first advancing wall of water flung Freddy completely off the bridge and into the main shrouds, where he clung breathless, with bruised legs and bleeding hands.

"Gosh, what a mauler!" he panted, and clambered painfully back to the bridge, conscious of fresh groans of anguish from within the ship, but ignoring them, to look with fear-strained eyes for the *Lucia*. There! There she was—balanced on a liquid crest, screw in air and racing helplessly. Fascinated, dumb, open-mouthed, he gazed as, like a swimmer battling with an undertow, she was borne far down toward him. Tremblingly he saw her swept on as if she must smash against the side of the *Delia Ann*; but before that could happen, a liquid crest slid under her and shut her from his view. He stood staring for a moment, as if she had been swallowed up, until a sudden poignant sense of personal danger snatched him out of his daze.

That first astounding heap of water had lifted the *Delia Ann* entire and dropped her with a sound like the squashing of a ripe melon; and now this second one was mounting high above him, mounting and curling, to break and come down smashing upon the top of her still quivering form. Freddy watched that upturning mass, awed, paralyzed, as it piled higher and rolled nearer; then his legs must have jumped for him, toward the forward rigging. He clutched for it, missed, fell, rose and clutched again, successfully this time, and climbed frantically—up, up, up!—so that its force missed him, although the spray of it doused and blinded him.

Into his ears wailed a ripping shriek, and with terror in his soul, he recognized it for what it was—the deathcry of the *Delia Ann*. He knew the truth at last—the *Delia Ann* was going—was going to pieces under him, her doom hailed and accompanied by a

series of sharp concussions. Freddy wiped the brine from his eyes in time to see that these came from the stay-chains that held the deck-load. They were bursting under these thunderous assaults of the seas, each with a report like that of a young cannon. Following this came a barrage of machine-gun fire; it was the brish crackle of lumber breaking up, boards snapping or splitting with reports like pistol-shots, grinding to splinters, exploding, dissolving, disintegrating.

Tightly Freddy clung to his rocking mast; the other masts were gone already, and their gear was pulling his own perch far down over a sea of foam that was yellow with hissing, shooting serpents that were in reality sticks of lumber, sped hither and yon by the waves. The water for an acre round him to landward was shingled and sheathed with shooting yellow.

"Holy mackerel!" gasped Freddy, hooking a leg in the ladder, and then an arm, as hastily he divested himself of excess clothing. Before his eyes and beneath his feet the giant combers leaped savagely upon the *Delia Ann*, rending her vitals, tearing her to pieces. The stern of her broke off with a sound like a cosmic sigh; the waist of her was going with grinding screams of pain; and the bow, high on its rocky impenitement, careened far over.

As Freddy felt the wooden feet of the foremast tear loose from their last toe-hold in the toppling hull, he was stripped to B.V.D.'s, and taking advantage of the fall of the spar to seaward, flung himself far and dived designedly in that direction. This brought him up outside the flood of yellow flotsam that was driving toward the beach in a swirling chaos. Vaguely he had a notion of swimming toward the *Lucia*. That would be bitter; but—this was a matter of life and death now. However, after swimming some dozen strokes or more, and rising to the crest of two successive waves, he could not seem to glimpse the *Lucia*; and—as if for an example of the freakish things a disintegrating ship may do—there came driving at him a long, smooth, un-gared spar. He recognized it as the spare mast of the *Delia Ann*, carried upon her deck and released from its lashings by the convulsive forces that were sweeping her to pieces and had made of her now a mere Sargasso Sea of wreckage.

**G**RATEFULLY Freddy flung an arm over the spar and rested. He was panting from his exertions, and unnerved enough by this astonishing catastrophe; but now something occurred which unnerved him still more: Abruptly another arm was flung up from the opposite side of the spar and clapped it spasmodically—a somewhat lean and skinny arm, and purplish from cold. Freddy lifted himself till he could see over the spar—and see a face floating there, grim, desperate, dogged.

"Good Lord! Captain Dilmot!" he gasped. "Why, I—I didn't know that the *Lucia*—" Freddy panted, and glanced wildly over his shoulder.

"Well, she did—damn me for a land-lubbering idiot—she did!" rasped the Captain, in the voice of a man vastly irritated with himself and not particularly concerned for his present situation. "Jopson and the crew lit on a hatch-cover. You can see what I lit on." The speaker's tone was thick with disgust.

An awful sense of misgiving and of guilt came to Freddy. Good Lord, he had done it now—hadn't he! Caused the loss of the *Delia Ann*, the loss of the *Lucia*, and very nearly drowned Jeannette's father. Neither did it make him feel any easier about it all to have old Yellow Eyes glaring at him so uncompromisingly and so accusingly from just over the log. He felt his awe of the man come back, and along with it a sense

of shame that just a few minutes ago he had been taunting him, exasperating him, cheaply and impudently bargaining with him. He felt that under the circumstances Captain Dilmot was displaying remarkable self-control.

"It was a great surprise to me—her, her breaking up that way, Captain Dilmot, I hope you'll believe," he stammered. "I—I guess I don't know very much about ships."

"There are a lot of things you don't know much about," retorted Captain Dilmot witheringly.

**T**HE very imperturbability of this tenacious old man increased Freddy's respect for him; and this was heightened as he noticed that the Captain was breathing heavily, his teeth were all but chattering and his lips had a blue look. Why, of course! This was no adventure for a man of sixty years. There were more qualms in Freddy's bosom as he glanced anxiously toward the fishing boats; but naturally they would be standing farther off now, on account of the *Lucia*'s fate, and not one was near enough to take note of two human heads like turtles on a log. With a shudder, too, the young man noted that the spar was barely keeping out of that whirling, whizzing maelstrom of bladelike boards.

"I was a fool, Captain Dilmot," he exploded. "I was all the things you called me."

"You were—every darned one of 'em!" affirmed James Harrison Dilmot in the tones of profound conviction; then he shook out of his face the sparse strings of sandy hair that dripped salt water from his peaked dome into his smoldering eyes. But when clear vision was restored, his gaze pivoted slowly to where the shattered remnants of a ship's bow poised precariously on the pinnacle of a wave-swept rock, and rested fixedly upon it. The spar between the two men rose and fell, and every so often the crest of a wave hid the crest of the rock from view; but the yellow eyes yearned steadfastly toward the wreck until at length, as if yielding to a fresh tide of resentment, "Young man," the Captain growled, "the *Delia Ann* was my first big boat. I would have risked all hell to save her. She—she was named after my wife!" For a second the hard glance of the yellow eyes became soft and—apologetic.

Freddy Belding flushed, and bowed his head. He had known that too, but forgotten it. "It was rotten of me, Captain, I know—awfully rotten, tricky and all that," he confessed. "But you were pretty rough with me the other night—and before Jeannette. Just when I was meaning pretty well, too! I kind of needed you just then, Captain Dilmot—if you could have felt that way about it—somebody's father or uncle to talk to me—not having any of my own, you know. But you razed me something fierce."

**T**HE eyes that had been glaring unmoved and baleful, once they rested on Freddy instead of upon the wreck, widened slowly, then blinked, while a strange, wondering expression grew upon the Captain's face. The clamped lips loosed themselves, too, as if for speech; but Freddy, eager to justify himself further, urged: "Besides, Captain Dilmot, if your gospel was right, it really did look like my big moment—out—out there on the *Delia Ann*."

"Big moment!" sputtered the Captain, angrily again. "Big mo-m-m—"

The blue lips had begun to tremble, and only incoherencies issued from them. Still laboring to speak, the mouth became a shapeless orifice, the chin began to sag, the light of indignation to die out of the yellow eyes—all light to die out of them; they were closing; the head was tipping forward; that purplish hand, like a frozen claw, was



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full possession of the faculties of each, since they had peered over the spare spar from opposing sides. Freddy found his heart going wildly—more wildly than it had gone upon the deck of the *Delia Ann*. The suspense was getting fierce. He had thought that the big moment was out there in the water; but no—it was here. This was it. What made it bigger was that Jeannette was now the sole issue—and a very animated issue who hovered in beatific raptures between the two of them.

"But just think, Freddy," she cried in a voice beautifully freighted with filial pride, "wasn't it just too wonderful the way Father stuck around out there with the *Lucia*, determined to get you off before the *Delia Ann* could break up? I was watching it all through the binoculars. Oh, wasn't it wonderful?"

"Jeannette, it was *marvelous!*" declared Freddy, quick as he could utter the words; he shot a glance to where Captain Dilmot had started half out of his chair, then sunk back with an amazed, grateful expression altering the cast of his dour features. In that swift instant Freddy glimpsed into the soul of a man who had looked on death and come back from the experience inwardly softened, though not outwardly changed—one whose eyes kindled wistfully at the surprising interpretation his daughter had put upon his actions, one who would just now give all his millions freely, that her faith in his nobility might not be shattered.

"I don't know how I can ever repay you, Captain Dilmot, for trying to save my life this way at the risk of your own," Freddy wailed on feelingly.

"Here, Father! There!" exulted Jeannette, taking her eyes from the face of her lover at last, to glance triumphantly at her parent. "And now, Freddy, you'll forgive Father for those hard things he said the other night, won't you?"

"Why, that was nothing," assured Freddy, with a lordly wave of a forgiving hand.

## SACKCLOTH AND SCARLET

(Continued from page 90)

on coolly. "You've got to acknowledge them—his and mine. Even his rights are greater than yours. You forget that he *might* turn up some day."

"What do you mean?" gasped Joan.

"Oh, nothing. I'm just trying to show you how little you would really count if I chose to exercise my rights—or he did." Polly made a shrug and seated herself on the bed, swinging her feet and grinning at her thoughts. "But I don't want to be disagreeable—at least, not any more than I have to be to make you reasonable. I didn't start this. And you were rotten to me." She contemplated her cigarette as she rose. "Oh, damn it all, Joan, what's the use!" Her voice sank a note. "I don't want to make you unhappy about Jack. I don't really want to take him away from you. I wouldn't know just what to do with him without money or anything. Of course I make friends easily. I might get along, and so might he. But then, you understand him and he understands you. I don't want to interfere unless you drive me too hard. You oughtn't to speak to me the way you did. You might think I was a stranger in this house instead of your own flesh and blood. But let's forget it, will you?"

JOAN did not move. She stood leaning against the back of the armchair by the mantel, conjuring visions from the past. She heard Polly's voice as though from a distance, an alien voice of harsh accents that held a new threat to her happiness.

"They were only for my good. I tried my best to profit by them, to show your father that I did." He dared a glance at the Captain, but that face was dour and masklike again, though Freddy was sure he saw lines of humor struggling with the grimness of those lips and a gleam of humor in the eyes.

"And wasn't it wonderful, Father, of Freddy to raft you in the way he did—with his strong young strength?" effervesced Jeannette. "Why, it was just like Providence. You trying to save his life, and then in the end, he saving yours! Wasn't it wonderful, Dad?" she pleaded.

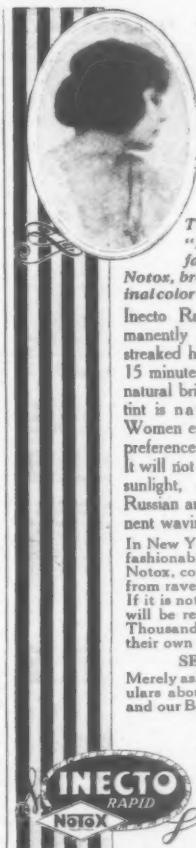
"Oh, I always knew he was a good swimmer," grudged her father at length.

JEANNETTE was obviously disappointed. "All the same, I guess you've found there was a good deal more in Freddy than you thought," she pouted; whereas the young man saw a pair of yellow eyes affect grave doubt and turn upon him curiously as if to see if there was anything in him they might have overlooked hitherto. The old hypocrite!

"Well, I think he does try to learn, the stubborn coot!" the Captain conceded, with the painful air of having thereby conceded a world too much—everything, in fact. "If we had him round, I expect maybe I could teach him quite a lot—maybe."

Jeannette fairly danced. "Well, Father, we're going to have him round!" she crowed gleefully—and then, with a little shriek of ecstasy, boldly dived at her lover just where he sat in the big chair.

And Freddy, when he felt those arms twining his neck, clasped her to him with love and pride and faith restored; and when, over her dear shoulder he saw the tight features of Captain Dilmot relax into a grimace, and one of those yellow eyes which had punctured him so mercilessly, contort into a grotesque wink, he knew that after all this—right now—was the Big Moment.



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## THE VALLEY OF VOICES

(Continued from page 67)

torted. "I ask Monsieur Laflamme if I am not right." And finding Rose Laflamme's vanity easily vulnerable, Steele prepared to feed it to his own ends.

"Là, là! You are a man of the ladies, monsieur, even eef you desert them to travel een this wilderness."

"It is only that my inspiration is great this evening," he returned.

Laflamme laughed unpleasantly in the girl's face, which kindled with pleasure at the remark. In a flash she turned with what was near a snarl, her dark eyes flaming: "You see, from others there is appreciation!" Then, lighting a cigarette, she rested her rounded elbows on the table, and leaning toward Steele with a challenging look, started him with: "Say more pretty words to me, you big American!"

It was evident that bald flattery and Scotch were a combination a bit heady for his hostess. Steele threw a sidelong glance at Laflamme, to find only amused tolerance. So Steele was discreet, but he saw that little more whisky was needed to loose the tongue of the girl beyond control. For that he waited.

"But you must be surfeited with pretty words from Monsieur," he said maliciously, sure of the effect.

"Pretty words from *heem*?" She laughed bitterly. "That ees a joke! No pretty words from *heem* since the lady, who will marry Lascelles at Albany, drive *heem* craze—eh, Louis?"

Laflamme scowled into her mocking eyes, but was silent. He rose and led his guest to the living-room. Then the sound of voices outside attracted his attention; and shortly the Ojibway girl appeared and spoke to him in a whisper.

"You will excuse me for a little while? I am called to the trade-house." At the door he added with a brutal laugh: "Help yourself to the cigarettes and whisky. And—a—Rose will keep you entertained, no doubt."

AT the slam of the outer door, the girl rose, placed her finger warningly on her lips and tiptoed out of the room, leaving Steele curious, uneasy. He heard talking in low tones from the direction of the kitchen; then she returned, and walking to his chair, stood with hands on hips, looking quizzically down at him through half-closed eyes.

"Are you as much of a man as you look?" she demanded cryptically.

"How long before Laflamme surprises us, mademoiselle?" he countered, forcing a yawn, having no intention of playing into Laflamme's hands.

"You theenk I'm working for that beast? Are you blind? Can't you see he's done with me?" she began dramatically. Then: "Why did you look at *heem* that way before dinner? I saw you! You stabbed *heem* with your eyes. You needn't deny it! You hate *heem*! Why?"

"You are mistaken, mademoiselle. I never met Laflamme before today."

"You lie! But you are suspicious; you theenk thees is a game—theenk he ees listening. Don't you see that ees why I went out—to learn if he had left the house? Oh, you can trust me! Thees ees the naked truth! I would kill *heem* tonight if I could get away. But you—why do you hate *heem* too?"

"Does Laflamme still suspect me?" he asked, ignoring her question.

"No; he knows you are what you claim to be."

"What do you want me to do?"

"*Mon Dieu!* Get me out of dees place—take me with you! He's keeping me here

because I know too much. He's afraid I weel talk." She sank into a chair, for the moment stripped of the veneer of sex, her face colorless, tense, hopeless.

"Talk about what—the whisky-trade?"

She lowered her voice to a whisper. "The whisky ees not all—you would not believe me if I told—"

A door closed outside, and Laflamme entered the room.

"Ah, this is most unromantic, monsieur," he protested, hands raised in mock gesture. "I return suddenly, to find you still in your chair—alone."

Steele was on his feet. "My man David in any trouble?" he snapped, ignoring the sarcasm.

"Oh, it wasn't his fault. Baptiste fancies he's strong, and took hold of him."

"What's happened?" Steele's blood heated at the possible harm to David, outnumbered ten to one at the trade-house.

Laflamme raised a deprecating hand. "Nothing, nothing at all! I'm glad of it! Your man cracked some of Baptiste's fingers—just squeezed his hand, and Baptiste had enough. He always was a bit yellow."

Steele was relieved; he had feared the worst.

"But will Baptiste follow this up? I don't want trouble here. Where is David now?"

"I sent them all to bed. Baptiste wont follow it up. Antoine is with him. I'm boss here," laughed the trader.

Then Steele was aware of the attention of a pair of shining eyes. "Ah, it was magnificent, monsieur—the way you looked," said the girl. "Your eyes were like your name—of steel."

"You are embarrassing, mademoiselle," Steele protested.

"You must excuse Rose this evening," said Laflamme with a grimace. "She has not seen a white man in a year. Not but what she's sincere, but whisky makes her think out loud—doesn't it, Rosie?"

If the glitter of black eyes could have killed, Laflamme would have met sudden death. Instead, he refilled the glasses, while Steele's mind was busy with what the Frenchman's return from the trade-house had checked the girl from disclosing. If Pierre was Laflamme's man, as he seemed to be, Steele was curious to learn what tale the Indian had brought from Wailing River concerning the lost fur canoe and the Windigo terror. He finally decided to drive straight at the point with the hope that the girl would drop something.

"Did I tell you this afternoon that I heard a Windigo howling at Wailing River one night?" he began.

Laflamme smiled, suggestively tapping the bottle at his elbow, as he teased: "Scotch is a wonderful stimulant to the imagination, monsieur."

"You know that the Indians attribute the loss of St. Onge's fur canoe this summer to the same devil?" continued Steele, narrowly watching Rose's face.

"The loss of their fur canoe!" cried Laflamme. "You mean to say that St. Onge didn't get his fur to Albany this year?"

"Not a skin," said Steele. "This was news that Pierre assuredly would have brought from downriver. Then he caught a furtive signal from the girl. Again she cautiously lowered an eyelid, as she watched Laflamme.

SO the Frenchman was deceiving him! Pierre had been on the trader's business at Wailing River. Why did Laflamme wish to conceal it? He could not suspect that Steele would return to the Wailing.

"Well, that finishes St. Onge, then," said Laflamme.

"And helps your little plan, eh, Louis?" Rose added.

The trader's face hardened. "Yes, it helps the trade here, of course, if they quit down there. By the way, did St. Onge say anything about sending a canoe upriver this fall?" "No, but he did say something about taking a letter to you."

A glass was shattered on the table. In a fury of passion, Rose Laflamme, leaping to her feet, glared at the Frenchman. "Oh, you think you've got her at last, do you?" she screamed. "When do I go, then? You'll send me now, or when she comes? You'll let me go, now?"

Infuriated, the trader rose and pointed to the door. "We've had enough of this; you're drunk! Monsieur Steele will excuse you. Good night!"

The insult drove the blood from her flaming face, sobered her. She walked to the door, where she turned and said quietly: "Bon soir, monsieur. I leave you with thees gentleman and—cutthroat."

Although pressed by Laflamme, Steele did not stay. He had failed utterly in his plan—had learned nothing. If only the trader had remained in the trade-house five minutes longer, the girl would have told him much that he wished to know. And now they were leaving in the morning. It would never do to risk trouble with the half-breed Baptiste. And what a tragedy—the girl back there! Quite equal to knifing Laflamme, too, in her present mood.

### Chapter Twenty

FROM the outside, the cabin where Steele and David were to sleep was dark, but he entered to find David, aided by the light of two candles, busy with their bags.

"What's the trouble?" Steele asked, noticing the blankets with which David had masked the windows. "You don't think he'd dare fire in on you?"

"Maybe." The Ojibway pointed to the contents of a large waterproofed bag on the floor at his feet. "Dey have come to see eef you are w'at you say."

"They've been through our Indian stuff?"

"Yes, dey look at dese bag, and not pack dem good."

It was evident that, taking no chances on his guests, Laflamme had had their baggage searched while they were at dinner.

"What were you doing with Baptiste? Laflamme told me you had trouble."

David's face broke into a network of wrinkles. "He try mak' me talk 'bout Wailin' Rivière. Manee people een de store leesten. I say I hear de beeg Windigo howl. Dat mak' dem all laugh. I try get dem to talk fur, but dey scare' to talk. Den Baptiste ask why you come sneakin' round dees lak' eef you not police. I tell heem you are no police, but dat he talk lak dat Windigo. He get mad and reach out hees han'—I shake eet; dat ees all."

"Yes," laughed Steele, "when that paw of yours closed on him, he knew who was boss. Did he reach for a knife?"

"Dat feller wid de scar, Beeg Antoine, he stop de trouble and send for Laflamme. Den I come here and fin' dis."

"I'm sorry it happened, David. We've got to get out of here in the morning, or they will bother you. I learned nothing up at the house, except that this Pierre must have gone downriver for Laflamme."

David smiled. "David see Pierre tonight."

"Where?"

"Trough de window of shack."

"You were scouting around? That makes it look bad for us."

"No, I see feller een de dark, an' follow heem. Eet was Pierre."

A low knock checked the conversation. David reached for a candle. "No!" said Steele. "Stand by with that!"—pointing to David's rifle. Then he opened the door.

It was Rose Laflamme.

DISAPPROVAL was stamped on David's face as he slowly shook his head.

"Monsieur Steele, I wish to talk with you in private—" She hesitated, with a nod of her head toward the Ojibway.

"David, wait outside a minute," said Steele, concealing from the girl a lowered eyelid.

Carrying his rifle, David reluctantly left the room.

"You needn't worry; Laflamme's asleep," she began; then approaching Steele, she placed her hands on his shoulders as she begged: "Will you get me out of here, now—tonight?"

The girl's knowledge might be of vital importance to the future of Wailing River—of the woman he loved; and the American did not hesitate to dissemble.

"But Rose, I haven't bacon and flour. You'd starve if we left tonight, unless we struck game. You don't want to live on fish."

"I can leave on anything with you, you beeg Americain!" she said. "Onlee get me away—away from that thief."

"You loved him once," suggested Steele, feigning jealousy, as he waited for an opportunity to ask what he wished to know, and with the full realization that he must not now lose this girl's good will—must put her off with a promise, or she would doubtless betray him to Laflamme.

"Oh, yes! Once I loved heem—but now, I hate, hate, hate!"

To Steele's relief, she drew away, as she accented her bitterness with passionate gesture. He had expected a hysteria of tears, and an equally wild assault on his pity and his susceptibility. He pictured the disgust of the waiting David, outside. Then he temporized: "But why can't you wait until tomorrow night? We'll have flour then."

"I'm afraid. He cursed me tonight for telling you something."

"Telling me something?" Steele asked casually. "What is there to tell? Of course, I know about the whisky-traffic."

"Oh, you don't know that man—the cleverness of heem! He knows thees wont last—two, three years, thees hell here!"

"Of course he wants to get rid of the post downriver?" Steele ventured.

"Oh, St. Onge is done for—and he'll get the girl," she muttered.

"But what was that Indian Pierre doing at Wailing River?" he abruptly demanded.

"Pierre?" She turned on Steele in surprise. "You saw Pierre? He was told to keep under cover."

"Yes, he was spreading wild tales about the Windigo. Laflamme send him to do that?"

Her large eyes lighted in amusement. "Oh, yes, of course! But what he went downriver after was—Quick—the candles! There's some one coming!" The face of the girl went gray with fear. "Mon Dieu! If it's Laflamme!"

Steele pinched out the candles, and she clung to him helplessly, her body trembling against his, as they listened.

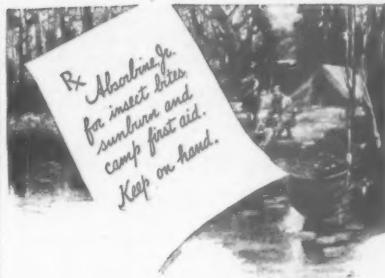
There was a sound of a scuffle outside, the fall of a body, the dull impact of blows. Pushing aside the frightened girl, Steele seized his rifle and opened the door.

"I got heem!" came the low voice of David from the blackness. "Han' me dat rawhide."

The man who had approached the cabin had walked into the strongest pair of arms in the Nepigon country, and lay helpless on the ground, choked and beaten into insensibility. Returning with the thongs, Steele peered at the face of David's victim. "Laflamme?"

"Yes! We feex heem and start!" urged the Indian fiercely.

"No! Tie him up and put him in the shack and get our stuff to the canoe! I'll get rid of the girl!"



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The die was cast. Every minute at the post spelled danger. But Steele now had an excuse for refusing to take Rose Lafamme to the railroad.

"You understand, David? Keep your knife out of him. Your turn will come on the snow. Now get the canoe!"

David carried Lafamme into the shack, and went for the Peterboro.

Returning to the girl trembling in the dark, Steele said: "It was he. David knocked him out, but he's not hurt. We must get away at once."

With an impulsive movement, Rose Lafamme found Steele's neck with her arms and kissed him wildly.

"Take me, take me with you!" she moaned. "Am I not beautiful, beeg American? Don't leave me here!"

Then Brent Steele gambled: "What was Pierre doing downriver?"

"I weel tell you in the canoe," she parried, and he crunched his teeth in his chagrin.

She would exchange her information at a price—her freedom; and that price Steele would not pay. But it was necessary to get her back to the house.

"All right," he said, "go and get some heavy clothes, and be at the log-landing in an hour. Don't make any noise! We don't want them to find Lafamme until morning. Now be careful!"

With low cry, she again circled Steele's neck with her arms, kissed him and disappeared. In an hour he and David would be far down the lake on their way to Nepigon House. She had intended making a cat's-paw of him to escape from Ogoké, and Steele wasted no sympathy on her. He wondered whether, on finding herself tricked, she would arouse the post or take to her bed, feigning ignorance of the affair.

And he also wondered whether if Denise St. Onge ever learned of this night's work at Ogoké, she would believe that every act and word of his had been in her service.

It was a matter of minutes to load the canoe which David brought down to the shore. Then the Ojibway grasped his chief's arm.

"I wait many snows for dis," he pleaded. "Let Daveed go up to de shack—den we start. Dey put de Injun on us—eet ees long trail to Nepigon. Eef dey ketch us—poof! We die! And he, up dere een de shack, will levee to mak' more trouble. Let Daveed go back!"

For answer Steele gripped the stone-hard hand of his friend. "You will have your chance this winter. I know he deserves it, but you can't knife a bound man—I can't stand for that. And then, suppose they run us down? No, David, you must wait."

### Chapter Twenty-One

THE sun, breaking over the ridges east of Ogoké, lifted the mists from the sleeping lake to reveal a traveling canoe. Through the night, the *churn-swish, churn-swish* of the paddles of David and Steele had ceaselessly marked off the miles, for with the sun might come a head-wind, which meant fighting for every foot while their pursuers gained on them with a four- or six-man crew. Time and again through the long hours, the keen eyes of David alone had sensed, through the murk in which they traveled, the menace of a rocky point or the threat of boulders, awash, square in their course. To hug the shore was gambling with the chance of a smashed boat; to strike boldly out into the lake was risking paddling in a circle or being seen at daylight, if by any chance the following canoes had gained that much on them. So David had chosen to cut the points of land.

"Hungry, David?" Steele asked, as they approached a spruce headland.

"I t'ink we turn een an' boil her eef we goin' travel all day."

On shore the tea-pail was soon boiling over a driftwood fire, while David and Steele overhauled their scant supplies. There were barely beans, bacon and flour to carry them a week, and Nepigon Lake was two weeks' hard travel away. It meant shooting their way out, unless the fish would bite, for they had given their net to Michel.

"Let's have a look at the old rifle," said Steele as David watched the bacon sputtering in the pan. "We may need her before we get out of this mess. I was a fool to stop there. I might have—" He had thrown the bolt-handle up and back, when his face sobered. The startled eyes which met the inquiring gaze of the man at the fire drew a quick: "W'at you see—ghost?"

Making no reply, Steele sprang to the canoe, tore the lashings from a bag and fumbled with its contents—then emptied the bag on the beach. Taking David's rifle from the canoe, he opened the breach.

"Both guns empty!" he said in dismay. "They got our shells—two boxes in the bag! Not a shot left—cleaned out!"

THE white man looked long into the im-mobile face of the Indian.

"If they catch us—we're done! If they don't, we can't even shoot our way home. It's fish—or starve!"

The Ojibway squatted on his heels and resumed his frying. "Wal, boss," he said stoically, "we have beeg feed dis mornin'—den paddle lak hell!"

And Steele well knew what mad pace would be set for him with paddle and pole through the long hours to come.

"I wonder if this was done by Laflamme's orders or was it some of Baptiste's work?"

"Dis was done early, before I have trouble wid heem. I come back to de shack too soon. Eet was de Frenchmans, and I hol' hees t'roat lak dees." David snapped shut the fingers of his free hand in illustration.

"Would you have knifed him?" asked Steele, curious of the cause of the passionate hate in the dark face of his friend.

"No, choke heem till hees lyin' tongue hang out!"

"Too bad I didn't let you go back and do it! It looks as if he had intended from the first to have us jumped on the way home, so pulled our teeth. I wonder exactly what he feared, to be willing to take such chances."

"He take chance' all hees life."

"But he must realize that when we failed to show up at Nepigon by the freeze-up, my people would take the matter up with the Government, and a search-party of police would pass through here this winter. His story of not having seen us would sound fishy when the police reached Wailing River and talked to Michel and St. Onge. Besides, they'd get him on his whisky-trade."

"Wal," said David dryly, handing Steele a heaped plate of bacon and beans, and a tin cup of tea, "dat ees so, maybe, but I t'ink he nevaire let us get out of dis countree eef he can ketch us. He weel be crazee man. I geee heem ver' sore t'roat an' de seek head."

"I want to take a look from that boulder with the glasses," said Steele as they finished their hasty breakfast. The lake was now clear of mist and lay to the northeast in unbroken miles. Leveling the powerful binoculars, the white man slowly swept the course over which they had come back to the dim line of spruce marking the last headland. Then for a space the glasses remained motionless.

"David, come up here!"

The Ojibway left the canoe and joined his chief.

"I saw something flash off those islands."

Steele pointed toward a group of islands barely distinguishable to the naked eye.

David looked long in the direction indicated by Steele's finger. Then the wide mouth relaxed in a grin.

"Gull!" he said.

"I didn't think it was a canoe, but I wanted to be sure."

"Mebbe dey not start yet. Dey nevair fin' heem ontis dis mornin' eef de woman not tell. I put plenteen gag een his mout."

"But we can't bank on that; and they'll travel fast when they do start."

"Yes, we pole hard when we reach de rivière. Dey may follow de shore to head us off."

FOR two hours the Peterboro was driven as only seasoned canoe-men can push maple paddles. Then, leaving the lake, they faced forty miles of the swift Rouge before they turned off on the portage to the Jackfish. Once on the Jackfish, they could travel as fast as their pursuers, for from there it was all downstream to Nepigon. Toil as they might up the swift reaches and broken water of the inlet of Lake Ogoké, Steele and David knew that the four-men crews behind them would pole and paddle faster. But the thought which added pounds to thrust of pole and lunge of paddle through the travail and sweat of that October day, was the chance of being headed by Indians sent overland to the Jackfish portage. With no shells for their rifles, they were at the mercy of the first half-breed to come up with them. So, without stopping at noon, the fleeing Peterboro pushed on up the Rouge, and not until dusk settled on the valley was it turned to the shore.

There, unloading, the weary crew carried boat and outfit back into the "bush" against the possible chance of their camp smoke being seen at daylight by those at their heels.

Dawn found them at their galley slavery with another back-breaking day to live through before the clearing of the Jackfish portage would open up ahead. Arms and backs, already stiff from the grinding toil of the day before, were mercilessly driven by the dogged will of red man and white, to repeat, hour after hour, the lift and push and pull of bucking the quick-water and paddling the easier current, until all feeling left them and numb hands and muscles moved automatically. And ever as they pushed on past shores yellow with the turned birches or somber with the eternal green of the spruce, the eyes of the canoe-men shifted to the watery trail in their rear. For unless they were run down shortly, that night the fleeing canoe would ride the Jackfish, and they had won.

On they went into the afternoon, with belts taken up a hole to ease their clamoring stomachs, for time was too precious to stop to eat. They were rounding a bend below a backwater, when the man in the bow lifted his hand and pointed. In the shallows, not fifty yards away, stood a yearling moose.

"Meat to take us to Nepigon!" groaned Steele.

"Wal, I not waste de last shot on moose." The Indian held up a shining cartridge for the inspection of his friend.

"Where the devil did you get that?" cried the amazed and delighted Steele.

"I fin' eet een de grub-bag."

"When?"

"Today."

"And you never told me! Is that fair, David?"

"Wal, eef I tell you, you fire eet at de moose."

"Why not? We would have red meat then, to Nepigon."

The Ojibway shook his head soberly. "Davede save eet for one of Laflamme's men."

## Chapter Twenty-Two

TO Steele, who felt now, since sundown would find them at the Jackfish portage, that their pursuers were far in the rear, the words of David sounded unduly ominous. Well aware what being overtaken by the party Laflamme would send after them would probably mean, he had never allowed himself to dwell on such a possibility. With the thirty-mile start which they had on their pursuers, if the trader was not found until morning, Steele knew that no four- or six-men canoe in the North could overhaul them. It was possible that some of the Indians on their trail could travel the forty miles of broken, bush-grown river shore in a night and a day, but he doubted it. So he laughed loudly at the square back of his friend when, an hour before sunset, they landed at Jackfish portage.

"Well, we did it, old boy!" cried Steele, slapping the knotted shoulder of the grinning David. "Now we'll take her all over in one trip, or throw this Museum stuff away. Can we do it?"

David nodded. "De carry to de lak' ees short. I tak' de canoe an' de Injun stuff. You tak' de rest."

"Man alive! It will go four hundred—with the boat."

But David was busy slinging his tumpline to the largest of the bags and made no answer.

So, after further protest, which the Indian brushed aside, Steele packed the three hundred pounds of bags on the Ojibway's wide back, and on top balanced the Peterboro, and the thick bowlegs of the red son of Anak moved steadily up the trail. And not until they had reached the shore of the first lake on the portage, a third of a mile distant, did the Indian put down his load.

BESIDE a fire which the scrub masked at fifty feet, two men, at ease with the world, pulled on after-supper pipes. The winter was holding off. As yet no ice was forming to hold them back in the lakes. The frost in the air only lent zest to work by day and made sleep more profound. With a little luck in the pike lakes of the lower Jackfish, they could eke out their scanty food supply; and if, as seemed certain, they had left their pursuers hopelessly behind, the shell in David's rifle might bring them meat.

"Boss," said the Ojibway, after a period of silence which was characteristic, "I nevair tell you w'y I hunt dis Laflamme."

From a reverie in which Denise St. Onge again played to him on her Hill of Dreams, Steele turned with interest to the speaker.

"No. I should like to hear."

"Eet was manee year back—ten, twelve. Dis Laflamme trade wid de 'Jibway up Los' Lak' way. My brodder work for heem. He sen' my brodder an' 'noder man to mak' cache on de Pelican Rivière. One day, beeg spruce log, she fall and hit heem in de back. De 'noder feller try carry heem ovair de portage, but eet pain my brodder too moch. He say: 'I stay here wile you breeng men from Los' Lak'. Dey tak' me ovair de long portage on de spruce pole!"

For a long space David sat with head on hands, staring into the fire. Steele smoked in silence, waiting for the mood of his friend to change, when the rest would be told.

At length David straightened and turned to the other, black eyes glittering, as he hoarsely demanded: "W'at you t'ink dat Laflamme say w'en de feller reach Los' Lak'? Dees ees w'at he say: 'Dat man ovair on de Pelican ees dead by now. I got no men to sen'. You not go back; I got work for you wid beeg canoe down to Wabigoon'."

Again David paused, his face black with his thoughts.

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MISCELLANEOUS—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24



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"So Laflamme left your brother to die alone, to starve?"

David nodded.

"Dat feller had fear of Laflamme, but he go back to de Pelican w'en he get chance."

"What did he find?" asked Steele.

"Nodin'."

"What?"

"My brodder crawl to de rivière an' drown heesel—before he starve."

"David," said the man across the fire, "I want to apologize for keeping you off that snake. He was helpless, and I thought if I allowed you to go back that night, and we were afterward overhauled, it would mean our finish; but now I wish you had trotted him."

"I had hard fight not to keel heem—but you're de boss," added the loyal Ojibway.

"You'll have your opportunity this winter—never fear."

"Mebbe; but dey may wait for us tomorrow at de Fryin' Pan."

"You still think that some of them may have been sent overland to cut us off?"

"Wal," said the cool half-breed, "eef I hunt canoe traveling dis way from Ogoké, dat ees w're I sen' dem."

"But they wont have had time to get there."

"Mebbe not. Tomorrow we see." And the red stoic rolled himself in his blanket.

THE stars still hung above the Jackfish, although there was a hint of dawn in the graying east, when a canoe slid swiftly through the shadows on the way to Frying Pan rapids. Once over the carry around this roaring caldron of white water, into the spray of whose flumes and cross-currents no man, red or white, had ridden a canoe and come through, and the two friends could snap their fingers at Laflamme's pursuing pack of wolves, for thirty miles of hard-running river, from which they would not lift their flying canoe, then lay before them.

Dawn slowly flushed the eastern horizon, and the regular *churn-swish* of paddles alone broke the silence of the mist-hung river. The sun broke above the ridges, lifting the vapor blanketing the driving current of the Jackfish, to expose two kneeling men with faces wet from exertion, putting every ounce of their stone-hard bodies into the dripping blades. On slid the boat until, an hour after sunrise, the bow-man suddenly stopped paddling to listen.

"Dere she ees!" he threw back to the man in the stern.

The drum-beat of rapids drifted faintly upstream.

Turning the boat in to the shore, they dropped downstream to a bend, from which the gorge of the Frying Pan was visible. From the cover of the alder-grown point, with his glasses Steele could plainly see the clearing at the commencement of the portage. In turn the anxious men searched the shores above the rapids for some movement in the scrub which would betray an ambush. If Laflamme's men were there, Steele argued, there was no reason for their keeping under cover, and there was no smoke from a cooking fire. They could not have seen the canoe, because the view up-river was shut off by the point from which he and David were watching. Therefore, if a party had been sent overland, they were still miles behind on the Rouge.

But the shrewd Ojibway knew only too well how Indians could travel through the bush when the reward was great. To be surprised in the canoe without ammunition was suicide. He groaned at the thought of his shells back at Ogoké. An ambush would wipe them out before they could reach the cover of the shore.

"Eef we had onlee tree-four shell, we could hunt dem people from behin', but de bush ees t'ick, an' dey will hear us before

we get near to use de knife. Webettai wait an' hunt dem wid de knife een de dark."

"What, wait all day and give a party behind us time to come up? I tell you there's no one down there," insisted Steele.

"Wal, Daveed weel go an' fin' out."

To humor him, Steele agreed that David should circle back and look the portage over from the rear. An hour later David stepped out of the brush.

"I t'ink no one ees dere," he reported.

"De bush ees so t'ick I could not see well."

"I've been watching through the glasses ever since you started," replied Steele, "and haven't seen a move. We've lost two hours here, already. Let's start!"

As they paddled toward the carry above the thundering Frying Pan, Steele asked the Indian whose eyes ceaselessly searched the shore below them: "Have these rapids ever been run?"

"No! Dey are ver' bad een some place," muttered David.

"Could we run them?"

The Indian shook his head.

"Then why did you insist on our having our setting poles handy?"

David did not answer.

"You're wasting your time watching that portage," laughed Steele.

Still the Ojibway ignored the man in the stern. Then the scoffing suddenly wondered why the bow-man was edging the nose of the boat, as they drifted, away from the carry. A thrill shot through him. Had David seen something suspicious?

The boat was fast approaching easy rifle-range. With his paddle buried, the Indian, simulating leisurely action, and followed by Steele, was rapidly adding to the distance between the canoe and the shore. But to Steele's straining eyes the scrub told nothing.

"What is it?" demanded Steele. "I can't make anything out."

Back from the bow came: "Keep on paddle; dey are dere!"

The words froze Steele where he knelt.

ON drifted the craft, ever edging farther and farther from the ambush.

With a fierce lunge of his blade, David swung the nose of the craft toward the beach as an Indian rose to his feet in the low scrub. In mockery of his victims, the assassin laughed as he deliberately raised his weapon. But the rifle with the lone shell spat first, and the surprised Ojibway crumpled where he stood.

"Down!" cried David. A rifle exploded on the shore, and the men in the boat flattened, as a bullet splintered the gunwale. Then, caught in the pull of the first pitch, the canoe slid sideways, until straightened by the lunge of two paddles, and nosed down out of range of the beach, into the boiling rapid.

As the boat shot down the first flume, the stark despair which had gripped Steele when they had been sucked into the head of the rapid gave way to desperate hope.

Through a white chaos of churning traps and pitfalls, past foam-washed boulders, scraping knife-edged rocks, raced the Peterboro. And between the desperate men, while they fought the cruel odds of their forlorn hope, no words passed, for the thunder of falling waters sealed their ears.

On leaped the canoe, like a runaway horse, ever seeking the black-water channels, hanging momentarily on the lip of disaster, only to be lifted and swung off by the pole of the fighting bow-man—burying its nose in the spume of broken water, to rise, shake free and plunge on into the white riot beyond.

Finally, as the rock walls of the gorge swept past in a gray blur to eyes which hunted the water trail ahead, David's right hand shot up and circled in the air, then gripped his paddle.

"Whirlpool!" gasped Steele, the hope

which had grown with the passing moments, dying.

A matter of seconds, and they would take the big chute ahead—beyond this, the suck of the whirling water. Once in the grip of the eddy, the canoe would upend and go down—into the maw of the vortex.

From braced knees the bow-man, leaning far outboard, with bowed back, fought the nose of the boat inshore as it plunged and took the chute; then, as it shot with the current for the pool below, two madmen battled with their blades for the inches— inches which meant victory or—

WITH a leap the Peterboro hit the pool, wavered, caught in the lip of the eddy; but held by the lunging blades, it sheered off, was free, and shot on; then, cleaving through a stretch of broken water, it rode the "boilers" below the last pitch and out into the easy going of the open river.

With legs awash in the slop picked up in the rapids, panting, spent, the two men smiled into each other's drawn faces.

"We licked 'em both, Laflamme and the Frying Pan!" gasped Steele.

"Good job, dat!" grunted the Ojibway proudly, between breaths. "Dey say we lie—w'en we tell dem—at Nepigon. Now we come back—an' get de Windigo!"

"And Laflamme!" added Steele. "We get heem anyway—de Windigo, mebbe."

"Thought you said it couldn't be run?" "Wal, I look her ovar one tam, and I t'ink eef you keep lef' side of dat eddy, you can run eet."

"We beat it, but I thought it had us when we struck it. I heard but one shot from the shore when we started; do you suppose that there were only two there?"

"Onee two, I t'ink. Dey wait for us to come een. W'en I hit dat one, de odder get scare'. He not know 'bout dat shell. Dat ees w'y he miss."

"That was good shooting, David! You fired so quickly, you couldn't have seen the sights—and our only shell."

"Wal, we drop down piece, get de water out, and patch her up. I got two bad leaks under me."

"Suppose that Indian follows down the gorge? He'll get a pot shot at us if we go ashore here."

David laughed loudly. "W'en he see us head for de Fryin' Pan, he say: 'Bonjour! Dere go two dead men!' He weel not follow."

(The ensuing chapters of this fine novel of the Northland contain some of its most interesting episodes. Be sure to read them in the next, the September, issue.)



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## THE GIRLS' REBELLION

(Continued from page 52)

toward him, and looked down into the face that scorned them though it was on the level of their feet. The dubious look in the brakeman's eyes turned to certainty, then to a cynical grin. He looked up at Kinky and laughed:

"Say, Little Lord Fauntleroy, how many times have I got to throw you off my train? Why'n't you buy a season ticket? Come on out o' there, you and your Moll."

Seeing that his fatal memorable beauty had undone him once more, Kinky hauled back his foot. His purpose, as he would have phrased it, was to "hand the shack a kick in the snoot." His excellent intentions were spoiled by the brakeman, who cracked Kinky's shin with the club he carried. As Kinky rolled on the floor in howling agony and nursed his screaming shin, the brakeman ordered Tacey to drop down and gripped her collar as she lowered herself.

Leaving Kinky to writhe unheeded, the brakeman questioned Tacey:

"You're no sister of his. You're too clean. Who are you, anyhow? What you doin' with this scum?"

His piercing eyes frightened her from untruth and she stammered:

"Oh, I just ran away from home."

"Why?"

"Oh, I just wasn't very happy there."

"Think you'd like the jail-house better?"

"The jail-house! Oh, you couldn't. I'd die!"

"I guess you would, at that. Well, I'll let you tell it to the judge."

He reached up, twisted his hand in Kinky's curls and dragged him from the car as if he were a rug. Kinky was a sensitive soul and fell to the roadbed in a heap, still hugging his knees and bawling like a baby the most mature comments on the brakeman's origin, his idiosyncrasies and his proper rewards.

The brakeman turned to lift him and relaxed his hold on Tacey, who had been studying the landscape, a strange world of railroad tracks with a multitude of freight-cars aligned.

The nearest car was high enough for her to duck under. She broke away and ducked under it. The brakeman yelled, dropped Kinky and ducked after her.

Before Tacey was another car. She dived under that. The brakeman caught her heel, but let it go as he whacked his head.

In front of Tacey was another freight-car, moving slowly. She hesitated, turned, saw the brakeman on all fours crawling after her.

She bent and made haste to pass beneath that moving bridge. Near her, wheels ground and whistled, rolling toward her. She just made it, just withdrew her latter ankle from under the flange in time.

She rose, frightened blue, and ran blindly. Straight toward her plunged the mammoth bulk of a locomotive hauling a fast freight. The horrified fireman pulled the whistle. The sound reached Tacey after the engine had roared past like a monstrous cannon following its own shell.

She paused till her heart quit plunging; then she noted that the freight was long, and fast. It would shield her from pursuit for a while. Before her was a barren field and then a thicket and then a great forest. She ran. The brakemen on the flying freight yelled at her as they ran along the tops of the cars, but she did not pause.

By the time she had fallen, gasping, in the thicket, the brakeman had given her up. For all he knew, she was practiced hobo enough to have swung aboard the freight.

Kinky also had escaped. The brakeman laughed. The world was full of hoboes. There would be plenty more to pick.

**F**REEDOM had, then, its shackles and its burdens no less than liberty. But they were self-imposed.

Still, freedom was new, and Tacey was new, and famished for novelty even in dis-tress.

Danger was a tonic, and her safety was her own concern. Nobody told her to get up, to sit down, to go to school, to leave the room, to speak or not to speak. She was the enfranchised citizen of all outdoors. She was happy with an utter happiness that overcame fear and cold and hunger and alarm. She was hungry, but what did that matter?

It mattered a great deal as the morning wore on. She wondered how she could have despised the oatmeal and prunes and coffee and biscuits at home.

She had no woodcraft. She had never been a Girl Scout, and her campfire lore was simply nothing. She grew dizzy and hollow and finally made so bold as to approach a farmhouse and ask for food.

She had brought along what money she happened to have at home. It was not much, as she lacked a saving disposition along with other nobilities.

The farmhands were out in the field, and the young farm-wife was glad of the company and apparently not surprised to see her.

"We get lots of girl hikers on the road," she said. "There's a regular procession, mostly making for the West. You'd better get yourself a pair of walkin' shoes and puttees and pants if you're goin' far."

Tacey rested well and ate well, but she learned that the farmer's wife had her troubles too. She was not tempted to remain, but struck out for the nearest town, where she planned to have dinner and spend the night at a boarding-house recommended by her hostess.

**T**HE road was long and rough, and the loose stones seemed to enjoy rolling under her feet, which began to develop distinct personalities. They suffered, complained, refused. She had to rest. She could dance for hours, but walking without music or company was slow work. Twilight overtook her, and night followed closely on. She thought she could see the village through a screen of trees and might take a shortcut. The road was so hard that the soft moss of the grove was a delight in itself. She rested on an old log, and her youth renewed her.

The somber glory of a forest filled her with primeval terrors, but they gladdened her wildly. She set out for the village with zest, pushing deeper into the gloom. To be a girl out in the woods at night, far from home without a friend or a relation to run to—it was terribly blissful.

Like a young Bacchante drunk on new grapes, she stumbled through the trees, fell over dead logs and laughed; she picked herself up, squealed and giggled as something scurried out from under her feet. It might have been a rabbit, a snake, a weasel, but it was afraid of her! How magnificent to be feared! She was the queen of this enchanted greenwood.

She grew so confident that when she saw, ahead of her, a fire burning and figures gathered about it like something cut out of black paper with scissors, she drew nearer to observe what merry party of night-lovers gathered here.

She approached so carelessly that she fell with a crash among the boughs of a freshly felled tree, and found herself in a trap of green branches. She laughed at her predicament.

The group about the fire turned in alarm at the sound of her fall; but hearing laughter, felt reassured; and realizing that it was

a girl who laughed, felt more than reassured. Three or four members of the party rose at once and shambled toward Tacey. They reached her just as she bent to disentangle her hair from twigs that had made her prisoner like another Absalom.

They had time to study her well before she was free, and then she turned to study them. One of them had run back to fetch from the fire a flaming pine torch.

In the red anarchy of its leaping light, the night-folk looked to Tacey more dreadful than they ever looked in the daylight when they shuffled alone along the roads, or pleaded at a kitchen door for a bite to eat. They were crude fellows of the baser sort, met by chance and sharing the cold meats and pies they had wheedled from the steady citizens.

Now they were in company, remote from police or farmers' dogs; and they were free to carry out nature's impulses. They were much truer to the type of the ancient fauns and satyrs than the sculptors confess.

One of them put out a hand of offensive friendliness to Tacey, and spoke in a husky voice that reminded her grewsomesly of Big, who was now a battered corpse somewhere along the railroad track.

**A**S Tacey shrank from the first, she backed into the arms of another hobo who seemed all old clothes. His arms went about her with suffocating deadliness. She threw her head back and looked into a face as winsome as a cobra's. She ripped free and confronted a grinning Silenus in rags. She darted aside, and another ruffian took her into his keeping. She was like to have been torn to pieces like a doll among terriers, when a voice checked the riot.

"Let the little old dice decide, gemmen. The feller who throws the highest wins."

This seemed to be an inspiration, and Tacey was haled to the fire. The man with the torch threw the pine club back into the flames and invited Tacey to help herself to some of the supper that was frying in an old pan propped up on stones.

Too shaken with fright even to answer, Tacey stared at the grotesque masks, weirdly painted with blotches of firelight. She searched for a face that still kept a memory of decency and mercy. None seemed ever to have known the meaning of the words.

From the maze of his tatters, somebody produced a dice-box and rattled it with a querying look. The rest nodded and drew together.

The torch-bearer shook first, and as he spilled the white cubes from the cup, shouted with triumph. A good number rolled for him. The next shook the box long and vigorously and whispered prayers to the dice. He gave a yelp of delight and shoved the torch-bearer over backward, with a guffaw of victory. The third gambler blew on the dice and called aloud for luck, keeping his eyes on Tacey.

She understood that her liberty was a matter of immediate and eternal battle, and she was not curious as to the fall of the dice. She leaped to her feet to escape.

The torch-bearer threw himself over backward and caught her ankle. He dragged her into the circle again, and as she dropped, one of her hands was buried in warm ashes, but her eyes fell on the pine torch flaring and sputtering with resinous blazes.

She snatched it up and rose in a fury of ruthless determination. A tramp lunged at her. She gave him the torch in his face, and he fell away roaring and blistered. The torch-bearer clutched her skirt and pulled her back. She dipped her weapon toward him and set his sleeve on fire. He rolled over and over on the ground, putting out the blaze.

The others cowered before the menace of Tacey's flaming sword and let her pass. She could see her way clearly now, but she could hear that she was pursued. She was thankful for what athletic schooling she had had, and she ran wonderfully till she came out into an open field sloping up to a meadowly hill.

Across dark, knee-deep dewy wheat she dashed as through a shallow pond, always holding her torch aloft. The sparks and embers flew aft, and a painter might have seen her as the very allegory of Rebellion running through the night with a torch to set the world on fire.

But she heard back of her the voices of her enemies. They could not run so well as she, but rocks could fly faster. Rocks began to swoop about her path and to strike nearer and nearer. At last a sharp-edged stone caught her on the elbow, on the point ironically called the funny bone.

The torch fell, but in spite of her exquisite anguish she snatched it up again with her other hand and staggered on, growing more and more exhausted. She made the crest of the hill and saw before her a highway wanly discernible from horizon to horizon. Its whole length disclosed but one automobile, and that was only two baleful eyes shooting along the groove at sixty miles an hour.

Toward this bright peril Tacey ran with a sudden revival of strength, until a tramp, as big as Goliath and as accurate as David, reached the top of the rise and hurled at the running target a great stone. It caught Tacey between the shoulder-blades and brought her and her torch to earth, both quenched and dark.

THE automobile was loafing along now at a mere forty miles an hour. The driver, Bill Madden, had an unconscious girl drooping across the seat against his shoulder, and she hampered his steering, which was already hampered by eight bleeding knuckles, one sore jaw and half an eye that was clouding up ominously.

As far as he could tell by the moonlight and the dashlight, his prize was worth the fight she had cost. But what it was all about he could not imagine. The tramps had not lingered to explain; and the girl had not returned as yet to her pretty tenement. He had been amazed to see her come charging down the hill with her blown flambeau, like the last relay of a torch-race. But now that the battle was over, Madden was not sure just what he had done, beyond the fact that he had burned out his brakes in stopping his car, had emptied the pistol he caught from the side-pocket as he ran, and had put up a glorious battle before he drove off the men who had followed the girl and knocked her over with a rock.

Why was she trying to save that torch from the shadows who followed her? What were they all doing out here? Who were they? What sort of picnic was it? The girl had not seemed to be playing a game.

She had not the look of a barn-burner or any other incendiary, and her pursuers had not the look of a posse of honest citizens when they stopped and hurled stones at her. She might be an escaped maniac, of course, and her pursuers her guards. This thought made Madden a trifle uncomfortable. But the girl did not look maniacal.

He was so curious to know her story that he did not check his car at the village and turn the girl over to a doctor. He flew on through, and those who noticed him thought him only another joy-rider on a petting party, a little more shameless than the usual.

Besides, Madden had reasons of his own for haste. The revenue officers were after him and before him, and his gasoline tank had an extra compartment that was not filled with gasoline but with a more expensive explosive.

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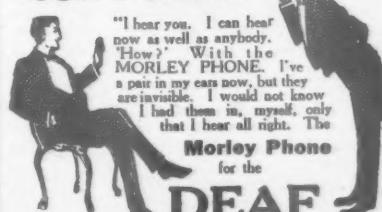
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WHEN Tacey resumed her earthly existence, she found her head on the shoulder of a strange man. She looked up and studied him before he knew that her eyes were on him.

She was too weak and too hurt to lift her head as promptly as a nice girl ought from a strange shoulder. Before her muscles could move, her mind had remembered her danger and her flight. This must be an angel who had come to earth to save her on archangelic six-cylinder wings.

He looked like the lover who haunted the magazine illustrations and her dreams. His eyes were far away on the road, and he turned the steering wheel gently to spare her aching head. Then he looked down and found her staring at him. And he smiled. Such a heavenly smile! And he looked so clean. He was even perfumed a little.

Since his brakes were out of commission, he had to shut off the power and let the car slow down of itself. Then he turned and said:

"Well, did you enjoy your trip to the moon?"

She laughed. He was a humorist, too, and, as her brother often said, "a sense of humor is a great thing in this world. It helps you through a lot."

She tried to lift her head, but Madden pressed it gently back and murmured: "You mustn't think of going till you have had some tea."

She laughed and lingered, sighing:

"Who are you?"

"The same to you and many of them," he answered. "I have so many names. In this country I'm usually fined under the name of Bronson—no, it's Madden. William Madden. And now what name are you using this week, if any, and why not?"

"I ran away from home."

"Why?"

"Because it was stupid and—"

"Say no more. What better reason could there be? And what still more stupid place are you bound for?"

"Oh, just anywhere, so's it's away."

"How strange! That's just where I'm going. Come along, and I'll drop you there. Of course I'd rather not drop you at all if you can stand my line of talk—and my line of business."

"What is your business?" she asked, tactfully implying that his talk was acceptable.

"Well, it's hard to say in words of one syllable, but I'm what keeps the internal revenue collectors from starving to death or dying for lack of exercise."

"You don't mean you're a boot—"

"Don't say the rest of it! It's not lady-like."

TACEY had heard of this new profession, this secret army that had sprung up all over the country and built a gigantic industry, a gigantic bribery, a gigantic hypocrisy, a gigantic war.

She knew little of it except from hearsay. Some of her boy friends had talked of it and proudly exhibited flasks of what they called "hooch." It was supposed to be very thrilling, but Tacey had not liked the taste of it enough to learn the effects of it.

She was sorry to hear that this chivalrous gentleman was really an outlaw. She withdrew her heart from his keeping before it had gone beyond recall.

She was saved from getting out and walking, or hurting his feelings through a criticism of his profession, by his sudden glare around and his quick action in getting the car away.

"There they come, and here I go," he said. "Stopping to steal you from your friends and to chat with you awhile has lost me my beautiful start. I'll lose 'em again soon. Don't worry!"

His car was scudding with the zest of an antelope, gaining velocity with quick leaps.

Tacey, glancing back, saw the headlamps of two cars pursuing. There were cries and pistol-shots. Everybody seemed to be hunting everybody else in this terrible world she had stepped out into.

Her rescuer dared not mount to his full speed because he could not rely on his brakes to help him round the curves. As they drew near a comfortable-looking farmhouse he said:

"I'm going to slow down just enough for you to drop off. I don't want you mixed up in this and going to jail for a perfect—an imperfect stranger. . . . Here we are! Open the door, stand on the running-board and step off backward—and the Lord love you as I could, if I had the time. I've had the practice. Good night!"

His manner was irresistible, and so were his orders. Before she quite understood it, she had dropped off at the side of the road in a dark place, and his car was already only a red lamp quivering away into the black.

SHE huddled close to a big tree as the road was swept by the oncoming searchlights of two great racing cars. They went past at a bloodcurdling velocity, and she saw men aboard so intent upon the fugitive that they did not waste a glance on her. One man standing up in the forward car was firing a pistol. Tacey hoped that his aim was bad.

The noise of the pursuit brought to the door and windows of the farmhouse the wondering occupants. They ran out to the gate and gazed down the road, where all was already silence and peace. As they turned back, Tacey found the courage to accost a young man, who laughed, and to say:

"I beg your pardon, but could I get a room here for the night?"

The family gathered round her, and stared at her, wondering. They led her into the hall to see what she was like, and then could hardly turn her out, she was so pretty, so wistful, so harmless.

"I was out for a walking trip," she said, "and I lost my way and couldn't find it again in the dark."

"Walking trip, eh?" said the fat farm-wife. "There's two girl hikers upstairs now, on their way to the Pacific coast. It beats all what's come over the girls of this day and generation. In my time it was consider'able of a boy that had gumption enough to light out from home. Now it seems all the womenfolks are on the march. What's goin' to lead to? I declare I don't know. But you're welcome to the sofa in the hikers' room, if they have no objection."

Tacey was so grateful to the hikers for making her absurd explanation acceptable that she liked them before she saw them. As she was ushered into their room, they were unpacking their knapsacks.

Tanned and husky and made out of rawhide as they were, they were still girls, and they sat up till nearly daybreak exchanging life-histories with Tacey. They had been driven from their homes by no oppression, no scandal, no domestic war, but only by the slow pressure of boredom and the excitement of the new fever that was infecting all womankind, the explorer's hunger for adventure, for travel, for experience.

Tacey was encouraged to tell them the truth about herself as she saw it, and they were ardent with sympathy.

"Bully for you! That old parental authority stuff is the bunk. Why should a man try to control your destiny or order your soul about just because he happens to be your father? Why should a woman boss another woman just because she brought her into the world? Who asked her to, I'd like to know? An usher has got just as much right to take command of you as a parent. Us girls of the twentieth century have drawn up our own little Declaration of

Independence, and no mother-country can John-Bully us back into slavery."

This was as thrilling to Tacey as the clangor of the Liberty Bell was to the Quakers of 1776. She felt herself no longer a mere runaway, a disobedient child. She was a warrior consecrated to a great revolution, a Joan of Arc in a new religion.

When the hikers invited her to join them, she accepted eagerly. She looked ruefully at her silly slippers and her flappy skirts. They were badges of servitude, livery, convicts' stripes.

One of the girls volunteered to lend her an extra suit she carried until Tacey could outfit herself at the next town. And then on to—on to—well, just On and On and On.

THE next day found Tacey striding along the road in a boyish garb that emphasized her girlish contours. Nobody molested the three. People smiled with approval. A few years back, and they would have regarded the hikers as shameless wantons. The laws were still on the books ordering their arrest for wearing men's costume. The Bible made them accursed. But custom had made them familiar, therefore proper—com-  
monplace, therefore correct.

The miles, however, were no shorter nor the roads smoother, for all their emancipation. They had lunch by the wayside, and it was fun as a picnic, but Tacey foresaw that, for her, the novelty was the only spice. She was footsore and bored before the afternoon was gone.

And these girls were bound West. They talked of ranch life and horse-breaking, orange groves and cotton-planting. But Tacey wanted luxury, a big city, dances, theaters, parties, ease, grace, fine clothes.

She was ashamed of herself for lacking the heroic stuff of these Amazons, but she felt that she would rather work in a laundry in New York than bust all the broncos in Arizona. She would rather have a silk skirt that hung just so, than the bravest pair of trousers that ever encased a woman's legs.

When they reached the town whose spires bristled above the far-off ridge that never seemed to come any nearer, she would have to spend the last cash she had on earth and go into debt to buy horrible walking shoes and corduroy pants and a campaign hat and flannel shirts and woolen socks and a knapsack.

With all that could be purchased with her funds and what the girls offered to lend her, she would only be farther off than ever from her dream.

She did not want to be a mannish woman and run a ranch. She wanted to be a girly girl with a mob of lovers offering to feed her on berries and cream and save her from a moment's exertion of anything but her love of delight.

In order to reach the town before the stores closed, the hikers kept up a forced march that exhausted Tacey's soul and body and made her so sorry for her poor feet that she wanted to lie down and die rather than ask the darlings to endure one more step.

As they entered the town and she stumbled down the street, a sheriff-like person with a star in partial eclipse under his lapel stared at her, thought a moment and followed, studying her and a telegram he took from his pocket.

The hikers had turned into a general store, and Tacey was about to limp in after them, when the sheriff person said:

"Excuse me, miss, but aint your name Moffatt?"

"Why—why—er—er—" said Tacey.

"I thought so. Well, I got orders to detain you and ship you back home. I hope you wont make no disturbance, for I only want to do my dooty. Will you come along



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quiet? We just got time to ketch the up train. I got my Lizzie waitin' right over here."

Tacey would have gone almost anywhere with almost anybody who offered to take her off her feet.

THE Moffatt home was in deep mourning for a lost lamb that had become a black sheep. The discovery that Tacey had run away was made the next morning promptly. After Mrs. Moffatt had tried in vain to get even an answer to her voice through the door, Mr. Moffatt went creaking up the stairs and smote the door and commanded: "Get up!"

He waited a moment in godlike wrath, and then employed his most curdling tone: "Are you get' nup, or aren't you?"

Eventually he found that he was wasting his eloquence on an empty room. He felt foolish for a moment, then doubly furious. He informed his wife and they scurried about the house, calling Tacey's name as if she were a lost cat or a dog in hiding. She did not come forth.

This was confusing! To inform the town of the family shame was bitter. When the most cautious queries by telephone and visit failed to reveal Tacey or elicit any news of her, alarm took the place of anger.

Both parents had great stores of love for the child somewhere in the unvisited attics of their souls. They were frantic with fear for her. Had she thrown herself down the well? The poor father surreptitiously poked about the old cistern with a long clothes-pole. She was not there. She was not anywhere—not at any friends', or the hotel, or the hospital or the jail.

The town buzzed with her name. Her poor brother was so ashamed he hardly dared search for her. Her lover, Abel Totten, stayed away from the harness-shop to avoid the eyes and japes of the throng.

Finally, Mr. Moffatt appealed to the chief of police. (One man was the chief of police, and the other was just the policeman.) The entire force agreed that a general alarm must be telegraphed about the country.

The steps were taken and attracted little attention outside the Moffatt family and their home town. About fifty thousand girls run away from home every year, and one more or less does not count. Most of them are never heard of again.

Mrs. Moffatt went from one onset of hysterics to another. She kept shrieking:

"My baby said she would hate me if I whipped her. And I whipped her. And she hates me. She may be in her grave. And she hates me there!"

"Now, Mamma!" said Mr. Moffatt.

"You dare to touch me, and I'll tear your eyes out, you brute! You never did have any mercy on the beautiful darling. And now she's—oh, she may be dead, murdered, run over by a train or an automobile, or in the power of some frightful beast. Oh, Tacey, Tacey! Come back—come back to your mamma!"

THE sheriff reached the house with Tacey before his telegram was delivered there. At the sight of the prodigal, the mood of the family was miraculously restored to normalcy.

Mrs. Moffatt's frenzy of grief turned to a frenzy of anger. Her husband's flouted authority was recalled to replace the groveling remorse his spirit had been reduced to by the thought that his tyranny had driven his only daughter to death or worse. Tacey's brother, who had begun to remember how fine a heart she had, was instantly reminded of what an inconvenience she had always been.

There was no fatted calf for Tacey's supper that night. Her mother took her a tray of apple sauce, cold meat, cool tea, clammy biscuits and peaches of imitation leather.

Her father untied her from the bedpost to eat, for by this time he and her brother had fastened a padlock on the outside of the door. Mr. Moffatt pocketed both keys.

This was only one more shock to Tacey. Nothing was ever as she wanted it to be. She had found such faulty hospitality in the world outside that she had come home as to a haven of love and protection. Her soul had run atiptoe with loving greetings until it was greeted with a trio of:

PAPA: "So you're home again, are you?"

MAMMA: "Aint you proud of yourself?"

BROTHER: "And the cat came back!"

Another torch had been doused in the night of Tacey's soul. A wry smile curled her lips, and she said never a word to all the taunts, all the rebukes, all the questions as to where she had been and what she had done there.

She slept so well this night that her father gave up trying to waken her. What was there to waken her to?

She was not to be released from her room till she took her oath never to run away again. And she would not talk. She would not even refuse to take the oath. Her silence was the ultimate insolence.

DAY after day, night after night, she kept her lips sealed. Her father could not even goad her to an impertinence.

She smirked and rolled her eyes and thought. She seemed to be planning some means of escape. But they could only deduce that from her manner.

Her mother railed herself hoarse, then pleaded with her, kissed and petted her, nursed her in her arms and babied her, but with no better success.

Her brother tried the weapons of his wit, his slang, his ridicule, with no more success.

She was farther away from them, locked in her room, than she was when she was out on that mysterious escapade of hers.

When a patient in a hospital turns from one food with aversion, the nurses try another, and another, till one is found that is both palatable and nourishing. When a child suffers an onset of nausea for the old familiar dishes, the devil is supposed to be in it, and he must be whipped out, scolded out, or tired out.

What ailed Tacey was a discontent that was divine or impish, according to the point of view and the result. Out of such restlessness have come great geniuses, martyrs, teachers, criminals, failures, wastrels, ne'er-do-wells and what not. Everything contradictory and confounding has come out of that.

Usually a father is the daughter's better friend and more lenient advocate. But Isaac Moffatt had never been able to talk comfortably with Tacey since he had to give up baby-talk. Her mother had enjoyed even less community of thought with her. As is so generally the case, the Moffatt child was a foreigner of a different era from her parents, a stranger in the house.

Like the good parents they were, they had devoted a vast amount of thought, debate and prayer to saving Tacey from herself. A strange mad idea came to her mother to try for once a strange new fantastic whim, and to give Tacey over to herself, to let her run her life without forcible interference or even spiritual control. The thought was so dangerous that Mrs. Moffatt broke into a cold sweat. Still, everything else had failed. All the highly recommended family remedies had only aggravated and never relieved the restlessness, impudence, defiance and other measles that broke out in the child.

The probation and parole systems had worked miracles in prison discipline. Perhaps grown children were worthy of as much consideration as convicts. She was tempted to try the newfangled thing on her daughter. One thing was sure: Tacey was a total loss as she was. She would do

something desperate any moment, set the house on fire or break her neck trying to get out of the window of her room, or break her character to flinders, or something. The mother was frantic with her dilemma. Was it possible that the only way to keep her child was to give her up?

While she fluttered, young Abel Totten came to call—not on Tacey, but on her mother. Mrs. Moffatt received him in complete bewilderment and shame.

He was very charming, a good, forgiving, Christian-hearted boy if ever one was. He told Mrs. Moffatt his idea about Tacey and asked if he might tell it to Tacey. Mrs. Moffatt could only lead him to the door and let him talk through it. Mr. Moffatt had the only key to the padlock he had put on it.

When Mrs. Moffatt knocked and called through the stout panel that Abel wanted to talk to Tacey, Tacey merely answered:

"Oh, well! Go on, Abel. What you got to say?"

"I only wanted to say, Tacey, that while I can't approve of your goings-on and running away and all, and it's been a terrible humiliation to me, and your poor parents—I just wanted to say that we all make mistakes and do things we're sorry for and we can't expect to be forgiven for our own trespasses unless we forgive those who trespass against us—and—but—well—what I wanted to say was, if you would promise not to run off again, but marry me and settle down, I'm willing and ready, and my folks are willing to overlook the past and probably your father and mother would welcome that solution of the situation. In fact, your father told me he thought it was a great idea—and—but—what do you think about it?"

He waited anxiously through a long silence, only to hear a low, bubbling laughter welling from the girl's dark heart. The sound was so refreshing to her poor mother that Mrs. Moffatt smiled, nodded and whispered:

"She's goin' to say yes. If I only had the key!"

But Tacey explained her laughter in her own way:

"I 'spose I ought to say 'Thank you,' Abel, and I guess you mean well enough, but you've got funny ideas about girls. Especially me! I'm only seventeen, Abel, and even if I loved you all to pieces, I don't intend to get married for six or eight years yet, if ever. What do I want to change jails for? I want to get out of jail, and I'm goin' to, if I have to go on a hunger strike. I don't want to go and live with you or any man for—oh, I don't know how long. I don't want love. I want out!"

A BEL tottered away in despair. He had laid the treasure of his devotion at her feet along with his name and his father's spare bedroom, and they had been spurned.

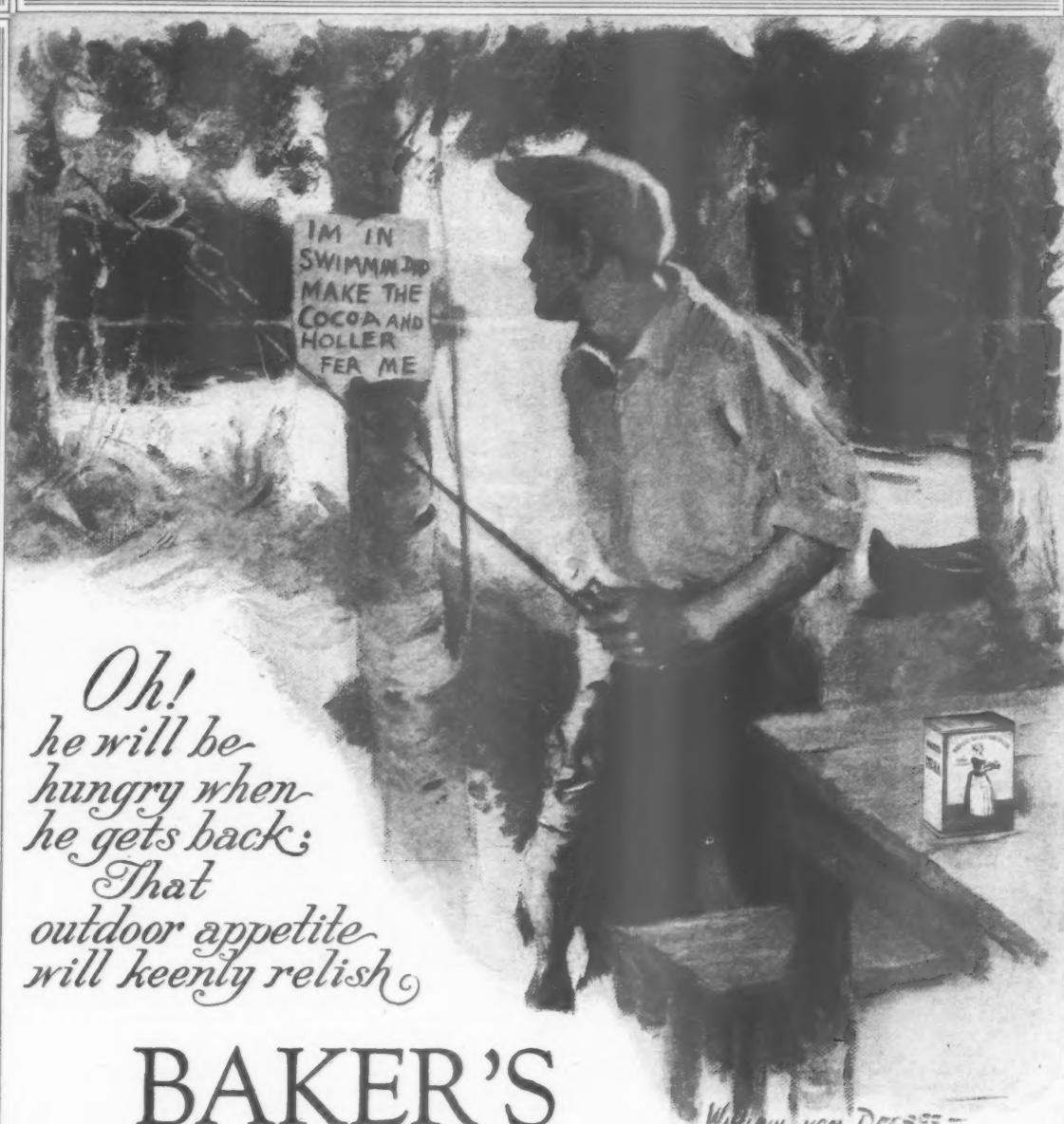
Well, he had done his duty, and he decided not to marry Tacey at all—or anybody.

When he left, Mrs. Moffatt was indeed lost. When her husband came home, he was enraged. He thought that another spanking might help, and a less gentle one than before. But his wife would not even listen to reason.

She wept all through supper, and cried all over the tray she carried to Tacey. Mr. Moffatt went up with her to unlock the door and to guard it, while she was inside, against any possible dash that Tacey might make.

Mrs. Moffatt went inside and set down the tray before her glum child, who turned from it with indifference, even to the biscuits her mother had warmed over for her.

Mrs. Moffatt studied her, and like a family doctor could only beg her to make her own diagnosis.



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hungry when-  
he gets back;  
That  
outdoor appetite-  
will keenly relish*

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"Tacey baby, what on earth is the matter of you?"

"Mamma, I've got to go. That's all. You've got to let me go!"

"Where, honey?"

"I don't know, Mamma. I just got to go."

"Why, honey?"

"I don't know, Mamma."

"Don't you love your home any more?"

"Yes, but—"

"But what?"

"Oh, I don't know. If you'd quit pickin' on me all the time, I'd love this for my old home, but I've got a new home somewhere. And I've got to find it. I'll go mad if I stay here. I love you and Papa, and I'll be mighty homesick when I'm gone. But I've got to get out and make my own way—to something. I don't know what. But I've got to be somebody. And I can't be here."

She walked to the window to evade her mother's appealing arms. She turned to say:

"See that maple tree. I've been watching it. All its seeds have got wings on them. As each seed gets ripe, the wind takes it. It can't grow right there under the shade of the old tree. It couldn't live. It needs sunshine, and the tree only gives shade. The wind is blowing me away, Mamma. If you hold me back, you'll only kill me. I'll be nothing but one of these other poor stunted women here in town. The worst of it is, most of 'em don't even know they're stunted."

"Oh, yes we do!"

"We? I wasn't thinking of you, Mamma."

"But I'm thinking of me. I know how you feel."

"You do!" This with a strange electric elation at finding understanding where there had been only reproof. "Did you ever feel like I do?"

"Often, honey. Always! I used to want to run away. I do now. Ever' now and then it seems like I can't stay another minute. But of course I got to."

"Oh, Mamma, Mamma! And to think I never understood! Why, I never knew you till now, you poor little broken-hearted girl! If we'd ever talked this way before, I'd never have dreamt of running away. And I'm going to stay home with you forever and ever."

"No, you're not, baby. I don't want you to. I'm beginning to wonder if most of the unhappiness of the world and most of the sin and misery don't come from makin' people do what they don't want to do—and from lettin' people make us do what we don't want to do. I've tried it. Your father and I have given it a fair trial, and it don't work. We've lost you, and I want

to get you back. And the only way to hold you is to let you go."

This was no slight surrender, now that it was made. Her child was delivered a second time with travail of the heart and a torment of fear.

They wept together. A wonderful good cry they had in each other's arms. Tacey did not want to go. She refused to go. But her mother knew that she must be driven out. She sobbed:

"If your father makes any trouble, why, I got a little money saved up for a holiday that never came. It's too late now—I don't want it. I'd be afraid of it and miserable about it. You're going to take my holiday for me. You can go to the biggest city you want to go to, and look around till you find what you want to do. And then you do it, whatever it is. For I'm through with this business. I was brought up to believe that what a body wanted to do was only the devil's advice. Now I know that when you want to do a thing with all your soul, you'd better do it, for it's God's voice in you. So you make your plans and I'll ship you out of here if I have to chloroform your father to get the key away."

Tacey stared at her mother in awe, kissed her good night with amazed reverence and watched her out with eyes agape.

Outside, Mr. Moffatt waited in a different mood. He snapped:

"Good Lord, what all you women got to talk about that takes you so long?"

"Come on downstairs!" Mrs. Moffatt answered icily. "I got something to say to you that wont take long!"

**T**HERE was a train and a girl on it, and a light on her face as if the sun were rising in her soul. There were countless trains with girls on them and daybreak in their eyes. But this girl was Tacey Moffatt, and this was her train—her day—her world.

The only flaw in her rapture was perhaps the fact that she was leaving home with her parents' consent. It might have made it a little bit more thrilling if they had forbidden her to go. Her father had helped a good deal by yielding with bad grace, but her mother had kissed her good-by and had wished her all the wishes she had had of her own, and all she could wish for her child.

And there was adventure enough ahead to make the day a real birthday—not a calendar birthday but a career birthday.

As the train swept Tacey toward the great city which was probably hastily putting its bunting on to meet her, she studied the roads that ran like blood-vessels through the lands.

On the roads she saw girls driving automobiles, girls on foot, hikers without corsets

or high heels, crinoline or false hair, fore-going their immemorial coquettices, cowardices and hypocrisies, claiming men's privileges instead and enjoying no less safety than at home. The women of the world were abroad, hurrying to destinies outside their homes. It was the new crusade, the Women's Crusade, thronging all the highways and byways of the world, not bent upon the recapture of a Holy Sepulcher, but on the discovery of a workaday freedom.

It was another rebel horde adding its conquests to the earlier, though woefully belated, wars that had made men free from tyrants, had made toilers free from slavery, had freed thinkers and speakers from the hush of authority, had given even the children rights against their parents.

All history was trudging slowly, dubiously, with many a recoil yet always forward, toward, if never to, the ideal hour when the soul will count it the greatest of shames to accept another soul's compulsion—the greatest of crimes to coerce or even to overpersuade another soul.

There would be as many fates for each of these women as there were women, as there were days and hours in each of their lives. For some of them tigers lay in ambush—tigers of passion, of sin, of famine, of degradation. For others fame, wealth, beauty, love, wifehood, motherhood, saintliness.

What Tacey should find and what achieve, was beyond all calculation. She could hardly decide among her dreams. She might be a singer, an actor, a sculptor, a stenographer, a seller, a dressmaker, a teacher or an acrobat.

There would be lovers, of course, lots of them, and one day a wedding. Would it be in the office of a justice of the peace or in a cathedral pierced with dusty sunbeams like the spokes of a golden wheel of light? The man at her side as she stood before the Open Book was a ghost. She could not see his face, and his identity was a mystery. But then, the man a woman marries always is a ghost, and his identity forever a mystery. He is, at best, only a future to be disclosed.

Tacey looked forward to life as a great banquet; various encounters were the entrées, experiences the wines. Love was the final sweet. But she was in no hurry to reach it. There were so many fascinating things to taste between.

For the present she had the best of sauces, hunger. And her invitation read: "Help yourself!"

The rebel of yesterday is the conservative of tomorrow. What on-earth would Tacey's daughter demand when her time should come? What amazing rebellions would her granddaughter lead?

## RUPERT HUGHES' Greatest Novel Begins Next Month

Never before in the history of American literature have there been written so many novels giving their authors high rank as great literary artists, as have appeared in the past five years. This magazine holds the distinction of having first published many of them; and specially notable, among the "many others first and exclusively published in these pages, are the two recent ones by Rupert Hughes, "Within these Walls" and "The Golden Ladder." Now it is with high enthusiasm that we announce that in the next—the September—issue will begin the publication of the greatest of all Mr. Hughes' remarkable novels.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," is an old saying; in this new novel of his, Mr. Hughes records the adventures that befall two angels which by Omnipotence are permitted for a space of their own determination to occupy the bodies of two earth-dwellers, themselves as remote from each other in the scale of human society as can be imagined.

The one is a girl reared in the soft luxury of great wealth, the other a boy born amid the squalor of a Southern mountain cabin. What befalls the angels occupying the bodies of these two, Mr. Hughes tells in this remarkable new novel—"Destiny."

## DESTINY

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YOU have doubtless read a great many advertisements recommending the use of Listerine as a deodorant—as for instance, Listerine for halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath).

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Rub a bit of fresh onion on your hand. Douse on a little Listerine. The onion odor immediately disappears.

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Women lately have developed a new use for Listerine. They wanted a perspiration deodorant—one absolutely safe, non-irritating, and one that would not stain garments.

They found it in Listerine—which is, after all, the ideal deodorant. Thousands of men and women will be grateful to us for passing this suggestion along. Try Listerine this way some day when you don't have time for a tub or shower. See how clean and refreshed it makes you feel.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A. \* \* \* \* Makers also of Listerine Tooth Paste and Listerine Throat Tablets.

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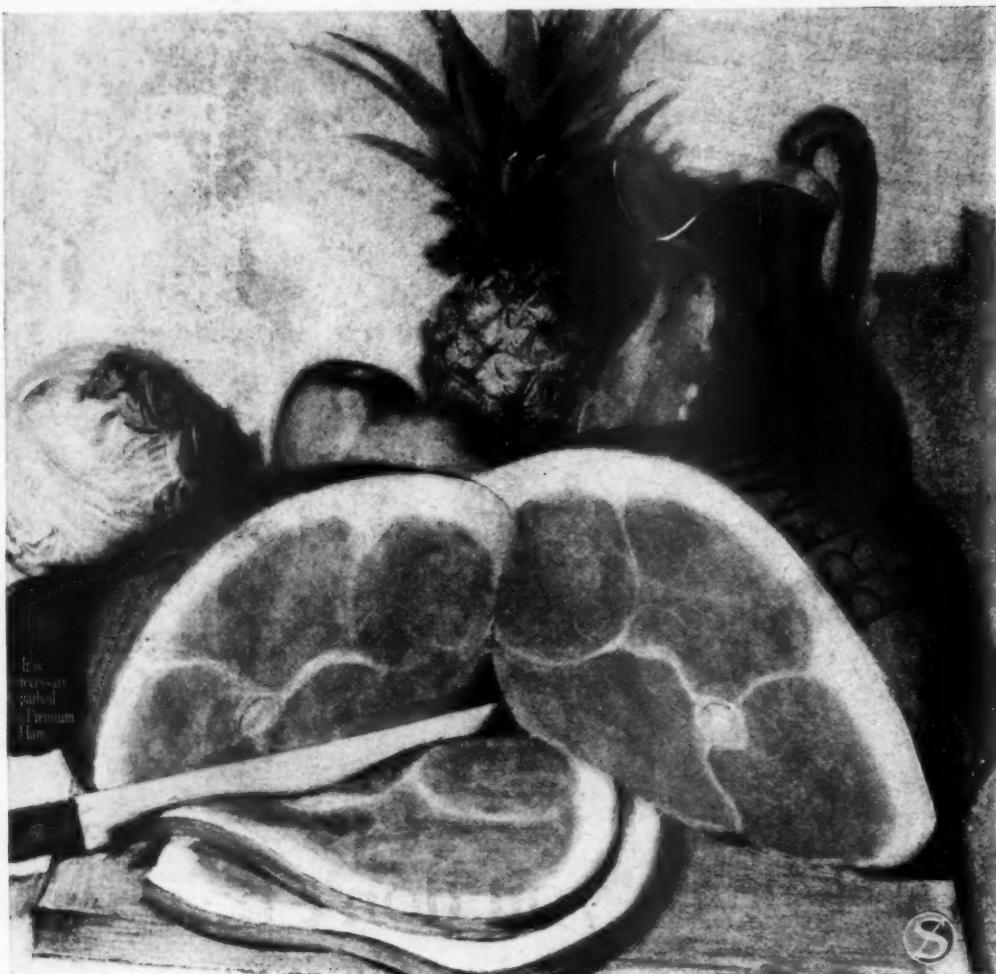
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Swift & Company

